

ARNOLD'S

LIBRARY OF THE FINE ARTS.

VOL. I.]

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[No. 6.

TO ARTISTS, AMATEURS, AND THE PUBLIC.

THE popular taste for the Fine Arts has greatly increased in Britain during the last century, and it is to be hoped that, by a continuance of peace, and a constant intercourse with civilized countries, an honourable emulation will be felt to attain much greater excellence. The Fine Arts create, as well as improve, national taste; they have, in all ages, been the best indication of a highly civilized state of society; and, as they have a powerful tendency to correct acerbity of disposition, and to thrill the mind with kindred sympathies and tender emotions, they are calculated to improve the social nature of man. They are to the eye what soft and plaintive music is to the ear. They repeat a tale of by-gone days, when the schoolboy felt warmed with the glow of classical literature, or indulged in the felicities of a fine imagination, or in the enchanting pages of romance.

The public, in its demand for general knowledge, must imbibe a taste for those elevated pursuits which characterise the efforts of genius; and will, after a time, begin to feel how ill-requited have been those men, who have devoted their lives to study of any description. The varying inclinations of men for any particular excellence, seems to have given way to a desire for the concentration within each mind, of a more general information than characterised former times; the duties of an ordinary occupation seem now to offer no impediments to the pursuits of literature and science; and though we may not have among us the same fervid genius in individuals, we are happily compensated by a general diffusion amongst a whole community. Such is the character of the present enlightened times, that the practical artisan imbibes a taste for literature; and whilst the fond scholar looks back with veneration upon the cloistered delights of *Alma Mater*, he

cherishes an emulative desire to excel in scientific acquirements, and is no longer satisfied with mere classical advantages.

Arnold's Library of the Fine Arts having changed Editorship, the Proprietors take this opportunity of expressing their grateful thanks to the council of artists, for the support and encouragement which their efforts have received from them to promote the success of their undertakings. To the Amateurs of the Fine Arts, who have kindly patronized their endeavours, they also owe a great share of respectful consideration; cherishing towards those persons a warm esteem, the proprietors of this journal feel it to be a duty, incumbent on them, to make the work a vehicle for the future gratification of Artists and Amateurs. With this view it is intended that the Fine Arts shall constitute the leading topic of this periodical, so long as the proprietors shall receive a continuance of patronage. It is, however, due to the *Public* at large, of whom artists and amateurs form an enlightened portion, that all classes and descriptions of the community should be consulted, in their tastes and inclinations for intellectual instruction and amusement; and, in the expectation of a more extensive circulation of this work, and acting in compliance with the wishes suggested by many of our intelligent contributors and friends, we have consented to increase the sphere of our labours by treating on subjects of a *general character*. In doing this, we are confidently assured that we shall be concurring with the wishes of most persons who patronize the Fine Arts: for it would be unreasonable to suppose that persons possessing a relish for beauties, of whatever description, should not feel an interest in the promotion of *general knowledge*. We therefore think that those who have hitherto honoured our pages with a perusal, will be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity we intend to afford, for a discursive range of instruction, concentrated within the space of our pages, without their being necessitated to seek for such gratification in other works. Anxious to promote the purposes of general knowledge, and to contribute our mite to the happiness and intellectual amusement of all people, we have felt no hesitation in acceding to the change: and instead of confining ourselves to a notice of the *Fine Arts*, and of subjects assimilated to them merely, we shall, in the next series of this work, treat of them in connexion with other branches of knowledge.

The number for *May next* will commence a new series, and will also contain articles on Polite Literature and Science. The *Useful* as well as the *Ornamental* has claims to our consideration; and it will be our ardent endeavour, in every future publication, to present our readers with a variety of articles suitable to the present enlightened times. In

doing this we shall not infringe upon the taste of those who have hitherto honoured us with their patronage.

In an age when prejudice is discountenanced, and the fostering spirit of a generous philanthropy is so generally entertained among nations, it would ill become the members of one community to set up any marked distinction, or invidious comparison, in reference to particular objects. In mentioning the words *Useful*, and *Ornamental*, we avail ourselves of the popular sense of those terms: in our own opinion every pursuit which is serviceable to the purposes of human nature is laudable; and who shall say that in the advancement of whatever contributes to the purposes of civilization in a mixed community, any one pursuit has advantages paramount to other branches of knowledge. The term "Republic of Letters," is a familiar expression; why should the arts and sciences have any exclusive application, since improvement in these must always be distinguished by public discernment. The mere *connoisseur*, though he may have a more delicate perception in matters peculiarly connected with his research, is oftentimes either prejudiced or fickle: the public may be capricious too, but, after all, it is the only secure tribunal where merit can be fairly appreciated. The people will correct their own errors as they become more enlightened, and will learn to reward merit whilst developed, and not leave it to posterity, to bestow empty praise when the illustrious have ceased to exist. A beautiful poem, a fine picture, a philosophical essay, or masterly treatise, each of them renders delight to their respective admirers; and there are some persons who are capable of appreciating the merits of the whole. They are all matters of fair and generous competition by the votaries for distinction among their fellow men; and success in any of them is alike useful to an enlightened age.

Poetry and Painting have ever been considered as twin sisters; they both develope nature; and whether we speak of Homer, or of Michael Angelo, of Virgil, or of Raphael—of the vast sublimity of the one, or of the chaste conformity of the other, the tribute of praise is equally due from their respective admirers.

" Different minds

Incline to different objects: one pursues
The vast alone; the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentlest beauty."——

The claims of countries to the earliest antiquity in the imitative arts, are not of much importance, except as matters of curious speculation and

research. Whether the Egyptians practised painting, 6000 years before its introduction into Greece; or whether Homer be correct in imputing so much of sculpture to the artists of any particular period, it is unnecessary on the present occasion for us to investigate. Nor do we, at this moment, care whether Corinth or Sicyon hath the better claim to the earliest introduction of the practice of drawing to particular notice. But, as is beautifully observed by M. Fuseli, "if ever legend deserved our belief, the amorous tale of the Corinthian maid, who traced the shadow of her departing lover by the secret lamp, appeals to our sympathy to grant it."

Sculpture is an art, which has attracted the attention of all ages distinguished for a highly cultivated taste: it has stood the test of time, and, according to the best received opinions, it claims the merit of the earliest antiquity of all the Fine Arts. The rude attempts of Dædalus the first artist of celebrity, who is said to have flourished three generations before the Trojan War, and 1400 years before the Christian era, claims respect from posterity; and the grandeur and dignity of the forms of that ancient artist transcend their rudeness. The names of Phidias, Alcamenes, Critias, Thestocles, Agoracritus, and Hegias; and of their followers Algelades, Polycletus, Phradmo, Gorgias, Laco, Pythagoras, Scopas, and Perelius are highly distinguished: and though their efforts have been superseded by subsequent artists, we feel a delight in casting a retrospective glance at the dawns of genius. We revere the germs of sculpture from the hand of Dædalus, and trace the art through the flourishing ages of Greece to Italy, "the parent of arts and civilization and once the mistress of the world." Our delight increases in modern times, when the mythological superstitions of the ancients have given place to a more sublime conception of the deity. Still, however, we cannot withhold our admiration of the forms of ancient productions.

The progress of sculpture is associated with distinction in other arts; and the distinguished heroes, poets, and patriots, of ancient times are identified with their deeds, by the representatives of their form from the hand of the sculptor.

In this view the art of sculpture is not only emulative in *itself*, but superinduces excellence in the *conduct* of men, who are desirous of being handed down to posterity.

The art of sculpture in Britain was introduced by the Romans. The attempts of the Saxons followed in the stream of time; but they were rude in their character. The Saxons had, however, begun to display an improved taste when the Normans conquered the island. But

the revival of the Grecian art was effected by the Crusaders, on returning from their extravagant enterprise. Among the earliest names, who succeeded in justly appreciating the art by a return to an imitation of nature, are Cibber, Rysbrach, and Sheemaker. Roubiliac has also peculiar merits, though it must be confessed that his talents have been surpassed by subsequent names. Bacon rendered the taste for sculpture more pure than his modern predecessors; and Nollekins and Flaxman have also their peculiar excellencies. The poetical style of the latter is associated with a classic taste, and his merit is the more to be appreciated, as it evinces the career of a man of genius through difficulties and discouragements, to obtain the darling object of soul. The names of Westmacott and Chantrey are highly celebrated in the present day, and have engrossed a large portion of private and public favour. Bailey, the pupil of Flaxman, has distinguished himself by the simplicity and beauty of his figure of Eve, now in the possession of the Bristol Literary and Scientific Institution; and Lough, by his group-representation of Duncan's horses devouring each other, (as described by Shakspeare) and also by other productions.

Mr. Thom, the talented Scottish sculptor, deserves encouragement, though his illustrations of Burns do not appear to have realized the early expectations which had been formed of this extraordinary man. It can hardly, however, be imagined that an artist who evinced such remarkable promise, at the commencement of his career, can fail to remove every unfavorable impression. Genius he cannot want, for he is almost entirely self-taught. A stone-mason of Ayrshire has thus added another instance to many on record of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

We cherish hopes of a continuous improvement in the Fine Arts: and it shall be our desire to direct our attention to them, from time to time, so as to offer our meed of praise, as an encouragement to the efforts of artists. We shall, nevertheless, speak in a spirit of liberal criticism; so that without desiring to wound the feelings of emulative genius, we may contribute to the correction of any display of a vitiated taste.

This next series of this publication will contain engraved specimens of various monuments in our cathedrals. We shall begin with those in St. Paul's, and give in each number a concise *biographical sketch* of the artists who have executed the several statues.

We shall also occasionally present our readers with an engraved likeness of the most celebrated *painters*, and shall give a description of their respective works, together with a short biographical sketch.

This arrangement shall not preclude our notice of the productions of the present day; and as it is our opinion that too little attention has been bestowed by contemporary writers to modern artists, it shall be our especial object, without favour or malevolence, to notice their works, and to mark their progress or retrocession.

Polite literature being a subject connected with the business of *periodicals*, we shall treat largely on this branch of knowledge; and while we are indulging in our admiration of genius, with respect to persons who have contributed to refine popular taste in the pictorial art, we must not forget the claims which poets and prose writers have on our consideration.

The Drama will obtain from us all the attention that we can bestow on it; and we ardently hope that an improving taste will be displayed in Theatrical representations. A heavy responsibility rests on those who contribute to the *stage*, since the morals and habits of the rising generation are materially influenced by the character of dramatic spectacles.

Science is now the handmaid to the lighter accomplishments, and holds up the lamp to enlighten the path of genius. We therefore think that in consulting the interests of our Journal in that respect, we shall be contributing to the welfare of the public.

Under all the considerations which we have expressed, and as our future pages will be devoted to the publication of useful information in every department of the fine arts, and of literature and science; the title of our publication will be altered in the new series to "*Arnold's Magazine of the Fine Arts, and Journal of Literature and Science.*"

SPANISH TOWNS.—No. III.

VEGER AND CHICLANA.

"Switch and spurs, switch and spurs."—ROMEO AND JULIET.

IN a land excursion from Gibraltar to Chiclana, crossing the southern extremity of the Sierra Morena, or Black Mountain, a tract which the genius of Cervantes has invested with so deep and permanent an interest, the landscape-painter would find abundant matter, but, un-

fortunately, little opportunity for the exercise of his talent. About the period at which I undertook it, the exploits of José Maria, who at the head of an organized troop of adventurers, had been scouring the province and stripping so many travellers of their property, were making considerable noise in the garrison, and my friends there, to deter me from setting out on what they deemed so hazardous an expedition alone, entered upon a history of his successes; which, had I suffered them to proceed, might have produced the effect contemplated; but having already waited longer than I could conveniently afford for some merchants who had offered to accompany me, and as the precise day of their departure seemed still to depend on some contingency or other, I stopped the alarming narrative *in limine*, and at length provided myself with an Andalusian guide and a couple of horses for the journey.

The ceremony of mounting on the following morning—it was the last but one in February—at Griffith's door, brought about us a crowd of spectators, consisting of Greeks, Arabs, Turks, and Spaniards, who watched our proceedings with great attention. The Spaniards have an assassin-like habit of concealing the lower part of their faces with the tail of their capas, and a stranger exposed to the searching curiosity of their eye, which is so proverbially keen, finds it difficult to give them credit for honest intentions. It was notorious that the said José Maria had his representatives in various parts of the province, and among the individuals assembled on this occasion, I could easily have persuaded myself, had I been disposed to indulge in idle fears, that I detected at least half a dozen of them at once. It is probable, however, that many of the parties were *contrabandistas* merely; a class of men that is held in as little disesteem in Spain as in England and other heavily-burdened countries. But after all, the survey they took of us, though somewhat too minute, under existing circumstances, to be agreeable, was nothing so very extraordinary in a place where there is so little stirring; particularly as my attendant, who belonged to a village many leagues away in the interior, was a primitive Spaniard, with a skin as brown as mahogany, equipped *en majo*, and worthy of especial notice even in his own country.

Our steeds, though not to be compared “with Alexander's Bucephalus or the Cid's Babieca,” were nevertheless creditable animals, and fully equal, if not superior, in point of beauty, to any pictured representation I remember to have seen of Rosinante, who was as plain, it seems, as our own Staring Tom, the Canterbury horse, and probably not half so fine a trotter.

Antonio Mori was attired in a snuff-colored jacket, excessively braided and buttoned, like an English dragoon's; a red *faja* or sash, nine or ten inches wide; dark small-clothes adorned from the hip to the knee with buttons scarcely half an inch apart; leather *botenas* or spatterdashes, as richly figured as a military saddle, and partly open at the sides, so as to display something of the white cotton stocking beneath; collar à la Byron, and a blue and white bandana bound round the head with the ends tied *secundum artem*, brought out behind, and gracefully carried down the back; the whole being roofed in by a *sombrero redondo*, or arched black hat, ornamented at the left side with two upright strips of velvet studded with brass.

The horses were no less fancifully accoutred than their swarthy master, for, in addition to the ordinary bridle, the head of each was dressed up with a thick substantial halter and large worsted tassels. The curbs they exhibited were of treble the thickness of those used in England, and like the stirrups—articles similar in form to the scraper at an Englishman's door—they were thoroughly covered with rust. The reins and wide high-bowed saddles were equally neglected, and had of course a shabby appearance; but those worsted tassels dangling at the temple of the animal, gave lustre to the eye, which, with a Spanish groom, is a matter of far greater moment than any display of his own pains-taking industry; and the fashion is so generally recognized throughout the country, that it need excite no astonishment to hear, as we occasionally do, of Don Carlos and other ingrates of the land turning out on the prado at Madrid, in the same homely style; though a frequenter of Tattersall's visiting that part of the world must no doubt feel shocked, and with reason, at so utter an absence of all equestrian propriety on the part of those exalted personages; for these things *are*, at any rate, managed better at home.

The horse selected for my accommodation was far younger and stouter than that which my conductor appropriated to himself, but as he was shy and restive—an unbroken colt in fact—the latter was burdened with the luggage and *viaticum*, and a most unreasonable mass of it there was: not that any one present felt surprised or distressed at the circumstance, except myself, for, to their shame be it spoken, they do load their horses most unmercifully in Spain, and never think, let their infirmities be ever so grievous, of sending them into retirement, or even to the dogs, while they have "a leg to stand on." The Martins are fully as numerous in that country as in our own, but the Richards of that illustrious name are evidently *rara avis* indeed.

Every thing was now securely strapped to the back and withers of the little animal, and after a valedictory flourish or two on the part of the wanton tyro, executed upon the Hudibrastic principle, we at length commenced our arduous journey.

By the time we had cleared the respective lines established on the Neutral Ground, and had our passports examined at each of them, it was past seven, and Senor Mori's horse having soon after dropped a shoe, the tiresome operation, as performed by a Spanish farrier, of supplying another, prevented our getting fairly *en camino*, till near eight;—two hours later, at least, as it proved, than we ought to have been.

After toiling for a league or two through those deep heavy sands east of the Bay, we came to the Campamento, a village where, mean and ragged as it is, the English resident of the Rock occasionally seeks his evenings' recreation.

San Roque and Los Barrios are in the same vicinity, and having lost sight of these two little towns, I perceived no further traces of civilization—unless indeed a miserable hovel or two, which I shall presently describe, can be regarded as such—throughout an excursion of twelve or thirteen hours' duration. There was no longer a road, however bad, or track of any kind, to facilitate or direct our progress; and the only assurance afforded me, in the midst of a wild uncultivated country like this, that we were not deviating considerably from a straight line, was the presumed experience of my guide: in this, however, I had no want of confidence till it became dark, and then I should have thought it impossible that human sagacity could have extricated me from such a maze.

Long after it had ceased, as I supposed, to be perceptible to us, my companion recommended me to turn about, in order to take a farewell glance at the fortress. I had reason to be pleased with so seasonable an intimation, for certainly a more enchanting spectacle never gladdened the human vision. Here was a striking example of the often-disputed truth—that truth in Nature, which individuals, unaccustomed to contemplate her through any other medium than that of a murky atmosphere, are so much in the habit of pronouncing a fallacy in art—for considerable as was the space that now separated us from the promontory, every building in the town was still as distinctly before us as though we had remained upon the spot; and far as we had, in reality travelled, I found it difficult to persuade myself that we had, as yet, made the least impression on our journey.

To an artist who possesses a feeling for the romantic, a glen into

which we now descended by an all but perpendicular route, affords a scene of very extraordinary interest. The waters leaping from crag to crag came gushing down with all the impetuosity of another Niagara; continuing their headlong career through a ravine of indescribable depth and solitude below.

O'Connor, who delights in wild and dismal localities—

“in antres vast and deserts idle,”

and who delineates them with so masterly a hand, came into my mind on this occasion, a circumstance, which, avouched as it is, by one who has not the satisfaction of knowing him personally, may be received by the reader as an additional proof, if such be necessary, of the strict fidelity of that gentleman's representations.

As we were subsequently making our way through a wilderness of thickly planted thorns, we were saluted by some peasants mounted on asses, and journeying towards Gibraltar, with broom or brush-wood. They were fine independent-looking men, and, with their brown complexions, braided jackets, comic hats, and wide scarlet *fajas*, looked as gay among the bushes, as so many pheasants.

Having cleared this extensive tract, we entered those beautiful cork forests which strangers visiting the garrison, often come so far, and with so much difficulty, and even danger, to see; influenced in some degree probably by the frantic exploits recorded of the hero of La Mancha and Cardenio, who, it may be remembered, took refuge among the rocks and the trees of those vast recesses.

In form and character, the Andalusian cork-tree greatly resembles the English oak, and is, in fact, of the same species; but the masses of bark which collect on its trunk and even its very roots, are incredible. They often split and exfoliate in sheets of amazing thickness. Where the tree falls, however, it must necessarily remain, bark, timber, and all, to perish, as there is no access to, or possibility of removing it.

We crossed the bases of mountains innumerable—the same I had observed on my passage through the Strait—some of them running in a gradual sloping form to a tremendous height—all partially clothed with that rich livery of nature, the foliage of the cork-tree and culminating with barren rocks, which crumble away from time to time, and accumulate in such quantities in the valleys between, as to render the crossing of the Sierra an enterprise of extreme difficulty.

In the vicinity of Ojen is a mountain, whose vortex, I will venture to say, the most daring spirit never reached. Words can convey no idea of its sublimity. The pencil alone, guided by the practised hand and

the graphic taste of such a man as Turner, can do any thing like common justice to its surpassing grandeur. Could that eminently gifted individual, however, but contrive to pitch his tent in these inhospitable wilds for a few days, he might execute something that would tend materially to strengthen and confirm his claim to the proud appellation with which his countrymen have invested him—that of the British Claud.

The appearance of two or three more peasants loaded with rushes, and who greeted us in passing, with the customary salutation of a *Deos*, was an agreeable relief in the midst of such a desert; but we had not plodded on a great way further, before we reached the venta de Ojen, where we dismounted to bait our horses. It was a wretched little hovel without a stick of furniture of any kind, except a block or two, composed of solid cork, and employed as substitutes for chairs; a frying pan, a fork with one prong, and an assortment of bottles, glasses, plates, and dishes, broken and unbroken, serviceable and unserviceable. Many an Englishman must have found his way to this same venta, and may be able, if I have omitted any part of the miscellany, to amend my inventory; but I am pretty certain I have enumerated every article. An old man and his daughter appeared to be the only occupants of this solitary and ill-provided dwelling.

Once more *en camino*, we presently entered upon a fine open country abounding in sheep and cattle. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the former, the fleeces with which they are clothed, being whiter than ermine and as exuberant as the bark of the cork-tree. The poor shepherds entrusted with the care of them seldom or never quit the pastures, but remain with their flocks day and night, scarcely knowing or caring for any other society.

Hitherto we had observed nothing whatever calculated to excite suspicion, but at this stage of our journey, I espied at a considerable distance a head, a body of men approaching us on horseback; and seeing that my guide avoided them by deviating suddenly to the right, I enquired the cause. He did not immediately answer, but kept his eye steadfastly upon the party, until they were completely out of sight, and he then told me that he believed them to be *ladrones*. They were formidable looking fellows, and gazed to the last with equal curiosity at us.

Late in the day we passed through a district greatly infested with vultures and other birds of prey; and so deafening was the clamour of the frogs, the principal attraction it is presumed throughout, that the roaring of a tempestuous sea could scarcely exceed it. The soil was flat as a billiard table, and clothed with a herbage almost as close and

even in its texture, but uniformly" dotted with lofty thorns, which rendered the situation as intricate as the Dædalean labyrinth.

About dusk we dismounted and entered a small thatched dwelling which discovered itself among the trees, where we procured some goats' milk of the poor people within, an old man and his wife, whom we found seated in comfort at a cheerful fire nursing their kids. After conversing for a few minutes with the aged couple, and giving them a *piceta* for the accommodation afforded us, we resumed our journey, the remaining portion of which, as the moon was not visible, proved exceedingly dismal. In addition to the loud croaking of the frogs, we had now the discordant howlings of wolves, hyenas, jackals, and other wild animals to "amaze the welkin."

Seeing a light flickering far in the distance, I at first felt a hope that we had, by this time, broken the neck of our long and fatiguing ride, for the uneasy shuffling action of my horse had almost jolted me to death, and I was further inconvenienced by the excessive awkwardness of my saddle; but it appeared that we had still some ten or a dozen miles more to perform. As it was no longer possible, however, to distinguish hills from valleys, or land from water, the reader must be content to accompany us the rest of the distance, tripping and stumbling in the dark.

Having at length reached the long-desired goal, it may be imagined that the hardships I had sustained during the day would be amply repaid by the enjoyments of the evening—that, hearing the trampling of horses at his door, the obsequious landlord of the *venta de Veger* would at once have presented himself to welcome my arrival, and to conduct me to a comfortable parlour where, having ordered dinner, I might while away the irksome hour of preparation over the Madrid Gazette, or the Seville Journal; that there hung on either side of the cheerful ingle, a brazen drop ever ready to command attendance, and a spruce waiter equally ready to obey; that there was at the entrance to the house, a glazed larder, exhibiting all the delicacies of the season; that, in due time, the sheep-faced Boots made his dutiful appearance with jack and slippers; that, after a luxurious repast, I threw my crierial extremities into repose on an adjacent chair, and indulging in copious libations of *Valde Penas*—the nectar of the country, I pledged my absent friends till, like my decanters, the number was exhausted.

Such, however, was not the case; far from it, no one came out to perform the usual courtesies or even to show a light: but we were left to grope our way in the dark to a kind of tap-room or kitchen, where, if we thought proper, we might, in common with the landlord,

his wife, scullion, and boy, a subaltern of the Spanish army, a private of the same, and a police officer, share the only fire in the house. There were neither bells nor waiters; there was nothing edible to eat or potable to drink, except what we had brought with us, and that, the former at least, was marred in the cooking. I therefore contented myself, rather from necessity than philosophy, with a boiled egg, the universal dish in Spain, and, before nine, retired for the night.

My guide on his return from the stable, a very few minutes only after our arrival, had called me to the door in order that I might see the altered state of the elements, and by how brief an interval we had escaped bad weather: for the rain was already falling in torrents and the wind blowing a perfect hurricane. I had to pass through the wet and mount a flight of brick steps to get to my truck-bed, which was prepared in a detached building on the opposite side of the square. Finding on examination, that there was no fastening to my door, the prudent *mori* advised me by all means, to barricade it with my heavy port-manteau, which I did accordingly; and having made all secure, I slept as soundly as if I had occupied one of the state apartments of St. James's, till six on the following morning, when tapping at my door, the maid announced her presence with a lamp.

On removing the shutter, a kind of out-house shutter, for there was no glazed window to my *cuarto*, I perceived with regret, by the very humid appearance of the neighbouring mountains, and I shall never forget how magnificent those mountains were, that it must have continued raining the whole of the night. The orange-trees and the aloes were dripping in the garden, the water standing in pools about the house, and every thing, in short, was as wet and cheerless as possible. My toilette was not provided with a glass, nor has the assistance I had hoped from some Andalusian Warren, rendered such an article unnecessary, as my dusty Wellingtons were suffered to be pulled on again in *statu quo*. Never, I thought, was house of entertainment so unentertaining, or so thoroughly un-English in every thing, save alone the expense. A cup of coffee alone, or even a basin of milk, would have been highly acceptable; but any thing in the shape of a breakfast was of course out of the question. I thought of it, but indulged no further, for, like the heroine of Hayns Bayly's popular ballad, it was a matter of contemplation rather than discussion. I was half famished, it is true, and although I thought quite as much of my breakfast, as the poet did of his mistress, I said no more:—

“O no I never mentioned” it.

And the horses being saddled, I paid the reckoning and departed wholly *impastus*.

No doubt decent accommodations might have been procured in the town above: had I been in a situation to avail myself of them; but planted, as it is, on one of the loftiest points of the Sierra, the attempt to reach it late in the evening, with jaded and heavily laded cattle, would have been an act of madness; and, in the morning, wet and uncomfortable as it proved, the task of climbing so arduous a steep, was equally uninviting. I therefore quitted the venta beneath Veger, omitting to view the interior, and to

"satisfy my eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown the city."

I am, nevertheless, competent to observe, that it is most eligibly situated for the purposes of a landscape-painter, as it commands, on the one hand, an extensive prospect of much of the varied scenery of the province; while, on the other, it approaches so near to the Strait of Gibraltar, that the beauties of the Moorish coast opposite are intercepted only by a very inconsiderable space indeed.

Our second day's journey, though not so lonely and so intricate, was still more harassing, if possible, than the first, for the mountains we had to cross had been so thoroughly saturated with rain, that our horses sunk knee-deep into the rich marly substance of which they were composed, and the animals became so timid in consequence, that it was hard, at times, to move them.

Beneath the cliffs in the immediate neighbourhood of Veger, I noticed individuals occupying caverns sheltered in an imperfect manner by doors rudely accommodated to the shape of the rocks. The poor tenants are blessed with a fine country, abounding in oranges and other fruit, but apparently little or nothing else.

We had not proceeded more than a league or two, before we overtook the military folks who had been with us at the venta the night preceding. The officer was well mounted, and carried his guide behind him, but the private travelled on foot, and, with a clod at either heel, really got over the ground far better than I could have expected.

A short distance beyond the village of Molina, we perceived an enormous eagle perched in fine relief on the summit of a hill. Believing him to be within gun-shot, the soldier levelled his *escopeta*, and had the address to bring the unconscious dozer to the ground,—

an event which astonished the spectators almost as much as the feathered despot himself.

A little further on, we halted at a solitary cottage to procure refreshments, if indeed spirits merely can be brought under that convenient denomination, and the landlady, in giving change, imposed what she considered a Brummagem upon me. It was an English halfpenny, and she evidently hugged herself not a little to have met with some one simple enough to take it.

We next found ourselves launched on a most extensive rushy plain, with the three light and beautiful cities of Puerto Real, Puerto de Santa Maria, and San Fernando, before us, glittering in all the splendour of a noon-tide sun. A group of cities:—how fine and how novel a subject for pictorial illustration!

I ventured, in the course of conversation with the officer, to touch upon the respective merits of the English and Spanish armies; but, say what I would in favour of the former, I found that it was all moonshine to him; and that he considered Ferdinand's in no respect inferior to William's. I observed that an English soldier was never kept out of his pay, and the Spanish, he replied, received his in advance. *Credat Judæus.*

The monotony of the day was again broken for an instant, by the appearance of a picturesque party travelling the contrary way. It consisted of a young lady and two or three male attendants mounted on asses. The donna wore neither hat nor cloak, but made a handsome shawl full of colour to answer the purpose of both. She rode in a square position, *i. e.* with her feet descending to an equal distance on the right side of the donkey. The profusion of ban-boxes, and other matters appertaining to a lady's wardrobe, argued a visit, past or intended, of some duration; and I judged, from the anxious expression of her countenance, that she considered herself a fortunate girl to escape so numerous a cortège without losing them.

The next novelty that presented itself was a beautiful pine forest—the first I had seen in Spain—which we traversed in a few hours, and on emerging from its silent and shady retreats, it was to see light indeed; for we now found ourselves on the very threshold of Chiclana.

Before entering the town, we stopped at a spring to refresh our horses; a circumstance I advert to, because a place so convenient for the purpose I never met with, either in Spain or elsewhere. Nature tenders the gift and humanity accepts it, with a propriety shewing the just idea entertained of its value: the water being secured by a reservoir tastefully and even sumptuously executed in marble. At the back of the graceful little structure—a structure so pleasing to the

eye, and, at the same time, so cooling to the sense—I noticed an inscription of considerable length, carved in Spanish; and recollecting the story told by Le Sage, of the two scholars stopping to quench their thirst on their way from Penafiel to Salamanca, I perused it with attention: but finding nothing in the matter of it—no quibble, no equivocal—to warrant so laborious an experiment, I passed on without excavating for the soul of another Pierre Garcia.

Chiclana is a place more remarkable for the choice bits of landscape, villas and extensive orange plantations with which it is surrounded, than for its own intrinsic beauty. In the time of Bonaparte, it was in the occupation of the French, a misfortune to the inhabitants which may account for the ruined condition of many of the houses. The atrocious proceedings of those unwelcome visitors are still fresh in recollection of the Andalusians, who omit no opportunity of resenting them. It seems, however, that the injuries inflicted on the town were pretty liberally rewarded even at the time; for, according to the interesting details of Quartermaster Surtees, “out of the fourteen hundred” (composing the eighth French regiment) “who entered the field” (of Barossa,) “not more than two hundred reached Chiclana after the action.” Indeed he never witnessed, he tells us, any field so thickly strewn with dead, and felt confident that the loss of the French on that occasion, was little short of three thousand men, ours being less than two hundred and fifty, though the struggle lasted only an hour and a half.

Some of the larger streets of Chiclana are in a very neglected state: the paving is partially rooted up, and the *rejas*, or upright projecting bars, which the Andalusians all have to their windows, are destitute of paint, and rusty. The centre of the town, however, forming a kind of market place or green, is more respectable; and on the Cadiz side, there are houses of a very superior description, which are kept in the best possible order, and appear by the elegantly dressed females and others, who occasionally present themselves at the balconies and ventanas, to be occupied by opulent families.

I have pointed out Veger, as a situation eminently adapted to the objects of a landscape painter. Chiclana, though abounding in admirable points also, is more particularly eligible for those that excel in the delineation of the human figure. The Spanish ladies have a great taste for portraiture, and here they may be found in all the variety both of form and costume. The style of the men is as purely and primitively Spanish, as any to be seen in the country; and as there is little moving in the town, their attendance at the studio may be readily procured. The children seem very numerous, and, without being

beggarly and tattered, are certainly most picturesque. Murillo frequented Chiclana, and those who have been accustomed to view the poor boys introduced into many of the works of that master, will be impressed, for the moment, with an idea that the revolutions of time have here brought the same little mortals again into existence.

The weather being warm, I sat down on the afternoon of my arrival in the patio of a large establishment, the proprietor of which—a greater gossip, if possible, than Senor Corzuelo of Penafior—monopolized the joint occupation of innkeeper and grocer; and having added some of his homely cheer to what I had left of the supply with which I had provided myself at Gibraltar, I dined in the open square.

A little timid fellow having seen a stranger enter, came peeping round the gate-way and evidently took a lively interest in the *fiesta*; but it was a long time before he ventured to open his lips, and when at length he did so, it was but to whisper, in words scarcely audible, "*Para la caridad!*" I gave him something, upon which he withdrew, and in less than five minutes, I was visited by a dozen others, all fine lads, full of character and expression. In short an artist may, at Chiclana, make sure of every thing he wants, except materials; fine models of all ages, male and female, rich and poor; splendid scenery, lofty rooms, and a cloudless sky: and surely it will not operate as a counterpoise to all these attractions, to be reminded, that, in making this little town his head quarters for a season, he will be sojourning on the very brink of the ancient Betis and modern Guadalquivir,—within a single league of the Trocadero, Matagorda, and other places of political interest,—two of Cadiz, and a day's journey only of that queen of cities, the ancient city of Seville.

The party named in the first of these papers, as the principal director in the art of design at the Royal Academy of Cadiz, fills but a subordinate station in that excellent establishment. Senor Don Manuel Rocca should have been assigned to the post of honor, and although the error was one of names merely, not of persons, it is but due to Don Manuel to explain; for, alike liberal in sentiment and refined in taste, that gentleman has the good feeling, when he might be expected to dwell with pride on the productions of his own illustrious countrymen, Murillo and Velasquez, to point to the superior beauties of Michael Angelo and Raffael. The opening of the academy in question took place on the 20th January, 1789, in celebration of the birth day of Carlos III.

COMPOSITION.

THE last chapter of "An enquiry into the beauties and merits of the most celebrated painters, ancient and modern," is that of composition, in which the author labours with equal zeal, as on former occasions, to establish the excellence of the ancient artists in this quality of art. He observes that a pleasing form is to a certain degree necessary in all compositions, but is so regulated as not to interfere with the character of the subject. His remarks on which are very judicious, and the aspirant in art will do well to keep them in view; as no sacrifice to form must be made at the expense of the principal characters or action required in the performance.

"This (he observes) will ever be the case with the greatest painters; they may set a just value on the scenery of their piece, but never sacrifice to that the expression of their subject." An example is then adduced in one of the cartoons by Raphael.

"When Christ gives the keys to St. Peter, nothing is more natural, than that the disciples should all crowd together, to witness an action which so much concerned them. This disposition is true and expressive, but by no means picturesque. Raphael was too wise to flatter the eye at the expense of the understanding; yet where they both could be indulged with propriety, his composition is no less picturesque than expressive."

He then gives an instance of the happy combination of the picturesque and the expressive, in the cartoon by the same great master, of St. Paul preaching at Athens; and concludes his remarks as follows.

In short the true difference is this, between Lanfranc and Pietre di Cortona, and Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci. In the former, disposition is not only a principal, but comprehends too often the whole merit of the picture. In the latter disposition is only an accessory.

That the eye has pleasures in painting, apart from the understanding, must be allowed; and that the colouring or mechanical execution of a picture will often attract more than the higher and more exalted qualities of art, I think, will not be denied; when the extravagant praises, and the no less extravagant prices given for pictures—which have no other recommendation than their age, their colouring, or their execution—are considered.

What, it may reasonably be asked, is there in the Bacchus and Ariadne, by Titian,—now in the National Gallery,—besides the colouring, that can give value to this performance? The composition, as well as the disposition of the figures and groups, may be in accordance with the nature of the subject; and as it is managed, though by this great master, it is little better than a rabble rout, with no redeeming quality, either of grace, beauty, or sentiment, even in the principal figures. Neither the God vaulting from the car with a marvellous leap, nor the coy and half retiring movement of Ariadne, have any thing to recommend them, as objects of interest, any more than the groups with which they are associated.

In the savage train that follows the car of Bacchus, there is little to excite admiration, but much to create disgust; instance the maniac-looking figure with the serpents wound about his body—the infant satyr dragging the head of a calf by way of a play-thing—while a full-grown savage is brandishing a limb of the newly killed animal. In short, there is nothing attractive in this performance besides the colouring, with the exception of the little Satyr before alluded to, whose countenance is radiant with infantine beauty, and in perfect contrast to the act assigned him in this pictorial drama. All, however, may be in accordance with the subject, and may have cost the painter much pains in collecting facts respecting the usages and rites of bacchanalian orgies; and thus the accessories are in keeping with the subject; but as regards taste, sentiment, or the highly intellectual in art, there would be nothing to regret had the performance never survived the period of its production.

There may be something heterodox, a departure from received opinions of this great master's works, in the *raisonné* view taken of this composition,* but it is due to modern art to shew that a better taste prevails in the treatment of subjects connected with the classics, or in the higher walks of painting; and it will be only necessary to advert to the historical compositions of the late Benjamin West, in proof of this assertion.

It is well, when examples are at hand, to bear out assertions; writings descriptive of the forms in composition or any quality of art may excite interest in the mind, or stimulate the imagination, which may colour as well as Titian, in fancy, but in practice will be at fault.

Fortunately, the national gallery affords many examples for reference

* As an example of colouring, of the highest tones in the scale of art, and as a well preserved and rare specimen of the hand of the master, this performance will ever be considered of great value in the eye of the artist, the student, and the amateur.

in most of the essential qualities of painting; and faulty as the Bacchus and Ariadne may appear in sentiment and character,—another example by this master will be found in the same gallery, which in character, composition and colouring, may be considered perfect: at least it is so in sentiment and expression. It is the Venus and Adonis, wherein we see contrast without violence; grace in gesture, and action in every way suitable to the nature of the subject, pleasing in form as a whole, with appropriate accessories. It is a model, as well worthy the admiration of the amateur, as of the particular study of the artist. Thus having balanced the merits of this painting, against the faults; it is time to advert to examples of our own period in the works of Benjamin West, P.R.A.

West, unfortunately like many other artists, painted too many pictures. His prolific mind and rapid pencil, sent them forth in such abundance as to neutralize their value in the eyes of the public; yet a selection of a few will place him in the highest rank of art, especially in the qualities of drawing and composition: and we venture to pronounce that those painters among the ancients, whose works have been so greatly lauded, have not produced finer examples of character and composition than those of Lear, Regulus, or the landing of the ashes of Germanicus at Brundisium.

Had the picture of the frantic Lear, the sublime, though disguised Edgar; the compassionate and virtuous Kent, &c. appeared as an ancient production, eulogium could never be exhausted on them, nor would the strife of the elements, so admirably depicted therein, fail to obtain their full share of lasting admiration. But perhaps the departure of Regulus gives still greater scope for praise, in the self-devoted, the patriot hero, his steadfast look, determined step, and unbending fortitude amid the lamentations and entreaties of his fellow citizens.

These examples of grandeur in subject and composition are within reach, as regards both paintings and prints, and if critically examined, it is matter of doubt if the most vivid and excited imagination would invest the works of the ancient masters, as described by their writers, with more sublime or exalted qualities of Art, than will be found in the paintings above adverted to, or others from the hand of our own historical painter Benjamin West.

Thus much for the honor of the Arts of our own country; but looking back to the revival of painting in Italy, and to the period when those great masters, Raphael and Michael Angelo flourished, would not the Cartoons of the former, and the paintings in the Seelini

Chapel of the latter, have called forth equal eulogiums, have been described in all the powers of language by the writers of former days, had they witnessed such productions, and in the zeal of their enthusiasm compared the energetic and powerful Michael Angelo to Hercules, and the soft and graceful in talent Raphael, to the Apollo of Art.

As the beauty and proportions of the human form are not confined to one age or country, so is the judgment or understanding not confined to time or place, and the cultivated minds in the present day, may claim a right to decide on matters of taste, equal to the wishes of Antiquity. It may be further observed, that at the period when these writers indulged in their exalted encomiums on Art, paintings were scarce, and rich clothing as described in the Testament were in Kings' palaces.

It is time, however, to turn to the author of the "Enquiry," &c. Mr. Webb, whose faith is built on things "not seen," (and so powerful is that faith, that the best work of the divine Raphael, as he is called, falls under his censure in a way rather ambiguous),—after expatiating on the advantages possessed by the ancient painters over the moderns, (by which is meant the best masters of the Italian school at the period of their highest exaltation) in the sublimity of their subjects, he thus expresses himself:—

"This defect in the subject, and habitude in painters, accounts for the coldness with which we look in general on their works in the galleries and churches; the genius of painting, wasting its powers on crucifixions, holy families, last suppers, and the like, wants nerves, if at any time the subject calls for the pathetic or sublime. Of this we have an instance in the transfiguration by Raphael; a Christ uplifted by divine energy, dilating in glory, and growing into divinity, was a subject truly sublime; it is easy to see on this occasion that the painter had not that enthusiastic spirit, or those ideas of majesty, which the subject required. Accordingly his pencil is timid and unequal; it is not so when he drops to the bottom of the mount, to express the various feelings and sentiments of the disciples, distressed at their inability to work a miracle in their master's absence. The truth was, his calm, though fertile genius could better delineate the fine and delicate movements of the mind, which have in them more of sentiment than of passion. This was his true sphere, and it is here that we must study and admire Raphael."

There is little in all this but what serves to shew, that Raphael was not endowed with faculties beyond those which have been bestowed on humanity, because he would not represent that which is beyond the

limits of finite capacities to imagine. It is not difficult to imagine what Mr. Webb's notions were of such a subject, doubtless that of a frowning Jupiter, or a dignified Apollo, alike the creations of human talents, founded on models of human proportions, and human expression. In all which the pencil of Raphael, so far from appearing feeble in delineating the uplifted and self raised figure of Christ in the Transfiguration, it has done all that human talent and human skill could effect, to embody an idea competent to human understanding. Had the subject been confined to what is seen at the top of the mount, in this extraordinary picture, it might perhaps have appeared to still greater advantage; as it is, its glory is divided with others, and the attention is called off by what is going on below. It is admitted by the writer, that the calm and fertile genius of Raphael was best calculated to delineate "the fine and delicate movements of the mind, which have in them more of sentiments than of passion,"—where, and on what would his pencil have been better employed than on the placid, but exalted expression and character of the glorified Saviour?

Of the powers of Raphael to express the more turbulent and exciting passions which belong to our nature, it will not be necessary to look farther than the figures at the bottom of the same picture; in which the demoniac expression of the boy, and the anxious and bewildered look of the father, are the climax of excellence.

All who are acquainted with the anatomy of expression, are aware that the more tumultuous expressions of the human mind, such as anger, revenge, scorn, hatred, &c. are more easily depicted, than the softer emotions, as love, compassion, pity, desire, &c. In these it is allowed that Raphael excelled all other artists. But so imbued does the mind of the author of the Enquiry, &c. seem to be with the grandeur and elevation of the ancient painters and their subjects, that, if the destination of Art were to be directed by his views, there would be none but gods or heroes admitted on the scenes of the pictorial drama.

The paintings in the Farnese Palace fall under his censure, or at least are reduced in his estimation to the mechanical in Art, and to be considered rather "the furniture than the ornaments of a Gallery."

Influenced by impressions of this kind, it is not wonderful that Mr. Webb should take up the lament and say, "how unequal is the lot of modern artists! employed by priests, or princes who thought like priests, their subjects are, for the most part, taken from a religion, which professes to banish or subdue the passions. Their characters are borrowed from the lowest spheres of life: men, in whom mean-

ness of birth, and simplicity of manners were the best titles to their election."

To oppose the opinions of Mr. Webb others may be brought forward, tending to exalt the works of Raphael by one whose practice and theory constitute him a high authority.

"Hampton Court," says Richardson, "is the great school of Raphael; and God be praised that we have so near us such an invaluable blessing. May the Cartoons continue in that place, and always be seen unhurt and undecayed, so long as the materials of which they are composed will properly allow. May even a miracle be wrought in their favour, as themselves are some of the greatest instances of the divine power which endued mortal man with abilities to perform such stupendous works of art."

This may truly be said to be the language of enthusiasm, but it is the language of one who was an artist, and knew the difficulties which attended its progress and attainment. Yet, however inflated his language may be considered, he was not altogether blind to the faults of this great master; and it is curious to see how tenderly and respectfully he apostrophizes the object of his admiration, when speaking of the Transfiguration.

"O, divine Raphael! forgive me if I take the liberty to say I cannot approve, in this particular, of that amazing picture of the Transfiguration, where the incident of the man's bringing his son possessed with the dumb devil to the disciples, and their not being able to cast him out, is made at least as conspicuous, and as much a principal action as that of the Transfiguration."

However hyperbolical such language may appear, no one acquainted with the character of Richardson or his writings, will doubt for a moment the sincerity of his opinions, and the justice of his remark on this division of the attention from the great and interesting picture.

In treating on the subject of composition, both Richardson, and the author of the "Enquiry" frequently wander from that quality of art into others, as that of character, expression, or invention. Indeed it is difficult to steer clear of this in describing or explaining any quality of art. Both writers abound with excellent observations on the exalted and intellectual character of painting, though with a bias to subjects of an elevated and classical kind; which, if acted upon exclusively, would limit our enjoyments of works of art to a very narrow compass, and deprive us of that abundant variety and extensive pleasure derived from the Flemish and other schools of art.

Rules for composition, as well as for colouring cannot easily be laid

down or described; they will be best understood from the examples of the best masters. When an artist makes choice of his own subject, after his own fancy, he may give almost an exclusive attention to the picturesque disposition of his group, and the character of his composition; but when he selects an historical event, or a description from writing, nature abhors sameness, and we are instructed by her operations, in the variety of form and character which she assumes through the whole visible creation. The action of the elements upon material objects renders them irregular and picturesque, and are of course materials for the artist, and instruct him to act upon the same principles.

That which belongs to the general form, as well as to the general effect in composition, may be gathered from the writings of Richardson; who thus observes:

“Every picture should be so contrived, as that at a distance, where one cannot discern what figures there are, or what they are doing, it should appear to be composed of two or more great masses, lighter and darker: the forms of which must be agreeable to the eye, of whatsoever they consist, ground, trees, draperies, figures, &c. and the whole together should be sweet and delightful, lovely shapes and colours without a name, of which there is an infinite variety.” Again,

“Pictures must be like bunches of grapes, but they must not be like or resemble a great many single grapes scattered on a table; there must not be many little parts of equal strength, and detached from one another, which is as odious to the eye, as it is to the ear to hear many people talking to you at once. Nothing must start, or be too strong for the place where it is, as in a concert of music, when a note is too high, or an instrument out of tune; but a sweet harmony and repose must result from all the parts judiciously put together, and united with each other.”

Having brought together much of what has been said by writers on the principal qualities in painting, with such observations as my own experience suggested, I trust they will be useful to develop the principles of the art. The artist cannot be instructed by academic rules, unless he compares them with objects in nature, and the practice of the best masters. Practice must be combined with theory; and he who would desire to excel in the pictorial art, must acquire a habit of reasoning upon the evidence of experience.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

HISTORICAL AND ANTIQUARIAN NOTICES OF
CROSBY HALL, LONDON.

BY E. J. CARLOS.

We take up this little work with the purpose of giving publicity to the *parent* subject, rather than of throwing its literary merits into the balance; though we have pleasure in noticing the zeal and ability it displays.

"The formation of a committee for the preservation and restoration of this interesting structure," says Mr. Carlos, "having raised it in popular estimation, and brought to notice its hidden beauties, an inquiry will naturally be made for information concerning its history and founder."

Referring the curious on the latter point to the memoir contained in the work, we shall proceed at once to the history of the edifice itself.

"In the year 1466, Alice Ashfield, prioress, and the convent of St. Helen demised to Sir John Crosby, certain tenements and the appurtenances for the term of ninety-nine years, at the rent of 11*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* Upon the site of these tenements Sir John Crosby erected the pile of buildings, which afterwards took the name of Crosby Place."

Sir John died in 1475, so that the date of the building is satisfactorily attributed to a period (360 years since) when the beauties of our national style had heightened into maturity.

"The next possessor was Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard the Third, and who probably purchased or rented the mansion of the executors of Sir John Crosby.

"The Duke of Gloucester, in addressing Lady Anne, says:—

— If thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place;
Where—after I have solemnly interred
At Chertsey Monast'ry this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears—
I will with all expedient duly see you.

RICHARD III. act i. sc. 2."

The structure continued to reflect a consequence on its possessors, till, in "the occupancy of Sir John Langham," (temp. Car. I.) "a great part of Crosby Place was destroyed by an accidental fire; from which period it ceased to be used as a dwelling. In 1672, the Hall was converted into a meeting-house; and, in 1677, the present houses in Crosby Square were built upon the ruins of the part which had been destroyed by the fire."

Towards the close of the last century it was taken by Messrs. Holmes and Hall, packers; "and to accommodate the purposes of their business many injurious alterations were made; and in this state it continued until the last year, when on the expiration of the lease the Hall became once more untenanted. It is pleasing to add, that even in its lowest state of degradation, there were not wanting watchful and zealous friends of the structure,* able to appreciate its merits, and only waiting for an opportunity of drawing public attention to them. The time has at length arrived, the call has been made, and it is with confidence anticipated that the public will cheerfully and willingly respond to the invitation."

MEMOIR OF THOMAS STOTHARD, ESQ. R.A.

"THE poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling," is as applicable to the painter as to the bard. Had Chaucer, Shakspeare, Spencer, and Milton directed the energies of their vast minds to pictorial composition, their designs would greatly have resembled those of Stothard; and had this highly-gifted artist directed his attention to poetry, his name would have stood as high in the Temple of Literature, as it does in that of the Fine Arts.

Mr. Stothard was born in Long Acre, London, August 17th, 1755, and at a very early period of life his inventive genius beamed, rather than dawned; for his first design displayed a conception so beautiful and characteristic, that when Sir Joshua Reynolds was requested by Sir John Hawkins to design a frontispiece for Ruggle's Latin play of Ignoramus, he said, "there is a young artist of the name of Stothard, who will do it much better than I can, go to him."

The embellishments for Bell's British Poets, and the matchless de-

* This interesting specimen of the grand style of the domestic architecture of the 15th century, is perhaps the only one that escaped the ravages of the great fire in 1666.—Ed.



J. Green pinx.

E. Scriven sculp.

T. Stothard R. a

Arnold's Library of the Fine Arts. 1833.

signs for the Novelist's Magazine, were some of the earliest productions of this extraordinary man, and they form an æra in the arts, which will be looked back to by future generations as the foundation of the British school of design. So versatile is the genius of this *Shakspeare of painting*, that it embraces every subject: and it is really astonishing with what facility he has depicted the pastoral, the historic, the humorous, the pathetic, and the sublime. In his illustrations to Robinson Crusoe, we behold the care-worn solitary mariner, the "monarch of all he surveys," surrounded by his loving subjects, the dog, cat, and parrot,—content amid his privations, and seeming to hope against hope. When we contemplate his designs for Bloomfield's Poems, we imagine his life has been spent in a farm-yard. His Rival Ladies, Scaramouch and the Swiss Officer, the Spectator's Club, and his embellishments to Don Quixote, and Gil Blas, for Mr. Sharp's elegant publications, have not been equalled in humour since the time of Hogarth. His pictures from Auld Robin Gray, and the Children in the Wood, possess a pathos that calls forth the finest feelings of the heart; his paintings from Milton, Shakspeare, and Spencer, most powerfully depict the vast conceptions and sublime imagery of their immortal works; while his *Fêtes Champêtres* combine in so wonderful a manner, gaiety and innocence, joy and modesty, that the spectator longs to join the happy parties, who seem employed in the heavenly task of blessing and being blessed. His females possess all the loveliness of form that would captivate a stoic, and all the sacred modesty of deportment that would make the libertine blush and lead him to repentance.

The largest painting executed by Mr. Stothard, is the grand staircase at Burleigh, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter. This splendid work was commenced in the year 1798, and occupied the artist the four summer months of four successive years. The subject is Intemperance, the principal group consisting of Marc Antony and Cleopatra surrounded by sylphs, bacchanals, &c. The Egyptian queen is dropping the pearl into the goblet of the enamoured warrior, while cupids are running away with his armour.—Let those who affect to despise the English school of painting, compare this sublime production, not only with the sprawling saints of Verrio and Laguerre, that deform the ceiling, but with the best works of a similar character, and then say, had such a painter lived in the time of the Medici, how would his works be now appreciated.

Most of the embellished works published during the last half-century have been illustrated by the inimitable compositions of this truly poetic painter, and they form a monument not to his own fame only, but to

that of the country which gave him birth. So prolific has been his pencil, that above five thousand designs have been made by him, more than three thousand of which have been engraved. Amongst the finest of these may be noticed, the matchless prints to the Pilgrim's Progress, the large mezzotinto of the Battle of Seringapatam, the Four Periods of a Sailor's Life, the Death of Captain Faulkner, the Pilgrimage to Canterbury, the Shield of Wellington, etched by the artist himself, and last, but not least, the print recently published of the Procession of the Flitch of Bacon, most exquisitely engraved by Mr. Watt, from a drawing made only five years since, replete with all the higher qualities of art—no one can behold this triumph of conjugal affection without a thrill of delight—the loving husband, the confiding wife, the countenances of all beaming with the joyousness of innocence and happiness—may it adorn every family mansion in Great Britain.

In 1829, when the veteran artist was in his seventy-fourth year, he made a number of vignette drawings for the delightful poem of Italy, written by his friend and patron, Mr. Samuel Rogers. They are every way worthy of his great name, and prove that—

"Age cannot steal, nor custom wear
His infinite variety."

Mr. Stothard is now in his seventy-eighth year, and he is among the favoured few who have learned to grow old gracefully; and when we behold his venerable countenance, we hardly know which most to admire, the halo of genius which ever surrounds it, or the glow of benevolence with which it is perpetually irradiated.

CHURCH AT STRATFORD.

THE church represented by the engraving, is now being erected, from the designs of Mr. Blore, at Stratford, Essex. It is in what Mr. Rickman has termed the early English style; being a refinement on the Norman, which that gentleman ascribes to this country. The arches of the windows are acutely pointed; but the walls of the clerestory are supported by slender piers, consisting of a number of small shafts, disposed diamondwise, and an obtuse segmental arch of two centres is used, technically termed a drop arch.

The position of the tower at the angle is unusual in English



H. Allen & Son

A NEW CHURCH (NOW BUILDING) AT STRATFORD, ESSEX.

churches; but affords breadth to the west end, (too often cut up by a central projection) and gives a picturesque turn to the whole composition.

That important feature of ecclesiastical architecture, the spire, first occurs in this style, Oxford Cathedral presenting perhaps the earliest, and Salisbury, the finest example.* In the text of Pugin's *Specimens* some remarks are quoted from Dallaway, on the appropriate decoration of the tower and spire, which, (as Sir Joshua has pointed to the utility of instituting a comparison between precept and the practice of the master), it may not be amiss to place in juxtaposition† with the work of an assiduous and successful labourer in this harrowed but uncultured field of Art.

T. M.

WORKS OF HENRY LIVERSEEGE.

THE fifth part of this series consists of 'Friar Tuck,' 'A Touch of the Spasms,' and the 'Black Dwarf.' We do not think that Liverseege is felicitous in characters that in any degree partake of coarseness and vulgarity. His power lies in the delineation of dramatic characters and incidents, in bursts of passion and feeling, in dry and quaint humour. To be vulgar, he had to adapt it, to be refined and portray

* "The solidity and breadth of the walls suggested the facility of adding another stage to the clerestory; and, consequently, of giving a due share of additional loftiness to the old tower, but here a difficulty occurred. Certain cracks or fissures were observed near the top of King Ethelred's tower; but the bold genius of the Norman architect soon saw the remedy. A sort of pyramidal coping of stone had been long used, both here and in Normandy, as a roof or covering to a lofty turret, hence the origin of spires. It occurred to our Oxford architect, that a similar termination to this central tower would be not only ornamental, but would serve by its equal weight and pressure, to hold the side walls of the tower together, and thus effectually to prevent them from spreading." *Dr. Ingram's Memorials of Oxford*. p. 18.

† "This spire, rising from its clustered pinnacles at the four angles of the tower, is generally admired as one of the best formed specimens in England. 'By richly clustering this steeple at the base, and leaving the shaft plain, the whole elevation is striking and beautiful! . . . The perfection of a spire and tower is formed upon a directly opposite principle in appearance, but the same in fact. It is that the shaft of each should be plain, and the ornaments clustered, forming a capital or base, as inversely applied.' " Mr. Willson then observes, "the validity of the principle in the above observation, seems to stand opposed to several fine examples, especially of towers, where the ornaments are differently disposed." *Specimens of Gothic Architecture*, 1, 24. *Art. Spire of St. Mary's Church, Oxford*.

powerful emotions, he had but to follow the impulse of his mind. To some painters, to be vulgar is their nature; to be refined, impossible. Let any dispassionate observer study the above three subjects, and judge them, not by his sympathy of feeling for either one or the other, but by a test of which is the most refined in character, feeling, and design? It was just as impossible that Liverseege could be vulgar, as that any thing he painted should be devoid of power and expression. Thus, while we cannot with unqualified praise dwell on the merits of the 'Friar Tuck,' and 'Touch of the Spasms,' it would at the same time be unjust not to say that they are very clever works. In criticising works of the Fine Arts, writers are too apt to be guided by what they individually experience, by personal likings, not by principles. In reviewing painting, although every style of it ought to be commended as much as it deserves, still the more noble and elevated characteristics must or ought ever to be paramount in the mind of the writer. Thus, therefore, while admitting that the two first subjects are very clever, yet how their merits sink before the powerful and splendid design of the 'Black Dwarf!' In this, intellectuality was to be portrayed, and Liverseege was successful; in the others, grossness and mere animal sottishness were to be depicted, and he failed, where the gross genius of a Hogarth would have triumphed. As Liverseege always painted every thing, both of still life and individuals, from the object itself, and not being so fortunate as to meet with a "real" Black Dwarf, he received a few lessons in modelling from a friend, and set to work to model one, from which he painted the picture now engraved. The figure of the Black Dwarf is a perfect realization of the misshapen being of the novelist. The stunted and wizard-like form, the deeply furrowed face, the piercing and flashing eye, and caustic expression of countenance, are most powerfully depicted, and contrasts finely with the elegant form of Isabella, whose averted and downcast eyes express her silent fear and resignation, as the deformed unsheaths his murderous weapon, and utters his threats of defiance.

The engraving of this Black Dwarf has been executed by Mr. Quilley in a manner rather better than any of his former works. If he could free his plates from a disagreeable chalkiness and opaque blackness, they would be greatly improved. Why does he not study the texture of Cousins, S. W. Reynolds, and Lupton? We are very happy to hear that Cousins is employed on a plate after Liverseege; the subject we believe is the 'Visionary.' This is as it should be; and then the publishers will be rescued from reproach, and justice be done to the memory and genius of Liverseege.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BUILDING OF THE CHURCH OF SANCTA SOPHIA AT CONSTANTINOPLE,

EXTRACTED AND TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF CODINAS ON
THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT CITY.*

THE great church of Sancta Sophia (at Constantinople) was formerly a pagan temple, and filled with numerous statues, which were removed from it by Constantine the Great and Justinian.† The great Constantine first raised that building on the plan of a circus, in imitation of the churches of Saint Agathonicus and Saint Dynamis. He also erected near to the great church of Sancta Sophia the old church

* Georgius Codinus the historian, from a part of whose work "on the Antiquities of Constantinople," the following paper is a translation, was one of the latest of the Byzantine writers: he lived during the reigns of the latter Palaeologi, and having survived the capture of the imperial city by Mahomet II. in the year 1453, he flourished at a late period; yet, as his writings were compiled from those of more ancient and approved authors, a considerable degree of credit is justly due to them. A great part of his book "on the Antiquities of Constantinople" is taken almost literally from Hesychius Milesius; and the rest from the annals of Glycas, the Alexandrine Chronicles and other works, according to Lambecius.

This account of the building of the church of Sancta Sophia is certainly mixed with much legendary matter, not suited to the taste of the present more cultivated period; still it appears to be in some degree interesting even in that respect, inasmuch as it exhibits examples of the superstitious feeling, and belief in miracles of the Bizantine Greek church, and of the people of the lower empire, and as the whole has a certain picturesque air, which may render it not altogether unacceptable to the readers of "the Library of the Fine Arts."—Codinus ven. Edit. P. 50.

† This is explained by a preceding passage of the author, in which he says; "In the great church of Sancta Sophia which was on the plan of a circus, and was first a pagan temple, there stood four hundred and twenty seven statues, which the great Emperor Justinian, when he was about to build the holy temple, removed from thence and distributed throughout Constantinople. Of these statues many have been found by several intelligent antiquaries in their walks through the city. The greater part of them were statues of the Greeks, of Apollo, of Jupiter, of Carus the father of Dioclesian, of the twelve signs of the zodiac, of the moon and Venus, and of the constellation Aroturus supported by two Persian columns; of the south pole and the priestess of Minerva having by her side the philosopher Hiero, in the act of prophesying. Amongst those were several statues of Christians, of which it is proper to notice a few, such as those of Constantine the Great, of Constans, of Gallienus, of Theodosius, of the Caesar Julian, and of the other Julian the prefect, of Licinius Augustus, of Valentinian, of Theodosius and his son Arcadius, and of Serapion the Consul, and three of Helena the mother of Constantine the Great, one of which was of porphyry, another inlaid with silver standing on a brass column, and the third of ivory dedicated to her by the rhetorician Cyprus. See No. 72 and No. 73, p. 27.

of Saint Irene or Peace. When he had finished Sancta Sophia itself, he placed many statues therein, as we have heretofore mentioned. That structure lasted until the reign of Thodosius the Great. At the period when the second synod was held at Constantinople, the roof of the great church was burnt down during a sedition of the Arians, which took place in the patriarchate of the most holy Nectarius, who presided on the old church of Saint Irene. Sancta Sophia remained without a covering during sixteen years, but at the end of that period the Emperor Thodosius having appointed the magnate Rufinus to superintend the work, constructed a vaulted roof over it; in which form it remained till the reign of Justinian. But in the fifth year of his reign,* after the occurrence of that mournful event, the slaughter of thirty-five thousand persons in the Hippodrome,† occasioned by two parts of the people having saluted the Patrician Hypatius,‡ the prefect of the faction of the Venetæ, Emperor! the all good and benevolent God filled the mind of Justinian with a desire to build a temple of such magnificence as had not been seen since the days of Adam, nor was ever likely to be equalled. He wrote to the Generals, the Toparohs, the Satraps, and the Dukes, and to all the governors of all the provinces of the east and the west, and of the north and the south of the empire, to send to him suitable materials for the wonderful structure which he had in contemplation to erect under the protection and guardian care of the deity, (and which he intended should be conspicuous for the greatest beauty,) viz. columns and their accompaniments, architraves, and slabs, and latticed doors, wherever they could find them. All persons appointed by the Emperor Justinian to perform this duty, willingly and cheerfully forwarded to him such materials as they could collect from the temples of the idols, from the palaces, and baths and private houses, in every province of the inhabited earth.

Eight Roman columns (as is related by Plutarch, the first secretary of Justinian,) were sent on rafts from Rome by a widow woman of the name of Marcia; these she had received in dowry; they stood in the city of Rome in the temple of the sun, which was built by Valerian, the Roman emperor, who surrendered himself to the Persians. She

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wrote thus to the emperor: "I have sent to you, my sovereign lord, eight Roman columns of equal length and circumference, and I venture to say of equal weight, for the salvation of my soul." Eight other most admirable columns of green marble, cut from the quarries below Ephesus, the general Constantine brought with him. Many of the rest of the building materials and of the columns were procured from Cyzicus. The prefects of the emperor sent others from the Troad, some from the Cyclades, and others again from Athens: all which were collected in the space of seven years and a half. In the twelfth year of the reign of Justinian, the temple was taken down to its foundation, and all its materials laid aside, as there was no use for them, since there had been collected together and prepared an immense quantity of those of a much better quality. The purchase of the houses of the persons, who dwelt there and in its neighbourhood, was then commenced; and first, the property of a widow woman named Anna was required of her, but she was unwilling to sell it to the emperor, and observed, if you would even give me five hundred (litras) pounds weight of gold* I would not surrender it to you. But the emperor, after he had unsuccessfully sent several of his great men to soothe this woman, went himself to solicit her, and besought her to sell the houses to him; on which she fell at his feet in a suppliant manner, and said, My sovereign lord, I must not receive any thing from you as the price of these houses, but I am willing to be a contributor towards the building of the temple, that I may have my reward on the day of judgment, and that after my death I may be buried near to my houses; and especially that the memory of my donation may be handed down to posterity. The situation of the property which she presented to the great church, is that on which the whole of the sacristy and the nave of St. Peter stand. That which is called the holy well,† and the whole of the holy altar, and the ambon or reading-desk, as far as the middle of the temple, are on the site of the house of a man named Antiochus, who was a door-keeper and an eunuch, comprising an estate which was valued at fifty pounds in hyperpyra.‡ This man was much dissatisfied that he could not sell

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his property to the emperor for an advantageous price; and the emperor, who was a lover of justice, being unwilling that any one should be afflicted or injured on his account, was distressed in mind and undecided on the measures he should adopt on this occasion: but Strategius the magnate, treasurer of the emperor and his adopted brother, promised him that he would overcome the man's reluctance by stratagem, and purchase the houses even contrary to his inclination. This Antiochus was fond of the games of the circus, and a supporter of the faction of the blue colour, which he much delighted in and greatly preferred to the other factions. On the day of the celebration of the games, the Magnate Strategius seized on the doorkeeper and confined him in the Prætorium,* on which Antiochus cried out in grievous lamentation, saying, "Let me but be present at the games, and I will do the will of the emperor:" on his submission he was led by command of the emperor to the seats of the circus, where he made the sale in the presence of the questor, and all the senate subscribed their names as witnesses to the transaction. The sum paid was eighty-five pounds weight of gold. The right hand side of the Gynæcium, or portion for the women as far as the column of Saint Basilus, is where the house of Chariton the eunuch (surnamed Chenopodus, or splay-footed) was situated, a property which he gave with much cheerfulness to the emperor; it was valued at a double price, at twelve pounds weight of gold. The left hand side of the Gynæcium, as far as the column of Saint Gregory Thaumaturgus, consisted of the houses of a certain shoemaker named Xenophon, who required from the emperor a double price, amounting to fourteen pounds weight of gold; stipulating that on the day of the celebration of the chariot races he should be allowed to sit in the circus, and be adored by the charioteers of the four factions. But the people and all the senate telling the emperor that this was not lawful to be done in favour of any one but

use in the latter period of the Constantinopolitan empire; that it was both of gold and silver, and of the weight of a drachm. Gronovius in his note on this passage of Salsmasius observes, that this coin was of gold alone, and that its weight was more than a drachm, a drachm consisting of three scruples; whereas the Hyperpyron weighed three scruples and the one-third part of a scruple. This coin was known at Constantinople in the time of the crusade, for Scaliger proceeds to remark, from William of Tyre, lib. xviii. cap. xxii. that Emanuel, the Emperor of Constantinople, gave his niece (Theodora) in marriage to Baldwin III. King of Jerusalem (about the year 1060), and bestowed on her a dowry of a hundred thousand hyperpyra. See also Meursius in Gloss. who gives the whole passage. It is difficult to discover who was the inventor of this money, or what was the origin of its name.

* Which Justin the emperor repaired. There is extant an epigram on this affair by Paulus Silentiarius. Anthol. lib. 4. cap. 23. Meursius.

the sovereign, the emperor commanded that he should be adored behind, and be called "the prince of the dead," a practice which is continued to this day. The pavement of the temple, the font, and the porticoes called *Nartheces*,* and the parts around them, are on the site of the house of the patrician Damianus of Seleucia (which being valued at six pounds weight of gold), he gave with willingness to the emperor. The emperor having measured the place, discovered a round rock extending from the site of the altar to that of the lower apsis, and he there laid the foundations of the great dome; from the situation of the pulpit to that of the exterior *Narthex*, he found the soil marshy and loose. When he was proceeding to lay the foundations, he summoned Eutychius the patriarch, who offered up prayers for the prosperous building of the church. The emperor then taking with his own hands lime and bricks and placing them in the foundations,† was the first to begin the chapel of Saint John the Baptist; near the *Horo-logium*,‡ and those buildings which are in the vicinity of the *Metatorium* or chapter-house, to enable himself to remain with his great men and frequently take his food there. From this part he made a covered gallery, communicating with the palace, for the convenience of his visiting the works as often as he pleased. A hundred superintendants were appointed, each of whom had a hundred paid workmen placed under his direction; so that the number of those labouring on the building amounted to ten thousand; five thousand of whom began the work on the right hand, and five thousand on the left hand side; and the greatest zeal and emulation were manifested by the two parties in accelerating the progress of the building. An angel exhibited the plan of the edifice to the emperor during a dream. Amongst

* The *Narthex* was a place on the outside of the church, in which that order of penitents which was not admitted into the church stood; and in which during the performance of their funeral ceremonies the bodies of simple monks were placed. Meursius in *Gloss*.

The *Narthex*, in the church of Saint Clement at Rome, (which is on the plan of an ancient Christian church) is an enclosure within it for the priests, having two rows of seats of Greek marble.

† The emperor or some other distinguished man usually laid the first stone of any great work; this is here seen in the building of Sancta Sophia by Justinian: and Suetonius, cap. 19, says of Nero, In Achaia Isthmum perfodere aggressus praetorianos pro concione ad inchoatum opus cohortatus est; tubaque signo dato primus rastello humum effodit, et corbula congestam humeris extulit. Meursius.

‡ There were two chapels of Saint John the Baptist at Constantinople, one of which Basilus in a great measure repaired, the other he built from its foundations. Codrenus.

§ Which Justinian erected in the seventh year of his reign.

the superintendants was one master mechanic, endowed with the greatest skill in erecting convenient temples. Barley boiled in large vessels was placed in the works, and the workmen mixed the decoction of it with lime and tile rubble. This decoction of barley they used in a tepid state instead of water, and they also cut the bark of the elm-tree into small pieces, and mixing them with the lime made a cement which they employed neither too hot nor too cold but warm, by which it was rendered of the utmost tenacity, and they bound the stones together as hard as iron.

When the basement had been raised to the height of two cubits above the level of the ground, they had expended, according to the beforementioned poet, and the officer who kept an account of the proceedings, four hundred and fifty-two centenaria* of gold. They took every day a certain number of milliarenses,† and mixed them with the

* Centenarium. It is difficult to ascertain whether the author had in view a particular coin, or a certain quantity of gold. The term centenarium is supposed to mean a hundred pounds weight of gold, or as many solidi as were contained in that quantity. This is shown by the Glossæ Nomicæ, which say *Κεντηναριον, λιτραί β. κίτρον πάρ Πωμάται τα β φασιν*. But this principle of computation would have the effect of making the expense of the building excessive. It is stated in the text to have cost up to this period 452 centenaria, which would amount to 3,254,400 solidi; and in a subsequent passage it is mentioned that the whole expense of the temple, without including the value of the holy vessels, and the vestments, and of the materials which were sent gratuitously to the emperor, amounted to 3500 centenaria, which would be 25,200,000 solidi: in this sum it may be presumed is comprehended the cost of the throne, and the amber which was 365 centenaria. If on the other hand a centenarium is taken for one hundred solidi, making it equal to the centenaria spoken of by Lampridius in his life of Alexander Severus, then the amount assuredly will be insufficient. See the observations of Gronovius (de Pec. Vet. lib. iv. cap. 15) on the centenarium.

The expense attending the erection of Saint Peter's church at Rome, according to a rough estimate made by the Cav. Carlo Fontana, was 46,800,498 Roman scudi, to which sum should be added many other charges which he enumerates, as well as the value of the donatives. This sum is also exclusive of the cost of the sacristy erected by the Pope Pio Sesto, which amounted to 900,000 scudi. The value of the Roman scudo is about 4s. 7d. English; it was probably higher in the time of Fontana, for Gronovius and others reckon the solidus equal to two Roman crowns or scudi.

† The ancient denarius was denominated milliarensis, from the circumstance of a thousand pieces of that silver coin being equal in value to a pound weight of gold. At that time one hundred denarii were struck from a pound of silver, which made the proportion of gold to silver as one to ten, and this proportion continued under the consuls and the first emperors. The ancient gold coin of the Romans was the aureus, forty of which made a pound of gold. In the alteration of the coin, introduced by Constantine, he substituted the solidus of seventy-two to the pound of gold for the aureus; the milliarensis for the denarius; and the follis, a brass coin, for the sestertius. The milliarensis was of two values when compared with gold, the earliest of which is considered to have been worth about one siliqua and three-fourths of a

rubbish, which they spread about near to the Horologeum and the neighbouring buildings, so that the men who previously to leaving their work turned up the rubbish, found an abundance of the coin, and went away very much gratified. Other milliarenses were placed in the Horologeum, and were distributed as a part of their wages amongst those who carried up stones or tiles, and lime and bricks, that no one might have occasion for railing or making complaints. One of them having bewailed himself, and cried out, *Alas! alas!* fell down instantly, and was dashed to pieces. The pedestals being raised to their level, and the great columns placed on them, they intended to have erected the Roman columns amongst them, yet they afterwards relinquished their intention, and raised them in the four tribunals. The emperor even abstained from his afternoon sleep for the purpose of hastening the work, and proceeded to overlook the masons (who prepared the stone) as well as the builders. He went with Troilus, his chamberlain. Strategius, the adopted brother of the emperor, and his treasurer had the charge of the expenses: to him the emperor gave an order to bestow on the workmen twice in every week a donation, in addition to their usual reward and daily pay. Whenever he went to inspect the works, he wore a white conobium, or under garment, and carried a light stick in his hand. Having covered the apses on each side of the women's porticos, and the work being resumed at the piers, and continued as far as the catechumena, or chapels of the novices, Strategius commanded a large sum of milliarenses to be brought, and directed the superintendants to go and partake of a dinner on the third hour of the seventh day. But the superintendant Ignatius left his son, a boy of about fourteen years of age, to look after the tools of all the workmen. Whilst he was sitting there, he was accosted by a man in a white dress, like an eunuch from the palace, who asked him the reason why the workmen did not more speedily proceed with the work of God, instead of leaving it, and departing, as they had all done,

siliqua of gold, or $5\frac{3}{112}$ Troy grains, the latter two siliquas of gold or $6\frac{1}{12}$ Troy grains: the first mentioned value is only known from the *Glosse Nomice*; the last is the milliarensis of the laws and the historians; by the first there will be very nearly 1000 milliarenses to the pound of gold; by the other, which is the usual computation, 864; and this number comes out the same by calculating according to that proportion of gold to silver which prevailed in the Constantinopolitan empire, and which was 1 to 14 $\frac{1}{2}$; for sixty milliarenses, which were then made from a pound of silver, are in the proportion of 864 in value to the pound of gold, 60 being multiplied by 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ making that number. See Gronovius de Pec. Vet. lib. iv. cap. 13, 15, and 16. Further it appears that the milliarensis, according to the last mentioned proportion, contains 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ grains Troy of silver, or is nearly of the same weight as the English shilling. Twelve milliarenses were equal to a solidus.

for the purpose of feasting. The boy replied, "Sir, they will return hither quickly." The stranger then said, "Go with all haste, and call them." The boy being afraid that some of the tools might be lost, the angel who had appeared to him said "Go and speak to them, and by Sancta Sophia, or by the holy word of God, whose temple is here building, I will not leave them till you return." The boy hearing this oath went and found his father Ignatius, and related to him what had passed. He was then conducted by him to the emperor, who was taking his food at that time in the oratory of Saint John the Baptist.

On hearing this circumstance, the emperor called to him all the eunuchs, but the boy did not recognise amongst them the person he had seen: then the emperor knew that he was an angel of the Lord, he concluded this from the oath, and from white garments of the mysterious stranger, and also because his cheeks shot forth fire, and his appearance became changed. Hence the emperor was greatly delighted, and gave praises to God, since he appeared satisfied with his work. From that circumstance the temple received the appellation of Sancta Sophia, the emperor deliberating at that time on the name he should give it. During the consultation many pious men said, that the boy ought not to return thither, for if he did the guardian angel would retire from the place; the emperor acting according to this advice, enriched the boy, and sent him to live in the islands; so that the guardian angel has continued to protect the church to this very day according to his oath. This discourse the angel held with the boy on the right hand side of the pier near to the Syllagonum. When the workmen had proceeded as far as the second chapel of the novices and the columns, they formed the vaulted ceilings, and having covered in the adjacent parts, the emperor then became distressed in mind through want of sufficient funds, but as he was standing in the upper part of the apsis and inspecting the works, a eunuch of a handsome countenance appeared to him and said, "Why are you afflicted about the money, send some of your nobles with me to-morrow morning, and I will bring to you as much as you may want." On the following day, when the emperor was going to look over the works, the mysterious eunuch appeared to him again, saying, "Appoint a man to accompany me and let us go." He then gave him the beforementioned Strategius, and Basilides the quæstor, and the patrician Theodorus, the prefect of the city, and Colocynthes, and eight attendants, and mules with twenty bags. The eunuch receiving these went out of the city with them, and coming to the tribunal, there appeared to his followers certain palaces of a wonderful construction built without hands. When they had

dismounted from their horses, the eunuch opened a chamber, the floor of which was covered with golden coin, and then took a shovel and placed on each of the mules four centenaria, making altogether, eighty centenaria, and sent them to the emperor, after which he closed the door in the presence of the party. When they carried the gold to the emperor, he asked them whence they came, and what house and who was the person whom they had visited. They then related to him what they had seen. The emperor having waited some time, but in vain for the arrival of the eunuch, sent to him, but the messenger found the place a plain void of buildings. These things being made known to the emperor he concluded that it was a miracle, and gave thanks to God. When they were proceeding to build the altar, the emperor commanded that its domed head should be made to admit light, on account of the place not being capable of bearing a great weight, because they had not introduced therein any framing of timber. The workmen were of opinion that one vault would be sufficient to give light to the altar. But the superintendant was exceedingly embarrassed, as the emperor at one time directed him to make two vaulted lights, and at another time only one vaulted light. Whilst he was standing and carrying on the works, an angel of the Lord came to him in the likeness of the Emperor Justinian, and clothed down to his feet in his usual manner, and said to him, build three vaults on account of their superior lightness. Soon afterwards Ignatius entering the palace told the emperor that he did not continue in one opinion. The emperor then knew that the words were spoken by an angel, and he replied to Ignatius, "If I said any thing to you yesterday, do what I then ordered," although the emperor had not at that time visited the works. All the ties and cramps of the building were bars of iron run together with lead. On the exterior for improving the general bond of the masonry, as well as for the purpose of imparting to the work firmness and strength, the lime used thereon was mixed with oil instead of water, and the incrustations of marble were set in a similar manner. The emperor sent Troilus his chamberlain, Theodorus the prefect, and Basilus the quæstor, to the island of Rhodes to procure bricks of a large size and of an equal weight to be made there; these they stamped with the following words, *Ο Θεός ἐν μέσῳ αὐτῆς, καὶ οὐ σαλευθήσεται. βοηθήσει αὐτῇ ὁ Θεός τὸ πρὸς πρῶτῃ πρῶτῃ.*

The bricks which were thus stamped, and which were all made, and of equal dimensions, they sent to the emperor. The weight of five of them is not more than the gravity of one of ours, and are thin, and white; hence arose the vulgar opinion that the dome is formed of

pumice stone : but the fact is that the clay is light and of a white colour. The four great apses, and then the great dome of the thickness of twelve bricks, were afterwards erected, during which operation the priest offered up prayers for the firm construction of the church, and holes were made, into which were thrown different reliques of the saints until the dome was turned. When the edifice was newly erected, it was adorned with mosaic work and encrusted with marble ; and in the piers, the porticos, and the great columns there were placed other reliques of the most distinguished saints. The pavement was formed of a variety of precious marbles, namely, of Roman marble of the colour of rue, and of other marbles of a variegated rose colour. The emperor having called the artificers to him, he determined, in order to make the holy table, to throw together gold and silver and all kinds of valuable marbles, and gems, and brass, and iron, and lead, and glass, and all other sorts of materials, which being pounded and mixed together were fused and cast into a slab, which proving to be most admirable and beyond all price, struck the spectator with surprise. The emperor placed every day two thousand five hundred pieces of silver coin on the mound, and each man when he had done his work took his wages from thence. The emperor determined to plate the incrustation of marble and the whole of the pavement with gold. But Maximianus and Hierotheus his counsellor, who were Athenian philosophers and astronomers, dissuaded him from it, saying, that in a distant age there would come needy sovereigns who might in that case be tempted to raze the temple to the ground ; whereas, if it were built only of stone it would endure to the end of the world. The whole of the materials, as already has been mentioned, were collected in seven years and ten months. Many historians assert that the church occupied seventeen years in building, but they include therein, as it seems, the seven years during which the materials were collecting. The emperor made the Ciborium, the columns, and the enclosures of the altar of silver gilt : but the apple and the lily and the cross were of solid gold. The ambon* or reading desk and the throne were likewise of gold, ornamented with sardonyxes and sapphires, and set with pearls in melted gold. Golden vessels, dishes, and censors were made for the celebration of the twelve feasts.

The emperor appointed for the service of the church one thousand priests, who dwelt in cells around the edifice, and he assigned to it

* Such of our readers as have visited Rome, most probably recollect to have seen in the church of Saint Clement beforementioned, the two elegant ambons of Greek marble from which it is customary to read the gospels and epistles.

three hundred and sixty-five portions of land near the suburbs. The stone covering of the well was that upon which Christ sat when he talked with the woman of Samaria. The trumpets came from Jericho, being those at the sound of which the walls of that city fell down. The seat of the holy Constantine stood over the sacred well and above the trumpets. The venerated cross from Jerusalem was placed in the sacristy, its dimensions were suited to the stature of Christ our Lord. The expense of the throne, and ambon or reading desk, was three hundred and sixty-five centenaria, defrayed from the yearly tribute of Egypt; it was of the same amount as that paid to the great Constantine by Sapor king of Persia. The expense of the temple, exclusive of the value of the holy vessels and the vestments, and of the materials which were sent gratuitously to the emperor, amounted to three thousand five hundred centenaria. The structure was completed on the twenty-second day of the month of December. The emperor went from the palace as far as the gate of the Augusteum* in a chariot drawn by four horses, and proceeded accompanied by the cross and the patriarch Eutychines; he then drove from the royal gates as far as the ambon, and stretching out his hands said, "Praise be to God who has thought me worthy of completing so great a work, I have surpassed thee O Solomon!" he then scattered money about in the ancient consular manner, and distributed centenaria to the people by the magnate Strategius. The church was a wonder to behold, for from the variegated appearance of the pavement it seemed like the sea, as well from the golden splendor of the marble ornaments as from the capitals of the columns. The dome lasted seventeen years: but after the death of Justinian, his nephew Justin, who was one of the prefects of the palace, and surnamed "the most just," succeeded to the empire, when in the fifth hour of the sixth day of the second year of his reign it happened that the dome fell, and crushed the wonderful ambon, the most precious throne and the variegated pavement. The four apses, and all the columns together with the rest of the building remained uninjured. But the emperor calling to him the survivors of those artificers who had been employed on the building, enquired of them the cause of it, they answered that it arose from the circumstance of the shores and

* By the gate of the Augusteum is understood the great gate of the church of Sancta Sophia, before which was the Foram Augusteum, surrounded by the palace of the Emperor, the Senate house and other noble buildings. It may be also remarked that the gate of the Augusteum is the same as that which a little further on is called the royal gate. It was the middle and greatest gate of the church. Such were called "royal."—Lambecius.

supporters which held up the dome having been too hastily removed at the earnest instance of the Emperor Justinian, for the purpose of having the mosaic work executed on it; and because the dome, for the purpose of enabling it to be seen from every part at a distance, had been made too lofty; as also because the workmen had incautiously cut away the scaffolding or centering, and cast it on the pavement; these were the causes to which the fall of the dome was attributed; and it was recommended that the one to be built should be made flatter, and in the form of a cymbal, as it now exists.

The emperor sent to Rhodes, as his uncle did before him, for bricks from the same kind of clay, which were impressed with the same stamps, and he rebuilt the dome: the workmen, in order to prevent it from falling, took away fifteen orgyas from its former height, and they suffered the centering, the shores, and the supporters, to remain during the space of a year, till the work acquired firmness. But the emperor not being able to make the ambon and the throne similar to what they were before, plated them with silver in the manner in which they are now seen; and also not being able to find variegated marbles, he sent Narses the patrician to Proconnesus, and they cut marbles there in colour resembling that of the earth. There were made four streams of a green colour, in imitation of the four rivers descending from Paradise to the sea. When the workmen had cut away the scaffolding, and were about to remove the supporters of the dome, they filled the church as far as the first chapel of the novices with water, and thus threw down the timber. On account of his raising the dome some persons say that Justin erected the church; but this is an error.* From the time of its building four hundred and fifty-eight years have elapsed.* Near the church was placed the statue of the Emperor Justin, in the act of returning thanks to God, and indicating to the citizens, "I am the founder."

The emperor fearing that the before-mentioned Ignatius, the superintendant of the building of the great church, through his being beloved by all men on account of the wonderful works which he had executed, might be proclaimed and saluted emperor by the two factions of the people;† yet being unwilling to put him to death, as was advised by many persons who observed the emperor's anxiety, he

* The church was erected in the 22nd year of Justinian, which was the 523rd year of Christ, to which 458 being added make 1001. But these must not be considered to be the words of Codinus, but of the author from whom he took the description. Meursius.

† That is to say, the Prasinæ and the Venetæ. Meursius.

yielded to their persuasions to allow Ignatius to be left in the statue which he had erected in the Augusteum, and to let the ladders be removed that he might perish of hunger. Ignatius finding after he had completed and erected the equestrian statue of the emperor that he was left therein, lamented his situation. But evening being arrived he found an excellent resource. He had in his pouch a small cord of the length of fifty-five orgyas, and he took his gown, his drawers, his under garment, and the covering of his head, and bound them together, and tried if they would reach the ground. Finding that they did, he, on the arrival of his wife, who came with many tears and lamentations, told her (the whole city being then asleep, for the evening was far advanced,) that he was left there to perish: but "go," he said, "and privately buy a thick rope, and cover it with melted pitch, and return hither in the middle of the night." She did so, and took it on the following night, and Ignatius let down the cord which he had, and the woman tying the rope to it, he drew it up and fastened it to one of the legs of the horse, then taking hold of the cord he descended in safety. He directed the rope to be covered with melted pitch that it might be rendered sufficiently tenacious, to prevent him from falling to the ground and being dashed to pieces; and that by this process it might be readily burnt after he had descended. Then taking his wife and children he proceeded by night to Adrianople, and passed three years in the monastic habit, every one thinking and saying that he had ended his life through hunger in the column. After that period, he returned to Constantinople and lived in that city. But on the emperor going in a procession* to the church of the holy apostles, Ignatius met him there, implored his pity, and begged that he would allow him to live without fear. The emperor knew him, and he and all the senate were surprised at his appearance, but pretended ignorance of the circumstances which had occurred to Ignatius, gave him many gifts, and sent him away in peace; saying, "Behold, he whom God ordains to live, a thousand men cannot destroy." So much for the great church.

The church of the great and holy apostles† is, as has been pre-

* This procession took place on the second day of Easter. Meursius.

† Codinus says, the beneficent emperor (Constantine) built the churches of Saint Agathonicus, of Saint Acacius, and of the holy apostles, the latter of which, with the assistance of his mother, he erected of an oblong form, on the plan of a circus, and covered it with a roof of timber. He also made the monuments of the emperors, in one of which he was buried. Page 7.

The church of the apostles was converted into the patriarchal church by Amurath, after the capture of Constantinople. See the Chronic. of Phransas, lib. iii. cap. 19.

viously related, on the plan of a circus, with a roof and dome of timber: it was built by Constantine the Great and Helena. But Theodora,* the wife of Justinian the Great, bestowed much care on it, and in consequence of the river Lycus running under it, she made beneath it vast foundations with stones of large dimensions, and rebuilt it. The design and the plan she borrowed from the church of Saint John the theologian, at Ephesus. She took all the materials for it from those collected for Sancta Sophia, after a great part of that church with its oratories was finished. Four years after the commencement of the building of Sancta Sophia, the erection of this edifice was begun. At the time the mosaics were proceeding with, the funds of the empress failed; and Augusta suffering anxiety on that account, the holy apostles appeared to her in a dream, and said, "Do not be afflicted for the want of money, nor ask your husband Justinian for a supply, but go out of the gate Dexiocrates, towards the seashore, and you will there find under the ground twelve earthen vessels full of gold." Augusta therefore sending thither, found such vessels full of gold, each one inscribed with the names of the holy apostles. She on receiving them gave thanks to God, and expended their wealth on the temple, and in addition she bestowed thereon many estates and ornaments, with vessels of gold and silver. The temple being finished, she was proceeding to suspend from it brass chains and lamps, that she might dedicate and consecrate it. But the Emperor Justinian, on learning her intention, was unwilling that she should anticipate him, and that her church should be consecrated before that of Sancta Sophia, and in consequence issued his commands through the city that no one should make any chains and hang them in that place. But the empress in the mean time prepared, with great faith and industry, twisted ropes, and suspended therewith silver lamps, holding many lights, and consecrated and dedicated the temple, anticipating in this manner the consecration of the great church. The reliques under the sacred table of the holy apostles were brought thither by the Emperor Constantine, son of the great Constantine, by means of the great and holy martyr Anthemius. The pulpit, which is still in the middle of the church, was erected there by the Empress Theodora.

The mausoleum of Saint Theophano† was raised by Constantine the

* Theodora, the wife of Justinian the Great, on her arrival at Constantinople from Paphlagonia, dwelt in a small porch in that city, and maintained herself by spinning wool, but after she became empress she converted the mean building into a church, and dedicated it to Saint Panteleemon. Codinus, page 41.

† The anniversary of Saint Theophano or Theophania, was held by the Greeks on the 10th day of December. Lambecius.

great,* but Justinian the Great put up the mausoleum of the orthodox and the heretics, which is situated on the outside: this he adorned with mosaics, and was buried therein, as was also his wife Theodora, who built the temple. But the Emperor Basilius took away from thence the mosaics and the marble at the time he erected the new church and the forum.†

ENGLISH ARCHITECTS.

(Continued from page 297.)

THE four great sheets of published plates of the designs for Whitehall, by Inigo Jones, are evidently, says Walpole, "made up from general hints;" nor could such a source (he continues) of invention and taste as the mind of Inigo ever produce such sameness. The strange kind of cherubim on the towers at the end are preposterous ornaments, and whether by Inigo or not, have no relation to the rest of the building. The great towers in the front are too near, and evidently borrowed from what he had seen in Gothic, not in Roman buildings. Mr. Dallaway

* He speaks of Constantine Porphyrogenitus, who built the church of Saint Theophano or Theophania, adjoining to the church of the holy apostles. Saint Theophania was the first wife of Leo the philosopher.

Zonaras ascribes the building of the church of Saint Thephania, to Leo the philosopher; he says, "he (Leo) in honour of Saint Theophano his first wife, erected a church to her name (near to the temple of the holy apostles) in which her body was deposited." Lambecius.

A difference of opinion on the dimensions of the church of Sancta Sophia prevails amongst writers. Gyllius says, that not daring to measure the church himself, he procured a Turk to take the dimensions, who informed him that the width of the temple is two hundred and thirteen feet (French), the length two hundred and forty feet; the height from the pavement to the crown of the arches, one hundred and forty two feet. He did not measure the dome. In the same passage he cites the dimensions as given to Evagrius, which vary considerably from the above. See Gyllius de Topog. Constant. lib. ii. c. 3.

The length of this temple is thus marked on the pavement of St. Peter's church at Rome:

P. R. 492.

CONSTANTINOPOLITANA

DIVÆ SOPHIÆ ECCLESIA.

492 Roman Palms are equal to 360 feet, 3 inches English.

† This narrative is curious; and displays the superstitious workings of the imagination, by the admixture of fabulous lore with historical circumstances. Ed.

says, "To excite our admiration of the grandeur of conception, with which the genius of Inigo Jones had inspired him in the formation of a palace, not inferior either in extent or magnificence to those of the Roman emperors, it will be necessary only to give the admeasurement, from the authority on which we may best rely; the plans above described agree generally as to the ground plan, although they differ as greatly as to the details of the elevation. The whole formed an oblong square, and consisted of seven courts, of which six were quadrangular, that in the centre of the building was larger than the other two chief divisions, and these were again subdivided into three courts, the centre one of which, on the north side, had two galleries, with arcades; and that on the south, a circular court, which was called the "Persian," of a diameter of 210 feet, bounded on the ground floor by an open arcade. The piers between the arches were decorated with figures of Persian warriors in captivity: the upper story was ornamented between each window by Cariatides bearing Corinthian capitals, placed on their heads with an entablature of that order; and the whole finished by a balustrade. The origin and history of such figures are well known to every scientific architect and amateur. It is amusing, and perhaps instructive to contrast the judgment of an amateur by that of a professor of architecture. Walpole says this circular court is a picturesque thought, but without meaning or utility, but carried away by a worthy enthusiasm: the noble author exclaims, "The whole fabric, however, was so glorious an idea, that one forgets for a moment, in the regret of its not being executed, the confirmation of our liberties obtained by a melancholy scene that passed before the windows of that very banquetting house." Mr. Gwilt, see his *Treatise on Civil Architecture*, p. 251, after repeating the decisions of Sir William Chambers, on this part of the building, in which he says, "There are few nobler thoughts in the remains of antiquity than Inigo Jones' Persian court, the effect of which, if properly executed, would have been surprising, and great to the highest degree," adds in a note, "An architect may be permitted to regret the hypocritical and puritanical vagaries of those days, that led to a frustration of the design of building a palace here, which would have thrown all the present palaces of Europe into the back ground." Mr. Dallaway tells us that the front towards Westminster Abbey* would have extended 1152 feet, and that towards the park, including the present banquetting

* A writer in the Penny Magazine, No. 53, very properly finds fault with the use of this common redundancy, "*Westminster Abbey*," minster alone meaning a cathedral or abbey-church—hence "York Minster," "West Minster."

house, 720; the interior space of this room is the largest in England, with the exception of Westminster Hall, as it contains a greater number of cubic feet. It has dimensions of 115 feet in length, 60 in breadth, and 55 in height. The reader will perceive there is some deviation in these dimensions from those at our page 295, copied from Mr. Cunningham's account. The first story of Whitehall palace was of the Doric order, with arcades, arches, columns, and pilasters; the second was Corinthian, which carried the main body of the palace to the height of the existing banquetting house, but in the centre of each of the four fronts, rose four distinct structures, breaking before the body of the building and rising one story above, crowned with statues and cupolas, and corresponding with square towers of similar altitudes on the angles. The corners stood out before the main line of wall, the central parts of the palace broke out farther still, while between these breaks were formed pediments, each supported by eight columns. The front to the park had niches and statues, and the lower story only was rusticated. The front to the river was rusticated two stories high, the Charing Cross front is not shewn in the drawing; that towards the abbey is rusticated, the whole extent of the first story, with the exception of the breaks which carry the cupolas, columns, and pediments, the towers, windows, and doors, the frequent breaks, the open arches, niches, and arcades below, the successive range of cornices above, give great variety of light and shade: while the corner towers, the central parts of the palace, with their double cupolas, break the level uniformity, with a long line of entablatures and balustrades would occasion and lend such effect to the horizontal profile of the palace, as peaks, pinnacles, and towers give to a gothic cathedral.* Statues, singly or in pairs, are scattered by the score and the hundred along the pediments and the balustrades; niches are numerous, and figures occupy every niche.

The interior, continues Mr. C. is more than worthy of the exterior. There are twenty-five inner fronts formed by seven courts, of which one in the centre is the principal. This immense court would have occupied to the extent of 740 feet of the present street before the

* Are not these observations by Mr. Cunningham written more in the spirit of the painter than the architect? At the time we were initiated into the mysteries of the beville and square, if we remember right, many breaks in our lines of elevations, were considered any thing but beauties in architecture. Breaks (in windows) though frequently introduced, says Gwilt, by Inigo Jones, and other copyers and imitators of Palladio, are always unnatural, and can only be tolerated for the sake of variety, or with a view of spreading a composition in itself too leanly elevated.—*Civil Architecture*, p. 366.

Horse Guards, and 378 feet over, of which the Banqueting House forms the first part on the left hand, as we enter from Charing Cross. Four courts, each 274 feet long, and 185 feet wide, give light and air to the interior of the angles of the palace, while behind the centre of the river front lies a court 224 feet square, and behind the centre of the park front is a circular court of 210 feet diameter; thus forming the seven courts and twenty-five inner fronts alluded to. This circular court has been called the Persian court by way of distinction. It consists of an open arcade below the figures of Persian warriors, supplying the place of Doric columns, and supporting the massive entablatures which crown the first story. On the second story, with their feet on the heads of the men, stand a corresponding rank of Persian ladies, supporting a cornice of the Corinthian order, which completes, with its circular balustrade, the elevation of this singular court. Doric and Corinthian capitals on the heads of male and female statues look strange and unnatural; the license, however, has the sanction of classic times, and consequently the approbation of the learned; and thus the reproach of "barbarism" is removed from the grotesque figures, which, with back or front, and frequently with knees and elbows, form abutments to our Gothic* arches. The grand entrances to this magnificent structure were towards Westminster Abbey and Charing Cross, and these led off to such extensive suites of apartments, galleries for paintings and sculptures, armouries, libraries, rooms of state, privy chambers, banqueting rooms, bedrooms, closets, chapels, and halls, as no prince of this island ever enjoyed save in imagination. Only the banqueting house was ever completed, though this was at one time meditated about seven years after by one Cavendish Weedon, a member of Lincoln's Inn, who published a proposal for this purpose at an expense not exceeding £600,000. as also a scheme for raising the money, a very necessary accompaniment, vide Strype's Cont. of Stowe's Survey

* The disgrace of applying the opprobrious title of Gothic to the pointed style attaches itself to an Englishman, SIR HENRY WOTTON, who wrote "Elements of Architecture, collected from the first authorities," 4to. 1624. This term was continued by Evelyn, who applied it more directly, and the authority of Sir Christopher Wren finally settled its application, vide Hoskins's Architecture, p. 421. Mr. Brayley, in "Neale's Westminster Abbey," rescues the memory of Wren from the disgrace of a false imputation of calling the pointed style Gothic. "Henry III." he says, "took down the greater part of this church, as it is recorded, to build it according to the new mode which came into fashion after the holy war. We call this new the Gothic manner of building (so the Italians called what was not after the Roman way), though the Goths were rather destroyers than builders. I think it should rather be called the Saracenic way, for those people wanted neither arts nor learning."

of London, book ii. p. 6.† The only part of this superb scheme, the Banqueting House,‡ is a regular and majestic building, of three stories externally; the lower story is rusticated, with seven small square blank windows, and by its solidity forms a substantial base for its beautiful superstructure. The second and principal story is adorned in the centre by four Ionic columns, on each flank by two pilasters, with proper entablature and base, and the angles are ornamented with antæ; between the columns and pilasters is a row of windows, with semi-circular and angular pediments resting upon consoles. The entablature serves as pedestals to the Corinthian columns and pilasters of the third story, column being placed over column, and pilaster over pilaster. From the capitals were carried sculptured festoons, meeting in the centre with masques and other ornaments: the windows of this story have square cornices resting on consoles. This story is also crowned with its proper entablature, on which is raised the balustrade with attic pedestals between, which crown the work. Mr. Gwilt objects that in this elevation the feet of the lower leaves of the Corinthian capitals project beyond the upper part of the shaft of the columns, as at St. Carlos, in the Corso at Rome, and the enormous projection of the volutes, which added, he says, to the other faults of these capitals, renders the whole composition unusually defective and exceedingly ugly; nor can he reconcile to his ideas of architectural propriety the employment of columns penetrating each other in the inward angle, instead of pilasters, as may be seen within the Banqueting House.*

Palladio, continues Mr. Gwilt, has in some of his works made the height of the balustrade equal to that of the whole entablature, and Inigo Jones has followed his example in many of his buildings, particularly in that now in question, where besides the extraordinary loftiness, it is raised on a very high plinth, and he does not think either of these great Artists are to be imitated in this practice, as it renders the balustrade much too predominant, and is very prejudicial to the

† Cavendish Weedon was the author of Orations, &c. sung at the performance of Divine Music, for the entertainment of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and the then House of Commons, Jan. 3, 1701, and pub. 1702.

‡ The Banqueting House derived its name from an old building (to which it succeeded) which in the time of Elizabeth was used for entertainments, &c. and a Whitehall Palace, which formed part of York Palace, built by Wolsey, was in existence in the time of Elizabeth. Henry VIII. married Anne Boleyn in his closet at Whitehall.

* See also similar defects in the front of the Royal Exchange towards Cornhill.

effect of other parts in the composition ; particularly of the entablature to which it is contiguous. Every thing however in this building was thought to be so finely proportioned and well executed, that Mons. D'Azout, the famous French Architect, who was in England about 1685, pronounced it the most finished of the modern buildings on this side the Alps. The proportion of the columns from the wall has a fine effect in the entablature, which being brought forward in the same proportion, gives that pleasing diversity of light and shade so essential to fine architecture. The banquetting house still forms one of the best features of our metropolis, although from the decay of the stone and its sculptured foliage and general dressings, it has a worn and ragged appearance ; showing that this invaluable pile is fast mouldering into dust : the festoons in the third story are entirely destroyed, and the pediments and cornices of the windows are in a most dilapidated state. Its building was commenced soon after the fire in 1619, and was finished (according to Hawes Stones' Annals, p. 1031,) within three years, and cost £17,000, though Jones received at that time for his ingenuity and labour, as surveyor of the works done for the king's houses only 8s. 4d. per day, and £46 per annum for house-rent, a clerk, and other incidental expenses. Nicholas Stone, who was the master mason, was employed on it two years, as appears by his own notes, published by Walpole, during which time he was paid 4s. 10d. a day.

Mr. Brayley has conferred a favour on the antiquarian and artistical public by presenting them, in his very useful "Londoniana," with two elevations of the splendid palace of Whitehall, with a ground plan, and thus given the general reader a more tangible idea of the grandeur of it than can be conveyed by description or such praise as that by Colin Campbell, who says,—“Here our excellent architect has introduced strength with *politeness*, ornament with simplicity, beauty with majesty,”—and that it is without dispute the finest room in the world. In the travels of Monsieur Jorevin de Rochford, printed at Paris in 1672, is the following passage relating to this palace about that period. “Whitehall consists of a great court, and looks toward the gate through which one enters, where on the right hand there is a great pavilion with many windows, which seems newly built and fronts toward the place before the palace, but on the side looking to the river there is a garden, in which is a parterre, many statues of marble and bronze well executed, and a terrace by the side of a river. These would be the most striking parts of this palace, were it not that on the other side there is this advantage, that one may from thence

pass, by means of a gallery which goes over the street, into the great park and the beautiful garden of St. James's." Jones built also the cabinet at Whitehall, for the king's pictures. This collection was principally contained in a building called the *cabinet*, or cabinet-room, which was designed for Prince Henry by Jones; and according to Walpole was erected about the middle of Whitehall, running across from the Thames towards the banquetting-house westward to the Privy Garden. Pennant says, that the cabinet-room stood on the site of the Duke of York's house, now Lord Melbourne's, but as Walpole refers to Vanderdart's catalogue of King Charles's collection, his authority, says Mr. Brayley, is preferable.

Having finished the banquetting-house, the architect turned his mind to the elucidation of the origin of Stonehenge, and the account of his exertions on this subject, as related by his relation Webb, and published in 1655, in his "*Stoneheng restored*," is clear and uncontradicted. It is stated that this discourse being left imperfect at Jones's death, Mr. Webb, at the desire of Dr. Harvey, Mr. Selden, and others, perfected and published it at London, in 1655, folio, under the title of "*Stonehenge Restored*," and prefixed to it a portrait of Jones, etched by Hollar, from Vandyke. Webb does not assign the *whole* merit of Stonehenge to Jones, in his dedication to the Earl of Pembroke, as some writers have asserted, but to the favourers of antiquity, he says, "This discourse of Stonehenge is moulded off and cast into a rude form, from some few undigested notes,* of the late judicious architect, the Vitruvius of his age." Jones no doubt illustrated the designs which he made of Stonehenge as it is, and Stonehenge as it appeared to his imagination, by copious notes; for the loss of which, as well as for many other and more important documents, we may thank the civil war; and take what Webb has been able to preserve of the ideas of his illustrious kinsman, whom he quotes as follows: "Among the ancient monuments of architecture found here, I deemed none more worthy the searching after than this of *Stoneheng*, not only in regard of the founders thereof, the time when built, the work itself, but also the rarity of its inventions; being different in form from all I had seen before: likewise of as beautiful proportions,

* Webb's assertion respecting the undigested notes renders it extremely problematical whether they were presented to King James; for as Jones purposely delayed their completion till his death, and did not publish them during the reign of this monarch's son, it seems that he took no real interest in the question. Dryden honoured Dr. Charlton with an epistle in verse upon his *Choreon Gigantum*. *Wharton's Dryden*, vol. ii. p. 203.

as elegant in order, and as stately in aspect, as any. King James, in his Progress in 1620, being at Wilton, and discoursing of this antiquity, I was sent for by *William*, then Earl of Pembroke, and received there his majesty's commands to produce out of mine own practice in architecture, and experience in antiquities abroad, what possibly I could discover in the Stoneheng."

(*To be continued.*)

SINCERITY.

'Tis sweet to hear pure friendship's voice instruct,
 'Tis sweet to hear sincerity's pure strain ;
 And though its words be somewhat harsh at first,
 The mind contemplative will soon give heed
 To truth's unerring thoughts, express'd without disguise.
 'Tis weakness to require a softer mood,
 When nature speaks in accents void of cant.
 Hypocrisy's stiff mien, in art's embrace,
 May suit the recreant wretch, delusion's child,
 Who clings to transitory pleasures, with delight,
 To deaden shame's remorse, or stifle guilty deeds.
 How would the sceptred monarch, proud in state,
 With legions at command, and fleets
 To traverse distant seas, in foreign climes ;
 Or minions, who at home may court his will
 To enforce oppression's laws, or who,
 In vile subserviency of thought or deed,
 Borrow dissimulation's masked face—
 How would the Royal Master of all these
 Joy but for an hour's unbending,
 And cast away his trappings and his state,
 To have true converse with a faithful friend,
 Who'd tell him all he knew about the world,
 And unveil forms of things not seen to him.

FINDEN'S LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF LORD BYRON'S WORKS.

"Finden's Landscape Illustrations to Mr. Murray's first complete and uniform Edition of the Life and Works of Lord Byron."
London: John Murray, Albemarle Street; sold also by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street, 1833.

WE have received the twelfth part of these illustrations. The first engraving is "Florence," engraved by E. Finden, from a painting by I. D. Harding. The second is "San Georgio Maggiore, Venice," engraved by E. Finden, from the drawing by C. Stanfield, A. R. A. The third is "Cintra," by the same artists, from a sketch by General Sir Samuel Hawker. The fourth is "Yanina, Palace of Ali Pacha," engraved by T. Higham, from a drawing by I. D. Harding. The fifth is "The Gulph of Spezzia, Castle near Sarzana," engraved by W. Finden, from a drawing by C. Stanfield, and a sketch by John Hughes, esq. The fifth is "The Bay of Naples," engraved by E. Finden, from a drawing by I. D. Harding, and a sketch by W. Page. The part concludes with a likeness of Sir Walter Scott, engraved by W. Finden, from a painting by G. S. Newton, R. A. Speaking of this part, in comparison, we pronounce it to be equal to its predecessors: of the illustrative engravings separately, Florence, Cintra, and the Bay of Naples are the best. The beautiful seat of the arts, with its buildings, is delightfully represented; the rich mountain scenery of Cintra, stands ruggedly in contrast with the placid stream shaded by trees on its banks, and the objects in the foreground are naturally depicted. The light and shade are beautifully interfused and are strikingly picturesque. The merits of the Bay of Naples are of a similar character. These engravings are exceedingly beautiful. The Gulph of Spezzia stands next in merit. The castle near Sarzana standing on the summit of a precipice is a pretty object, but the piece wants the sublimity of nature. Indeed we think that the Findens excel more in depicting the beautiful, than the sublime; but it is not easy for an engraver to follow accurately such an artist as Stanfield, in this characteristic of his scenery, which is always so amalgamated by him with uniformity, as to present more of beauty in the whole performance.

than of the wildness of rugged representation. It is in the opposite of this quality, that the excellence of Martin consists. He excels in the display of awful sublimity; and though he carries the ideality of boldness too far in some of his productions, and, by too great regard for the powerful effect of the whole picture, pays too little attention to minute objects, yet it must be admitted, that in the subjects he has chosen for the developement of his talents, such a fault could not well be avoided, and the majesty of the whole compensates for occasional defects.

The established fame of the Findens is a passport for any work which bears their name, and the taste they have evinced in these illustrations, is in character with their other artistical productions.

The portrait of Sir Walter Scott, from a painting in the possession of Mr. Murray, closes this interesting part. It is an exquisite likeness, and possesses more animation of countenance, than any we have ever seen of "The Great Northern Enchanter."

FINDEN'S APPENDIX.—MAID OF ATHENS.

Appendix to the first eight Parts of Finden's Landscape and Portrait Illustrations of Lord Byron's Life and Works; embellished with a new and beautiful Frontispiece by Turner, and a vignette Title by Stanfield: containing an Account of the Subjects of the Engravings, with Extracts and original information. Edited by W. BROCKEDEN, esq. Author of "The Passes of the Alps," &c. London: Murray, Albemarle Street; sold also by Tilt, Fleet Street; 1833.

THIS is a very necessary accompaniment to the engravings: it explains very fully the subjects. We will quote a few stanzas and sentences, beginning with "The Maid of Athens," drawn by F. Stone, from an original by T. Alleson.

Ζών μου, σὰς ἀγα πῶ.

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζών μου, σὰς ἀγα πῶ.

* * * * *

" By that lip I long to taste ;
By that zone-encircled waist ;
By all the token flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well ;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζών μου, σάς άγα πώ.

" Maid of Athens ! I am gone :
Think of me, sweet ! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul :
Can I cease to love thee, No !
Ζών μου, σάς άγα πώ."

" I had almost forgot to tell you that I am dying for love of the Greek girls at Athens,—sisters—I lived in the same house. Teresa, Mariana, and Katinca, are the names of these divinities—all of them under fifteen."—*Lord Byron's letter to M. H. Drury, May 3, 1810.*

" THERESA MACRI was one of three sisters, the daughters of Mr. M'Cree, a Scotchman, who married a Grecian lady at Athens, and resided there as English Consul. Having upon one occasion joined a party of English travellers in an excursion, he caught a fever on the journey, and died, leaving his family in straitened circumstances. Their possessions were some olive grounds, the rental of which was aided by their letting part of their house to English travellers. Lord Byron lived with them the first time he was at Athens ; on his return thither from Constantinople, he took up his abode at the Franciscan Convent. His frequent opportunities of seeing Theresa led to his feeling that affectionate regard towards her, or the poet's privilege of feigning it, which occasioned the above beautiful lines.

" Among the English who visited Athens were two travellers, whose names are remarkable as associated with city honours. Messrs. W***** and C*****, who, struck with the beauty and manners of these interesting girls, by their attentions and avowal of honourable love, won the affections of the two sisters, Theresa and Catinca, and promised them marriage. Theresa was introduced by Mr. W. to all his friends at Athens, as his future bride ; and upon his leaving that city, he wished that the family of his Intended should gratify his pride by no longer letting a part of their house to strangers. On the return of the lovers to England, absence, and the heartlessness of their engagements had cooled their affections, if their feelings towards the

betrothed ever deserved to be characterised by such a term. They wrote that their fathers objected to the marriages. Passionless affectionation was the precursor to a cessation of all correspondence; and the unhappy girls, with hearts withering in the chill of neglect and desertion, shrank into a long retirement to weep over their deceived and blighted hopes of happiness.

'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence.

Alas! the love of woman! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
To them, but mockeries of the past alone."

Don Juan, Canto ii.

We wish that men would think of these lines, when they sport with the feelings of the fairer part of the creation. There is not a more contemptible character in existence, than the man who insinuates himself into the affections of a woman, and then breaks off his engagements upon the pretext of family objections. If such a cause were well founded, the only difference between such a man, and him who is governed by his own caprice alone, is, that he is more the slave of others. If prudence dictated the choice of love, there would seldom be an objection by friends to its consummation; and in no case would those who really knew their obligatory duties towards society, or consulted the happiness of their offspring, ever countenance such an unchristian breach of a solemn contract, on the ground of a disparity of fortunes between the parties. But we continue this interesting narrative of the maid of Athens, and her sisters:—

"The excellent character of these girls, and their interesting story, excited a great desire on the part of some English visitors to bring the young recluses again into society. This was at last accomplished by the kind and gentle influence of Lady Ruthven, whose amiable and affectionate attentions to them, induced them to accept an invitation to a ball given by the English gentlemen in Athens, at Vitali's. Two of the sisters only could attend; the youngest had been unwell, and every moment they could withdraw from the dance, it was to make inquiries, with affectionate solicitude, from the balcony at Vitali's of their own domestics in the next garden, after the state of their sister, who could not participate in the festivity. When the Turks took Athens, the Consuliana Macri and her daughters fled, in a half-decked

boat, and in a state of destitution, to Corfu, where they were at first forbidden to land; for so numerous had been the refugees from Greece, that Sir Thomas Maitland, in dread of a famine, had denied them admission. Fortunately they found a friend, who succeeded in obtaining leave for them to go to the Lazaretto. Here they were soon visited by some friends, and upon their destitute situation being made known to Lord Guilford, in Rome, he transmitted to them one hundred pounds, which he had raised among the English there. They spoke French, Italian, and a little English; and it is said, that at Corfu they edited an edition of Madame de Genlis' *Manuel de Voyageur*, with the addition of the Romaic or modern Greek dialogue.

"This interesting family is mentioned in '*Travels in Italy, Greece, &c.*' by the late Mr. Hugh Williams of Edinburgh, who lodged in their house, and whose mention of them is highly interesting. 'Our servant,' he says, 'who had gone before to procure accommodation, met us at the gate, and conducted us to Theodora Macri, the Consuliana's, where we at present live. This lady is the widow of the consul, and has three lovely daughters; the eldest, celebrated for her beauty, and said to be the "*Maid of Athens*" of Lord Byron. Their apartment is immediately opposite to ours; and if you could see them, as we do now, through the gently waving aromatic plants before the window, you would leave your heart in Athens.' Beauties seen through aromatic plants must have been highly picturesque objects. We almost wonder our traveller had courage to proceed with his journey. The associations thus created by travelling are its greatest inconveniences at parting; and though varieties of delight are presented in the onward tour, reminiscences of former pleasure tinge the mind with a melancholy abstraction. But let us proceed:—

"Theresa, the Maid of Athens, Catinca, and Mariana, are of middle stature. On the crown of the head of each is a red Albanian skull-cap, with a blue tassel spread out, and fastened down like a star; near the edge or bottom of the skull-cap is a handkerchief of various colours bound round their temples. The youngest wears her hair loose, falling on her shoulders, the hair behind descending down the back nearly to the waist, and, as usual, mixed with silk. The two eldest generally have their hair bound, and fastened under the handkerchief. Their upper robe is a pelisse edged with fur, hanging loose down to the ankles; below is a handkerchief of muslin covering the bosom, and terminating at the waist, which is short; under that, a gown of striped silk or muslin, with a gore round the swell of the loins, falling in front in graceful negligence; white stockings and

yellow slippers complete their attire. The two eldest have black, or dark hair and eyes; their visage oval, and complexion somewhat pale, with teeth of dazzling whiteness. Their cheeks are rounded, and noses straight, rather inclined to aquiline. The youngest, Mariana, is very fair, her face not so finely rounded, but has a gayer expression than her sisters, whose countenances, except when the conversation has something of mirth in it, may be said to be rather pensive. Their persons are elegant, and their manners pleasing, and lady-like, such as would be fascinating in any country. They possess very considerable powers of conversation, and their minds seem to be more instructed than those of the Greek women in general. With such attractions, it would indeed be remarkable if they did not meet with great attentions from the travellers who occasionally are resident in Athens. They sit in the eastern style, a little reclined, with their limbs gathered under them on the divan, and without shoes. Their employments are the needle, tambouring, and reading.

“ I have said that I saw these Grecian beauties through the waving aromatic plants before their window. This perhaps has raised your imagination somewhat too high in regard to their condition. You may have supposed their dwelling to have every attribute of Eastern luxury. The aromatic plants which I have mentioned are neither more nor less than a few geraniums and Grecian balms; and the room in which the ladies sit is quite unfurnished, the walls neither painted nor decorated by ‘cunning hand.’ Since the death of the consul, their father, these ladies depend on strangers lodging in their spare room and closet, which we now occupy. But though so poor, their virtue shines as conspicuous as their beauty. Not all the wealth of the east, or the complimentary lays of the first of England’s poets, could render them so truly worthy of love and admiration.”

We quite agree with the elegant sentiment of this traveller—no possession of wealth, nor poetic praise, could render such a woman as the Maid of Athens so worthy of love and admiration as the lustre of her virtue.

Our limits will not admit of further extracts from this interesting work; but we think we have said enough to recommend *The Appendix to Finden's Landscape and Portrait Illustrations of Lord Byron's Life and Works* to the notice of our readers.

Finden's Gallery of the Graces, a series of Portrait Sketches, engraved by the most eminent Artists, from original Pictures, under the superintendence of W. and E. FINDEN, with Poetical Illustrations, by T. K. HERVEY, Esq. London: Charles Tilt.—Part 3.

WE are admirers of beauties, however depicted, but we almost imagine (and we say it without wishing to court the anger of the ladies) that Messrs. Findens' Graces surpass nature. This is their only fault: we do not like this part quite so well as the former parts, though it is still beautifully executed. Plate 7 is a delicate, pensive looking lady reading. Her posture is somewhat reclining, and is easy and graceful. Plate 8 is an innocent looking damsel, with luxuriant black tresses hanging about her shoulders. The position of the arms, one drawn across the waist, and the other playing with the folds of a gauze neck-covering, is graceful. Modesty and innocence are the characteristics of this figure. Plate 9 is of a more animating description, it represents a girl leaning on one end of a piece of furniture, which we suppose is intended to indicate a piano, underneath which is inscribed this quotation from Twelfth Night:

"That piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night."

The expression of the eyes in this figure is peculiarly striking.

The poetical illustrations have merit: let us instance the following:

"Life's golden age!—when all it knows of grief
Is gathered from the records grief hath given;
And youthful pity reads the tragic leaf,
As angels read the leaves of fate in heaven,
Unstained themselves, yet weeping for the stain
That dims the spirits of a darker birth,
And grieving—with a grief that is not pain—
Above the mourners of the mourning earth!
The age when very tears are sweet!—the tears
Of children and of angels cannot flow
From bitter founts; and sadness, when she hears,
And weeps, the woes of others is not woe!
The young, sweet season when the heart, as yet
Is but a student in the lore of sighs,
Ere years have made the spirit wise, or set
Their crowns of anguish o'er the darkened eyes."

And the following:

"My weary heart! my weary heart!
It is a pleasant thing,
To wander from the crowd apart,
When faint and chilled, and worn thou art,
And fold thy restless wing,

Finden's Gallery of the Graces.

Beside the sweet and quiet streams
 Where grow life's lily bells,—
 And peace—that feeds on happy dreams,
 And utters music—dwells,—
 And love, beside the gushing springs,
 Like some young Naiad, sits and sings.”

The lines illustrative of the last plate are also very pleasing:

“ It haunts me—oh ! it haunts me yet,
 That song of yester-eve !
 It had a murmur like regret
 Yet did not make me grieve ;—
 It seemed to lend my heart, again,
 O'er all its pleasant years,
 A path without remorse or pain,
 And yet, beneath that simple strain,
 Mine eyes were dim with tears !

Methought the wild notes seemed to rise,
 Loosed from the golden strings,
 Like singing-birds that seek the skies
 On new-enfranchised wings ;—
 And, still, I seem to hear them play
 Beyond the reach of sight,
 And pour their sweet and softened lay,
 In dream-like music far away,
 Amid their homes of light.

Unheard before—and yet it took
 An old familiar tone ;
 As stranger eyes wear oft a look
 Of eyes that we have known
 In some forgotten time and place,
 And light, with sudden spell,
 Some darkened thought, some shadowy trace,
 Whose silent and mysterious grace
 The heart remembers well.

An antique, yet a novel tone !
 The past and future years,
 New voices mixed with voices gone,
 Were murmuring in mine ears ;
 Fresh streams of feeling seemed to rush,
 With ancient ones along,
 And hidden springs of thought to gush,
 Beneath the touch of song !

A song, methinks, is like a sigh !—
 Both seem to soar from earth,
 And each is wakened but to die,
 Exhaling in its birth ;
 Yet both to mortal hearts belong
 By many nameless sympathies ;
 And each is o'er the other strong,
 For they who sigh are soothed by song,
 And songs are paid in sighs !”

Memorials of Oxford. Historical and descriptive Accounts of the Colleges, Halls, Churches and other public Buildings; Edited by the Rev. J. Ingram, D. D. President of Trinity College, with Engravings by J. LE KEUX, from original Drawings by F. MACKENZIE. Oxford: J. H. Parker; H. Slatter; and W. Graham; and Charles Tilt, Fleet Street, London. No. 5, March, 1833.

THIS work is intended to form two volumes in octavo, and will be published monthly in numbers, each containing two plates, and one sheet of letter-press, with wood-cuts. The Fifth Number is now out, and contains the west front view of Magdalen College, and also a view of the same college from the bridge. The engravings are neatly executed, and the latter presents a very clear and elegant appearance, with all the spiral charms of Gothic architecture. The avenue beyond the tower, the great ornament of the eastern approach to this queen of cities, unfolds to the eye a delightful vista. On either side of the way are stately trees with luxuriant foliage, which harmonize beautifully with this seat of learning. It has been said of Oxford, that it is a place where "learning is clothed with purple and lodged in palaces;" and assuredly the remark is just. I remember long after my first acquaintance with *Alma Mater* visiting this "*rus in urbe*." It was on a morning in spring when the warbling notes of birds began to delight the ear with their matin song. The old Gothic buildings gently unfolded themselves to our view, and the cool freshness of the morning was wearing away by the influence of the genial sun: the luminary reflected on Magdalen Tower a playful light, whose flickering beams presaged a stormy day. And so it happened, and so we felt it to be, for in a few hours, we poor outside travellers on a stage coach were saturated with rain. I could not help thinking that the beautiful illusion we had passed, was nearly associated with the scenes of youth, and that our present condition had something like an approach to the experience of later life. But to proceed with these memorials of Oxford—shall I call them illusive? I hope the artist will not think us ill-natured if I pronounce them prettier than their original: and that is somewhat bold to assert, after what our honest antiquary and historian Antony à Wood says in his elegant description of this college. He calls it "The most noble and rich structure in the learned world;" in regard to its endowment, excelling in his opinion, all things considered, any society for secular scholars in Europe. He praises in the highest

terms, the buildings, the lofty pinnacles and turrets, the stately towers, the tuneable and melodious ring of bells, the antique buttresses of the cloister, the chapel, the library, the grove and the gardens, enclosed with an embattled wall, the water-walks, "as delectable as the banks of the Eurotas, shaded with bay-trees, where Apollo himself was wont to walk and sing his lays."

The historical and descriptive account of these works is full and instructive, a desideratum we would wish to see realized more generally in accompaniments to engravings.

Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. London: Tilt, Fleet Street; Colnaghi, Son, and Co., Pall Mall East; John Arthur Arch, Cornhill.

PART V. of this work is now out. The contents are,—*"Storm clearing off,"* painted by Copley Fielding; engraved by W. B. Cooke. *"Fisherman's Hut,"* painted by W. Evans; engraved by C. Fox. *"Red Deer in the Pass of Glencoe;"* painted by G. F. Robson and R. Stiles; engraved by E. Webb and B. P. Gibbon.

The *"Storm clearing off"* is a delightful exhibition of the artist's powers. The artist observes, that "the effect was witnessed by him during a tour in the Highlands, at the entrance to the too celebrated Pass of Glencoe; not far from the inn called King's House." The wild scenery of the country and its bleak and barren appearance are well depicted, and the elemental commotion in the heavens is produced in a most natural and effective manner. Those who have not had the same opportunities in beholding Nature in her grandest displays may think the effect too striking; but for own part we have no hesitation in expressing our delight at the performance.

"The Interior of the Fisherman's Hut" is taken from Black Pots in the vicinity of Eton; the figure and gesture of the old man and of the dog are natural.

"The Red Deer in the Pass of Glencoe" is well delineated. The anxiety depicted in his countenance, and the wildness of his action are well expressed; and the surrounding mountainous scenery is truly sublime.

Horæ Otiosæ: or, Thoughts, Maxims, and Opinions. London:
Holdsworth and Hale, St. Paul's Church Yard.

THIS is a very valuable little book: it contains a great many sound practical truths, with a variety of rational speculative opinions. It is divided into chapters, and arranged under certain heads; viz. "Character;" "Mind, studies, intellectual habits;" "Life, men, and manners;" "Happiness;" "Fancy and imagination;" "Authors, style, and literature;" "Society, government, and politics;" "Fame;" "Riches and poverty;" and miscellaneous points, &c.

We will quote a few sentences.

"In the minority of the mind, it (*the mind*) is most active in seizing terms without sufficiently comprehending the ideas which they include. In its maturity, it is chiefly occupied with ideas, to the comparative neglect of terms. In the former case, terms furnish ideas; in the latter, ideas supply terms."

We very much wish that terms were more accurately supplied in those studies which cost great labour to acquire; correct ideas would then be furnished in the elementary stages of study, and philosophy would not be so much enslaved as it is at the present time by arbitrary names.

"General knowledge, as distinguished from that which is limited to certain subjects, may be compared to the possession of many senses. Profoundness in particular branches is similar to a few senses, but those more acute. The former is more desirable to the individual; the latter, where the communication of ideas is attempted, to others."

This appears to us a very just distinction.

"It is a mistaken idea, that the mass of mankind, who pass their lives in ordinary and active pursuits, are destitute of education. Most of the objects and affairs which are brought under their notice, demand the exercise of some judgment and discrimination; so that the mind is often more invigorated and sharpened by this species of education, than by that which is obtained almost exclusively through the medium of books."

Were this fact not so, we should despair of ever seeing an enlightened people: observation is the great guide to knowledge, and all men are capable of exercising this faculty. The principal distinction between

a man of learning through the medium of books, and him who acquires it by experience, is a question of theory and practice.

"In the pursuits of the mind, as well as of life, generalization should precede attention to minute particulars."

We believe this is the case in the early attempts at study. The difficulty arises afterwards, when the student becomes so much attached to a particular pursuit as to regard minute particulars: then comes the third step, or the art of generalization, which constitutes excellence in mental investigation, and enables us to apply our knowledge of particulars in one branch of study to another. This attribute of the mind is acquired by reproduction of received impressions. This remark is explained by the following passage.—

"The great benefit of reading is not, perhaps, appropriation of the sentiments or facts perused; but the mental process which is carried on during the exercise, by comparison, contrast, fancy, &c. Reading, therefore, is beneficial, even when the ideas which it has presented are entirely forgotten. The mind may have been strengthened or rendered more active."

"An ardent and impassioned mind, when impelled to some difficult or illustrious enterprise, often flatters itself with the prospect of subsequent remission; but after the object is achieved, the fire still glows in the breast, and stimulates to fresh efforts, till life itself is consumed with the restless energy."

We hope the fire of genius will seek fresh fuel in the vast variety of knowledge to be acquired within the brief space of human existence; but that it will not be so much stimulated as to consume life. A little practical philosophy will cure too intense genius.

We can give no more extracts; but we may remark on the work generally, that, though it is not altogether original, it conveys many valuable thoughts in a new form; and there is not too much triteness in them to fetter reflection. We are informed the late Sir James Mackintosh perused the work in manuscript, and thought well of it. We think the book particularly useful for youth. Its great merit is in the compression of knowledge, and in this respect it may not be found uninteresting to erudite minds who have not acquired facility in the expression of their ideas.

A Key to the German Language and Conversation, containing common Expressions on a variety of subjects, with an easy Introduction to the German Grammar. The whole arranged in such a manner, as to enable the Student to acquire a speedy Knowledge of the German Language, and particularly adapted to Travellers. The Second Edition, considerably enlarged and improved by D. Boileau, Author of "The Nature and Genius of the German Language," "The Linguist," &c. London: Wacy, (late Boosey,) Broad-street.

WE do not think that the German, or any other language, can be acquired so speedily as grammars or grammarians lead the public to expect. It is the process of analysis that most assists to acquire a language, when the student is not residing in the country where the language is constantly spoken. How few rules and vocabularies are retained in mind after leaving school? Our opinion is, that the method of acquiring living languages is little understood. The best system we know of has been recently introduced by a person named Marcel, who gives lessons and lectures on the French language at Exeter Hall. The little book in question is similar to Mr. Marcel's system, in a few respects, which constitute its chief utility in the present inundation of grammars.

Northcroft's Parliamentary Chronicle, embracing impartial, revised, and authentic Reports of Speeches delivered in both Houses. London: A. Northcroft.

THE design of this publication is to supply the people of the United Kingdom with the most correct and full parliamentary intelligence, in the most convenient form, and at the smallest charge. Each number and part will be continuous, to form, at the conclusion of the session, two volumes of important political reference. We think the object of the publisher has been fully attained, so far as his own efforts can claim a title to public support. Parliamentary debates are useful to every class of persons as matters of reference, and when they are given faithfully and without respect to party feelings, they become highly interesting to those who wish a chronicle of what has been going

forward in the legislature of their country. The newspaper, from its size, would preclude its utility for binding up. Independently of which, the haste with which reports must be published, does not afford time for their revision. It is truly astonishing to observe the accuracy with which those talented persons are enabled to take reports under the present disadvantageous plan of mere sufferance and connivance by the legislature. Why are not those valuable persons allowed convenient seats for their labours, and sanctioned with the open approbation of the constituted authorities? We speak without any desire to disparage newspapers when we recommend this book to public attention. They have their manifold advantages in the despatch and general accuracy with which reports are furnished; and the luminous commentaries on the policy of the nation. Novelty is an essential ingredient to their composition. In all these respects some of the London Newspapers afford a rich harvest of knowledge for those whose avocations do not admit of other reading. But the utility of the present work is founded on its retrospective advantages for reference at future times, when the investigation of men and measures will not be tinged with party spleen, and political malevolence. Its size too being octavo affords convenience for binding into volumes.

The work is published every Wednesday and Saturday in numbers.

Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture, illustrated with Designs of Cottages, Farm-houses, Farmeries and Villas, including their Interior, Finishing, and Furniture. By J. C. LOUDON, F. L. S. London: Longman & Co.

THE tenth part of this interesting publication was published last month, and we are enabled to state that it is quite equal to its predecessors. It contains the principles for designing villas, and various specimens of rural architecture, which, for elegance and taste could not be surpassed in a work of similar description, and published at the same price. All the details of the buildings are so fully explained, that the information to be derived from the perusal of the work, would compensate any person for the trouble.

Stories from Natural History, for Young Children. By the Author of "Easy Stories for Children of four and five Years old." London: N. Hailes.

WE very much approve of the mode of conveying instruction to juvenile minds, which is adopted in this little book, and similar publications. When we consider the effect produced on early minds by insinuating study in a pleasing form, we cannot but admire this author. It requires considerably more talent, than is generally supposed, to write books for children; for, in addition to the necessity the author is under of compressing facts, he has also to write in a very perspicuous style; and to render his work attractive to the little folks, he must also amuse them. The little volume we now notice partakes of those qualities.

The Bee Hive.—A selection of Poems, chiefly from the Works of living Authors; intended for the Perusal of young Persons. London: N. Hailes.

THIS is a neat little compilation for children. It contains short Poems from Byron, Cowper, Campbell, Barry Cornwall, Rogers, Mrs. Hemans, and others.

Mary and her Mother, a sequel of Scriptural Stories for very young Children. London: N. Hailes.

THIS work has reached a third edition. It deserves to be placed in the Juvenile Library, beside some of Mrs. Barbauld's pretty little stories for children.

First Lessons in Grecian History, in Question and Answer, by the Author of "First Lessons in Geography." London: N. Hailes.

THIS cheap little work contains as much information in a small space, as any publication extant. The whole contents may be easily committed to memory, and the early impressions thus given to the youthful mind, are calculated to stimulate research in maturer years.

A Letter to a young Pianoforte Player. London : N. Hailes.

THIS elegant little publication contains instructions for practising, and hints for avoiding or correcting errors and inelegancies to which pupils are liable.

This work has arrived at the second edition, and independently of its utility to young ladies, the charitable views of the author entitle it to patronage ; the profits of the former impression having been appropriated for the relief of the distressed Spanish refugees.

REMARKS ON MR. BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF THE SIEGE OF ANTWERP.

WE were invited to attend a private inspection of the Panorama of the Siege of Antwerp, now exhibiting in Leicester Square: The political circumstances which led to that event are so recent, that every person of common information must have a vivid recollection of them ; and it would be as foreign to our purpose, as it might be tedious to our readers, to enter much into detail upon such a subject. As, however, a general interest must be felt by all people in so important an affair, and as most persons have read, in the newspapers of the day, its commencement, progress, duration, and result, it is not too much for us to conclude, that the public would be desirous of the opportunity now afforded of seeing all its incidents connected in one view.

The painting was executed by the proprietor himself, and the view was taken, as he states, from a slight eminence in the rear of the breaching battery, on the last morning of the siege, shortly before the firing ceased. The foreground is occupied by the breaching battery ; opposite to which is the bastion of Toledo, the point on which the ultimate attack was intended, had General Chassé continued obstinate in his resistance. The breach was partly effected, and the mounds of earth, as it then appeared, manifests the powerful execution of the French artillery. In a very short time it would have been practicable to carry the fortress by storm ; but the prudence of the old Dutch general prevented the effusion of blood, that would have been consequent on such an alternative. This part of the panorama is parti-

cularly animating:—it presents the activity of the French, and the daring intrepidity of their character amidst the work of death. Near this spot are represented Marshal Gerard and his aid-de-camp, the Duke of Orleans, the Duke of Nemours, General Neigre, General Haxo, and Colonel Caradoc, the English officer appointed to watch the operations. To the right is the fortress Montebello, and the fortifications of the city, above which the spire of the venerable cathedral, and the steeples of several of the highest churches, are visible. To the left is the Lunette St. Laurent in its dismantled state, and also the counter battery. This fortress of Lunette St. Laurent was a strong out-work of the citadel, and the principal protection of its landward entrance. It was therefore the main point of attack early in the siege. General Haxo, commander of the engineers, after being repulsed with considerable loss in attempting to carry it by escalade, resolved to place mines in front: and he effected his object by a tremendous explosion on the 13th of December. The ground behind is covered with the French works, consisting of trenches, parallels, batteries, &c. beyond which is seen a large tract of country, which although flat, presents a picturesque appearance, considering the season of year in which the view was taken. The view is diversified with country houses and pleasure grounds in a high state of cultivation, which at a more favourable season would have presented a luxuriant appearance. General Chassé's house, destroyed by himself in September, 1830, is presented in its ruined state. The gorge of the Lunette, and the bridge of communication (which was destroyed immediately after the Lunette), the fossé, and every other interesting portion of the fortifications, are well developed: and the position of the monster mortar, and the other portions of the French and Belgian works, may be clearly traced.

No act of signal heroism was evinced during the siege, though a cool intrepidity, combined with a gaiety of disposition, was manifested by the French soldiers. The most remarkable individuals connected with the expedition were the *vivandières*, or French suttlers women, whose business it was to supply the soldiers with refreshments during the siege. These women displayed great bravery, and one of them, Antionette Moran, is exhibited in two of the most perilous parts of the trenches. Her costume is picturesque and peculiarly neat; she appears in a glazed hat, a tin plate or plaque on the arm, denoting the corps to which she belongs, a tight fitting jacket, a cloak, red military trowsers, boots, and a short red petticoat. She behaved with great content of danger, animated the men by her cheerfulness, supplied their wants, and bestowed the most affectionate care on the

wounded and dying. During the attack on St. Laurent she crossed the fossé on a raft—exposed to the fire of the enemy—to supply the miners with provisions; she was honourably spoken of by Marshal Gerard in his dispatches, and was subsequently presented to the King of the French at Valenciennes, when she received a gold medal, and a pension of 250 francs per annum for her services.

This panorama, at the first glance, presents a confused appearance, arising from the nature of the subject, and the large masses of earth and the military havoc manifested. A more attentive observation soon dispels this idea; and when the works are examined in detail, one cannot but be struck with the faithful character of the performance. It bears the stamp of truth in every respect, and the artist has sacrificed imagination and colouring to correctness of representation. Every object appears in natural order, and bears the strictest comparison with the written statement. A beholder fancies himself on the spot, and the illusion increases with the prolongation of his stay. An hour may be well spent in this exhibition, and more information gained in that time of the operations of a siege, than could be obtained by a perusal of fifty works on such a subject. We predict that it will be a favourite resort for the fashionables, and that artists and amateurs will feel much gratification in viewing it. This panorama is altogether a genuine performance, and it does great credit to the painter. It is pleasing to see an artist and proprietor of such a work combined in the same person; and we hope that Mr. Burford will receive, as he most certainly deserves, a full share of public patronage, for his spirited and talented performance. He appears, from his own statement, to have had the very best resources, from the information of Lord Ranelagh, Captain Brandreth, and other British officers present at the siege. Indeed it would have been impossible for him, without such assistance, to effect such a faithful representation.

We understand that a plan of the siege will shortly be published by Captain Brandreth.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

SIR,—Although the prospect of the erection of a National Gallery must be highly gratifying to all admirers of the Arts, yet we cannot but lament that the insignificance of the grant allowed for effecting this great object, affords but little hope of an edifice of competent magnificence and extent being erected. It might indeed have been

hoped that the erection of such an edifice upon an adequate scale might have served in some measure to redeem the national credit, (as possessing a proper degree of respect and veneration for the arts), from the stigma which has been cast upon it by the neglect to encourage works of importance and magnitude in art so lamentably displayed in this country, and our having hitherto erected no national receptacle worthy to contain them.—I cannot, however, but fear that instead of redeeming the national character in this respect, by the erection of the edifice now proposed upon the mean and paltry scale intended, it will only serve to fix more firmly upon it the disgrace already ingrafted, that it will remain a monument of the apathy and the indifference displayed on so important an occasion, respecting the encouragement of the Arts—and that it will then be seen that a national edifice erected for one of the noblest of purposes will lose by comparison with those around it erected by private individuals for mere commercial purposes.

Degrading and disgraceful as this may appear, that such will be the case there is at present but too much reason to apprehend. Is it then that works of art of surpassing excellence do not exist in this country to render expedient the erection of such an Institution to contain them? Is it that men of genius are not to be found among us, or that their works do not merit notice and preservation? Is it that individuals of intellectual tastes and pursuits are not to be found among those of the higher classes of the present day? If the endeavour to redeem the national character shall be thought worthy of regard, and the undertaking now under consideration of sufficient importance to excite the attention of the lovers of Art, the only course to be adopted with effect for such a purpose to me appears to be to endeavour to raise the sum for the erection of a National Gallery, by setting on foot a national subscription.

However difficult of accomplishment, or inexpedient for such a purpose this method may at first sight appear to be, I think, that upon consideration it will be found both the most practicable and most proper way of effecting this important object. In the present state of affairs we may feel assured that Parliament will not be enabled to grant an adequate sum for this great purpose. This then being the case, we must of necessity look to other sources for aid. On the liberality of the country in general, and more especially of the affluent and lovers of art may we not with confidence and with full assurance rely?

By so doing an opportunity will at once be afforded to the lovers of art, to display their zeal in the cause of the arts, by their munificence in aiding such an undertaking. The nation will then have an oppor-

tunity of evincing by the voluntary contributions that would be presented, that there exists among her members that respect and real esteem and veneration for the arts which enables her to overcome all the obstacles which may oppose this great undertaking, and she would thus, though tardily, yet fully obtain that character of possessing a veneration and esteem for the arts, which is denied to her now, but to which she would then acquire so just and so undoubted a claim.

I am, sir, your very obedient servant,

A CONNOISSEUR.

ARCHITECTURE AND THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

"Our architects" says a writer in that periodical, "possess every thing but taste, genius, invention, and common sense. They are classical composite and comical beyond endurance. Their style is imposing, but they give us no *comforts*. If permitted to go on with impunity, they will change the character of the English. We shall cease to be a domestic people." This is truly a startling averment; but on what data does our author propound this formidable hypothesis? "A modern house is a structure of bare walls, ornamented and divided into compartments." The definition may pass, though to our ears, *bare walls ornamented* sounds somewhat paradoxical. "It contains no family parlour, no *social snuggery*, no *cupboards*!" Alas! poor gentleman, there's the rub—Let us endeavour to conjure up the image of this cupboard-loving critic, and we shall no longer marvel when he tells us the stairs creak beneath his feet, the floor of his drawing-room shrieks with agony as he steps across it, or that the *party* wall sympathetically yawns when he sees a few friends. The further observations of the writer, oscillating between the pantry and the cupboard, serve only to indicate that although he may be a very good *kitchener*, and knoweth perfectly the minimum of matter that may be spread over a page of the *Monthly*, he is but a smatterer in bricks and mortar; and so forsooth, because each angle of our drawing-rooms is not rounded off by a corner cupboard, or one chimney in thirty happens to smoke, the whole *architectural* genus are to fall under the lead-tipt scourge of this bilious essayist.

T. M.

ARTISTS AND DEALERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF ARNOLD'S LIBRARY OF THE FINE ARTS.

SIR,—Will you permit me, through the medium of your journal, to call the attention of my brother artists to a great evil, the ill consequences of which many have no doubt, as well as myself, experienced.—Call their attention, did I say?—*that* all fear, has been too often directed there-to, to render any call on my part necessary. What I could wish, therefore, is to induce them to arouse themselves,—to put, as the saying is, their shoulders to the wheel, in order, if possible, to effect some adequate remedy.—I allude to the necessity, which many young men (and others) are under of introducing their works to the notice of the public through the hands of dealers, printsellers, &c.—men who, for the most part (as indeed might naturally be expected), look upon such works in the same light as they would any other articles of merchandise; and evince a much greater regard for their own interests, than for those of the Fine Arts,—which, I think I do you no more than justice when I say that, I believe the advancement of them to be the principal object of your pages.—Your predecessor in one of the earlier numbers (I forget now the precise article) took occasion to advert in pretty strong terms to this circumstance. It was in commenting upon some drawings in water colors:—the branch of our art principally affected by these remarks. Whether the evil arises from the limited space devoted to this class of works in some of our exhibitions, or the exclusiveness, to use no harsher term, on the parts of the conductors of others, I will not take upon myself to determine: certain it is, that from whatever cause the mischief arises, it is but too obvious. The artist is robbed of that fair reward which is his due, and these harpies, like the middle men in Ireland, reap a more golden harvest of the fruits of art, than the laborers themselves. I appeal to any luckless wight, who may be so unfortunate as to be obliged to have recourse to them, whether this is not the case. They are well aware that he would not come to them, if he were able to dispose of his works elsewhere; and accordingly, should he refuse to agree to their making a profit of at least two or three hundred per cent upon his works, he may have to consign them again to the gloom and obscurity of his portfolio. There are I am willing to admit one or two exceptions to this sweeping censure; men who are able to appreciate the claims of talent, and to afford it due encouragement: but “what are they among so many?” Times are difficult enough for Art; and young aspirants for its honors and

emoluments have too many impediments unavoidably placed in their way, too many obstacles to surmount, to render it at all advisable for any additional ones to be thrown in their path. Genius is a plant of wayward growth, sometimes it seems to court obstruction, to resist, with innate vigour, the storms of adverse fortune, and "*non cedere malis, sed contra audentior ire*" but often, very often, do, we behold sad examples to the contrary; when the weak and tender sapling, unable to contend with its adversaries, has languished in obscurity, or sunk beneath the chilling torpor of apathy and despair. It is easier, as has been often observed, to point out abuses than to correct them; but I conceive a remedy might be found for the one in question, by some such plan as the following. Suppose that such, among our artists to whom the foregoing remarks may apply, (and they are not a few) would form an association, and enter upon a subscription, in order to hire a gallery or rooms in some leading street in the metropolis, where their works might be deposited for sale; such place to be under the care of a person appointed by the society; the expences in the first instance to be defrayed from the subscriptions, and afterwards from a per centage upon any drawings sold. Then also they might occasionally meet for the purposes of conversation, or for the dispatch of business. Other rules, &c. might of course be agreed upon, in case these suggestions are attended to; in order to which, if you see no objection, a paper might lie at the publisher's office, to receive the signature of such artists as may be willing to join in forwarding the object in view, and when a sufficient number are obtained, a meeting might be held, and such regulations framed as may be judged best adapted for the furtherance of their object. The advantages of such a plan I conceive to be these. It would not, like the exhibitions, be restricted to a few months in the year, but be always open, and likely to attract purchasers. Collectors and amateurs would know what they purchased, and not, as frequently occurs at present, have drawings palmed upon them at a high rate by the dealers, as the productions of some master of first celebrity, which have been copied, or imitated by their drudges, young men of ability; whom necessity, contrary to their inclination, obliges thus to prostitute their talents; and who are thus compelled to forego the opportunities of advancing themselves in their profession, through the rapacity of these "*hirudines*" of art, as they may not unaptly be termed. Lastly, artists would be brought more together, and by discoursing among themselves upon art, might receive reciprocal improvement: new lights and ideas would be struck out, the general stock of artistic knowledge thereby increased, and the pleasures

of mutual intercourse and society prove an agreeable relief to the more serious cares and pursuits of the profession. In conclusion I would remind my brethren of the pencil, of the fable of the bundle of sticks, and as strength consists in union, let them come forward and unite in a plan which I cannot but think feasible, and likely to be attended with very beneficial results. However, I leave it to your judgment to decide. If you agree with me in opinion, perhaps you will be so good as to insert this in your next month's publication. I remain, Sir, your very obedient servant,

G. E.

We see no objection to the plan of the writer of this letter, but doubt as to its practicability; for genius is ever wayward, and opposed to co-operation. We approve of his censures in some instances, and agree with him that there are many honorable exceptions.—Ed.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LIBRARY OF FINE ARTS.

SIR,—The soreness of manner with which Mr. Buss has expressed himself with reference to my article on Liversseege, in the third number of the present series of the Library, has induced me to beg insertion for the following brief observations. In writing that article, my paramount desire and feeling was to illustrate the individual character, the peculiar mode of feeling of my deceased friend. What I related as having occurred at Ackerman's shop window did actually take place—it is no fictitious tale; and the remarks then made by Liversseege are expressed in his very words. It signified little to Liversseege whose picture it was; whether Mr. Buss's, Leslie's, or Turner's, his opinion would have been the same. And the slight reflections that I have made are expressed as a principle, not as personalities, and that Mr. Buss has taken it in the latter sense, I am sorry; but to his own imagination he must impute it. For what reason should I wish to be personal to Mr. Buss? I know him not individually, and still less by his works. Your obedient servant,

C. F. H.

We are always sorry for any disputes which arise through articles in our work. It must, however, be evident that no responsibility can rest on us in respect of the differences of opinion among our correspondents.—Ed.

EXHIBITION IN SUFFOLK STREET, OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

WE attended this Gallery on Thursday last, and obtained a view of the several pictures: and we anticipated that the admirers of the Fine Arts would be unsparing of their patronage towards the meritorious artists whose works are here exhibited. It affords us great pleasure now to state, after having made two other visits at the Exhibition, that our expectations have not been disappointed, and that there has been a full manifestation of liberal feeling by persons of elevated station, who have honoured this Gallery with their presence. They have seen that encouragement only is wanting to promote the English school of Painting, and that if modern artists be stimulated by the hope of adequate reward for their arduous and anxious undertakings, they will produce pictures which may vie with the most celebrated schools of the continent at any former period. For our own parts we see no reason why an English atmosphere should be prejudicial to the advancement of the Fine Arts. A country advanced to so high a pinnacle of refinement, with a liberal government, a splendid aristocracy, and an enlightened and generous people, possesses advantages in a combined degree superior, in our opinion, to those which Italy possessed in its most illustrious days. We know there are some people absurd enough to say that trade is inimical to the progress of the Fine Arts; but such opinions can have no weight, unless they demonstrate that *luxury* is incompatible with *commerce*. The converse of such a proposition is the fact; riches, no matter how acquired, beget in their possessors an inclination for enjoyment, and increasing intelligence increases the scope, and directs the application of tastes for pleasures of a refined description.

It is only necessary for the people at large to be familiarized to exhibitions of the kind which we now have the pleasure of noticing, in order to be enabled to appreciate their value. Every Englishman would feel as he ought to feel on this subject, if he possessed frequent opportunities for the exercise of his discrimination. He would feel a conscious pride at the rapid strides which are now being made to improve the national taste with respect to works of art, and would discountenance the system which has heretofore been encouraged to pander to the vanity of individuals. *Portrait* painting has too long been the fashion. Necessitous artists have owed a temporary popu-

larity to their tact in taking a likeness. Historical painting has found but few admirers, and still fewer friends. But we do not now despair of seeing genius displayed in this most meritorious and sublime career.

Suffolk Street Exhibition was open to the public on Monday last, and the manner in which it has been appreciated is evidenced by the fact that a great portion of the choicest pictures have already been sold. Though there are but few paintings of an historical character, there are many very beautiful landscapes; there are also some excellent marine views, and a great many good displays of still-life. Some of the names of the artists are new to the public, but we venture to prognosticate that the encouragement which their success has obtained will not fail to stimulate their future efforts to the performance of still greater works. Among those artists longer known to fame, we may instance Hart, Wilson, Inskipp, Davis, Hurlestone, Linton, Holland, Holmes, H. and C. Landseer, Kidd, Boaden, Middleton, Allen, Tennant, H. Wyatt, Poole, Clayton, Farrier, Passmore, Parker, Derby, Shayer, Starke, Rogers, &c. &c.

The paintings in the Great Room which commanded our inspection were as follow:

The most meritorious is certainly No. 160, painted by Hart; and represents the arrival of Cardinal Wolsey at Leicester Abbey on the 26th of November, 1530, two days before his death. The subject is quaintly expressed in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey* in the following terms.

"The next day he rode to Nottingham, and there lodged that night, more sicker, and the next day we rode to Leicester Abbey; and by the way he waxed so sick that he was divers times likely to have fallen from his mule; and being night before we came to the Abbey of Leicester, where at his coming in at the gates, the abbot of the place, with all his convent, met him with the light of many torches, whom they right honourably received with great reverence; to whom my lord said, 'Father abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you,' whom they brought on his mule to the stairs foot of his chamber, and there alighted; and Master Kingston then took him by the arm, and led him up the stairs; who told me afterwards, that he never carried so heavy a burden in all his life. And as soon as he was in his chamber he went incontinent to his bed very sick. This was upon Saturday at night; and there he continued sicker and sicker. He died on the Tuesday following."

The fallen cardinal, his care worn countenance, and his emaciated frame, are forcibly and naturally expressed, and, without any affecta-

tion, he is made to appear the leading character in the piece, without detracting too much from the other figures in the group whose various, anxious, and sympathizing countenances are also well depicted. The colours are rich without being gaudy, and the toning of the picture is excellent. It must have been a difficult task for the artist to manage such a numerous grouping in violation of received opinions, that many figures draw off the attention from the main object, but Mr. Hart has succeeded well, and promises to become a first rate historical painter.

13. "Landscape and Cattle," by T. S. Cooper. This is a masterly production, as respects both the landscape and the animals; the position of the sheep is very natural, but the artist has represented some of them in water—an element which we do not think they are particularly partial to: it would have been as well if this slight defect had been avoided. 28. "Tring Park, Herts," by J. P. Andre, jun., is a pretty picture, as regards the perspective and the trees. 38. "The Archer Boy," by H. Y. Hurlestone, possesses much grace, it wants, however, a little more strength in the colouring. 32. "View in Hampshire," by E. Bradley, is neatly described, but we do not think that the artist has been fortunate in his subject. 43. "Hampstead Heath," by T. C. Hofland, is well depicted; any person familiar with that neighbourhood would easily distinguish the intended representation and its allusions, if not possessed of a catalogue. 9. "Lucy Ashton, the Bride of Lammermuir," by John Boaden, does justice to the novel of that name, by the "Great Enchanter;" the countenance is somewhat prominent, but there is a soft pleasing melancholy in the expression. 61. "The Lake of Lugano, in Italy," by W. Linton, has much warmth about it. 69. "Landscape, evening," by Hofland, has a quietness quite in character with the declining orb of day. 34. "Eton College, moonlight," by E. Child, is rather too gloomy, but the antique spires look very venerable. 56. "The Young Fisherman's Song, Bay of Naples," by T. Uwins, is a most imaginative performance, and possesses all the charms of poetry. The young fisherman is singing to two beautiful maidens of fair and dark complexions beautifully contrasted; their countenances are lovely, and appear to be so much affected by the plaintive muse, as to be entranced from the scenes of mortality to an indulgence of ecstasy, and yet are marked with a serene and contemplative air. This mixed emotion is one of the most difficult tasks for a painter, and requires in him to produce it a strong natural genius with a highly cultivated imagination and a classical taste. The blue sky and warm scenery of Italy, are well displayed in this picture. The colours too, are very beautiful, and evince not merely skill in their

arrangement, but a much higher faculty. Mr. Uwins has made most of his subjects, and we do not at all regret that he has not painted more pictures in this exhibition; as they might have detracted from the impression which this performance must produce on every cultivated mind; and as every lover of the arts would regret to see a disparity in the works of an accomplished artist presented at the same time. His subjects are scarce, and will not admit of too much familiarity. We hope to receive such another treat from his genius in a future exhibition. 91 and 93. "Study of Plate," by G. Lance, are gorgeous specimens. 92. "The last Booth in the Fair," by R. B. Davis, is very neat; and the natural instinct of the cowherds preparing for shelter against the pitiless storm, in 54, by the same artist, is meritorious. 143, 198, and 53. "Landscapes," by Wilson, are very beautiful; the "Beach at Dieppe," and "Shakespeare's Cliff, at Dover," have nearly equal merits. 64. "The Romance," by H. Wyatt, and "The Brunette," by the same artist, possess richness in the colouring, and poetic sentiment in their expression. 156. "Roman Boy, with Fruit," by R. Edmonstone, is expressive. 131. "Scotch Drink," by J. P. Knight, contains much sentiment, and portrays with truth the Scottish characters in humble life; the countenance of the old man beams with benevolence. 60. "Scene between Keswick and Ambleside," by T. M. Richardson, is a charming piece, and from our recollection of the scenery, it is very accurate. 163. "Fisherman's Children," by J. Tennant, is in the best style of this artist. 181. "On the Thames, near Hampton Court," by C. Marshall, is very soft in the colouring, and the water is rendered very pellucid.

Room to the left.—270. "Pike Pool, Beresford Dale, Derbyshire," painted on the spot, as one of a series of illustrations for Pickering's Edition of Walton's Angler, by James Inskipp, is a very pretty rural picture. The artist has taken more pains than usual with his colours. We have always admired the works of this artist for his apparent want of effort in his scenery. He is always natural and is one of our greatest favorites in landscape painting. 288. "Landscape on the Seine, early morning," by J. W. Allen, is a good landscape, but the sky is rather too livid. 300. "View from Colaris, looking towards Cintra," by H. Landseer, is a splendid landscape, and quite in the style of this gifted artist. 302. "Hastings, noon," by J. Tennant, is very true; possesses some warmth in the colouring. 332. "The Toilet," by R. T. Lonsdale, is happy both in the delineation of the female and in the auxiliaries to improve her person. 376. "The Precipice, moonlight," by J. O'Conner, is a fine bold painting, but wants relief. 386.

"A Scene near Geneva, noonday," by S. J. Stump, conveys a pretty idea of the surrounding country, but the sky is not so well depicted.

Room to the right.—392. "Scene of the River Waveney," is very beautiful. 399. "Scene in Wales," is wild and sweet. 403. "A Boy at his Studies," by N. Hartwell, is well conceived, the careless urchin is more fond of play than study. 414. "Sketch of Two Sisters," by Aymer, contains two beautiful portraits, the hair of the fairer lady is very beautiful. 418. "Clifton, near Bristol," by Pyne, is a splendid landscape, and is, perhaps, the best in its style in the whole exhibition: there is a warmth in the sky, and a verdant richness in the land scenery, which, together with the course of the meandering River, render the representation altogether charming. The subject is certainly one of the best that could be conceived, and from our knowledge of the localities it is faithfully represented. 439. "Mary, Queen of Scots pledging her domestics in Fotheringay Castle, the evening before execution," by S. A. Hart, conveys a deep sentiment of sympathy for that unfortunate woman, whose beautiful person and rare accomplishments, rendered her so much an object of jealousy to the stern Elizabeth.

There are many other beautiful paintings in this exhibition, which we regret the want of space precludes our noticing. The water-colour room has many attractions from the hands of G. Barnard, J. Turner, D. M'Clise, W. H. Harriott, H. Sumpter, Miss R. N. Drummond, Mrs. Withers, Miss Bartrum, and other artists. The sculpture room is deficient in general effect, but there are some busts and engravings well expressed.—"Hawking," by Messrs. Garrods, from a model by E. Cotterill, in silver, is a very rich specimen; and the "Alto-relievo Outrage of the Centaurs at the Nuptials of Pirithous and Hippodamia," by W. Pitts, is well executed, particularly as to the drapery and attitudes of the female forms.

We recommend our readers to visit this exhibition, and assure them that they will derive a fund of pleasure and delight from the inspection, only to be equalled by the contemplation that will necessarily be caused of future improvement in the Fine Arts.

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LECTURES ON PAINTING,

DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

MARCH 1801,

H
Fuseli (J. H.)

By HENRY FUSELI, R. A.

WITH ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS AND NOTES.

LONDON:

M. ARNOLD, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1833.

LECTURES ON PAINTING

DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

MARCH 1861

BY HENRY DUNN, R.A.

C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

WITH ADDITIONAL EXPLANATIONS AND NOTES

LONDON:

AT ARNOLD, FINSBURY STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1862

TO

WILLIAM LOCK, Esq.

OF

NORBURY PARK,

THE FOLLOWING SHEETS

ARE INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

*Mæm quidem temeritati accessit hoc quoque, quod
Levioris operæ hos tibi dedicavi libellos.*

C. PLINII SECUNDI L.

WILLIAM LOCKE, ESQ.

OF THE BAR

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LECTURE I.—ANCIENT ART.

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LECTURES ON PAINTING.

BY HENRY FUSELI, P.P.

LECTURE I.

ANCIENT ART.

Ταῦτα μὲν οὖν πλατῶν καὶ γραφῶν καὶ ποιητῶν παιδὲς ἐργάζονται. ὁ δὲ πᾶσιν ἱππᾶνδαι τούτοις, ἡ χάρις, μᾶλλον δὲ ἅπασαι ἄμα, ὅποσαι χαριτεῖς, καὶ ὅποσοι ἴρωτες περιχορεύοντες, τίς ἂν μνησασθαι δύναιτο?

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ Σαμ. ἱκόνες.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction. Greece the legitimate parent of the Art.—Summary of the local and political causes. Conjectures on the mechanic process of the Art. Period of preparation—Polygnotus—essential style—Apollodorus—characteristic style. Period of establishment—Zeuxis, Parrhasius, Timanthes. Period of refinement—Eupompus—Apelles, Aristides, Euphranor.

THE difficulties of the task prescribed to me, if they do not preponderate, are at least equal to the honour of the situation. If, to discourse on any topic with truth, precision, and clearness, before a mixed or fortuitous audience, before men neither initiated in the subject, nor rendered minutely attentive by expectation, be no easy task; how much more arduous must it be to speak systematically on an art, before a select assembly, composed of professors whose life has been divided between theory and practice; of critics whose taste has been refined by contemplation and comparison! and of students, who, bent on the same pursuit, look for the best and always most compendious method of mastering the principles, to arrive at its emoluments and honours. Your lecturer is to instruct them in the principles of 'composition; to form their taste for design and colouring; to strengthen their judgment; to point out to them the beauties and imperfections of celebrated works

of art; and the particular excellencies and defects of great masters; and finally, to lead them into the readiest and most efficacious paths of study.*—If, Gentlemen, these directions presuppose in the student a sufficient stock of elementary knowledge; an expertness in the rudiments; not mere wishes but a peremptory will of improvement and judgment with docility; how much more do they imply in the person selected to address them—knowledge founded on theory, substantiated and matured by practice; a mass of select and well digested materials; perspicuity of method and command of words; imagination to place things in such views as they are not commonly seen in; presence of mind, and that resolution, the result of conscious vigour, which in submitting to correct mistakes, cannot be easily discountenanced.—As conditions like these would discourage abilities far superior to mine, my hopes of approbation, moderate as they are, must in a great measure depend on that indulgence which may grant to my will what it would refuse to my powers.

In the arrangement of my plan I shall prefer a progressive method, that may enable me, on future occasions, to treat more fully those parts which the pressure of others seemingly or really more important, has obliged me to dismiss more abruptly or with less consideration than they have a right to claim. The first lecture exhibits a more critical than an historic sketch of the origin and progress of our art, confining research to that period, when fact and substantial information took place of conjecture; it naturally divides itself into two parts, the art of the ancients, and its restoration among the moderns: each is divided into three periods, that of preparation, that of full establishment, and that of refinement.—The second lecture treats on the real subjects of painting and the plastic arts, in contradistinction to the subjects exclusively belonging to poetry, endeavouring to establish the reciprocal limits of both from the essential difference of their medium and materials. It establishes three principal classes of painting: the epic, the dramatic, and the historic: with their collateral branches of characteristic portrait and landscape, and the inferior subdivisions of imitation.—In the third, design, correctness, copy, imitation, style, with its degrees of essential, characteristic, ideal, and deviation into manner, are considered, and the classes of the models left us in the remains of ancient sculpture, arranged.—The fourth is devoted to invention, in its most general and specific sense, as it discovers, selects, combines, the possible, the probable, and the known materials of nature, in a mode that strikes with novelty.—The fifth follows with composition and expression, the dresser and the

* Abstract of the Laws of the Royal Academy, article *Professors*: page 21.

soul of invention; the sixth concludes with observations on colour, drapery, and execution.

Such is the regular train of observations on an inexhaustible art, which, if life and circumstances sanction the wish, I mean to submit to your consideration in a future course: at present, the exuberance of the subject, the consideration due to each part, the various modes of treatment that presented themselves in the course of study, my necessary professional avocations, and some obstacles which I could as little foresee as avoid, grant scarcely more than fragments, to lay before you. The first lecture, or the critical history of ancient and modern style, from its extreme richness, and as it appears to me, importance, is at present divided into two. The third will contain materials of the proper subjects of the art and of invention, extracted from the second and the fourth, and connected by obvious analogy.

But before I proceed to the history of style itself, it seems to be necessary that we should agree about the terms which denote its object and perpetually recur in treating of it; that my vocabulary of technic expression should not clash with the dictionary of my audience: mine is nearly that of your late president. I shall confine myself at present to a few of the most important; the words nature, beauty, grace, taste, copy, imitation, genius, talent. Thus, by nature I understand the general and permanent principles of visible objects, not disfigured by accident, or distempered by disease, not modified by fashion or local habits. Nature is a collective idea, and though its essence exist in each individual of the species, can never in its perfection inhabit a single object. On beauty I do not mean to perplex you or myself with abstract ideas, and the romantic reveries of platonic philosophy, or to inquire whether it be the result of a simple or complex principle. As a local idea, beauty is a despotic princess, and subject to the anarchies of despotism, enthroned to-day, dethroned to-morrow. The beauty we acknowledge is that harmonious whole of the human frame, that unison of parts to one end, which enchants us; the result of the standard set by the great masters of our art, the ancients, and confirmed by the submissive verdict of modern imitation. By grace I mean that artless balance of motion and repose sprung from character, founded on propriety, which neither falls short of the demands nor overleaps the modesty of nature. Applied to execution, it means that dexterous power which hides the means by which it was attained, the difficulties it has conquered. When we say taste, we mean not crudely the knowledge of what is right in art: taste estimates the degrees of excellence, and by comparison proceeds from justness to refinement. Our language,

or rather those who use it, generally confound, when speaking of the art, copy with imitation, though essentially different in operation and meaning. Precision of eye and obedience of hand are the requisites of the former, without the least pretence to choice, what to select, what to reject; whilst choice directed by judgment or taste constitutes the essence of imitation, and alone can raise the most dexterous copyist to the noble rank of an artist. The imitation of the ancients was, essential, characteristic, ideal. The first cleared nature of accident, defect, excrescence; the second found the stamen which connects character with the central form; the third raised the whole and the parts to the highest degree of unison. Of genius I shall speak with reserve, for no word has been more indiscriminately confounded; by genius I mean that power which enlarges the circle of human knowledge, which discovers new materials of nature, or combines the known with novelty; whilst talent arranges, cultivates, polishes the discoveries of genius.

Guided by these preliminaries, we now approach that happy coast, where, from an arbitrary hieroglyph, the palliative of ignorance, from a tool of despotism, or a ponderous monument of eternal sleep, art emerged into life, motion, and liberty; where situation, climate, national character, religion, manners and government conspired to raise it on that permanent basis, which after the ruins of the fabric itself, still subsists and bids defiance to the ravages of time; as uniform in the principle as various in its applications, the art of the Greeks possessed in itself and propagated, like its chief object Man, the germs of immortality.

I shall not detail here the reasons and the coincidence of fortunate circumstances which raised the Greeks to be the arbiters of form.* The standard they erected, the canon they framed, fell not from Heaven: but as they fancied themselves of divine origin, and Religion was the first mover of their art, it followed that they should endeavour to invest their authors with the most perfect form; and as man possesses that exclusively, they were led to a complete and intellectual study of his elements and constitution; this, with their climate, which allowed that form to grow, and to shew itself to the greatest advantage; with their civil and political institutions, which established and encouraged exercises and manners best calculated to develope its powers; and above all that simplicity of their end, that uniformity of pursuit which in all its derivations retraced the great principle from which it

* This has been done in a superior manner by J. G. Herder, in his *Ideen zur Philosophie der geschichte der Menschheit*, vol. iii. Book 13, a work lately translated under the title of *Outlines of a Philosophy of the History of Man*, 4to.

sprang, and like a central stamen drew it out into one immense connected web of congenial imitation; these, I say, are the reasons why the Greeks carried the art to a height which no subsequent time or race has been able to rival or even to approach.

Great as these advantages were, it is not to be supposed that Nature deviated from her gradual progress in the development of human faculties, in favour of the Greeks. Greek art had her infancy, but the Graces rocked the cradle, and Love taught her to speak. If ever legend deserved our belief, the amorous tale of the Corinthian maid, who traced the shade of her departing lover by the secret lamp, appeals to our sympathy, to grant it; and leads us at the same time to some observations on the first mechanical essays of Painting, and that linear method which, though passed nearly unnoticed by Winkelmann, seems to have continued as the basis of execution, even when the instrument for which it was chiefly adapted had long been laid aside.

The etymology of the word used by the Greeks to express Painting being the same with that which they employ for Writing, makes the similarity of tool, materials, method, almost certain. The tool was a style or pen of wood or metal; the materials a board, or a levigated plane of wood, metal, stone, or some prepared compound; the method, letters or lines.

The first essays of the art were Skiagrams, simple outlines of a shade, similar to those which have been introduced to vulgar use by the students and parasites of Physiognomy, under the name of Silhouettes; without any other addition of character or feature but what the profile of the object thus delineated could afford.

The next step of the art was the Monogram, outlines of figures without light or shade, but with some addition of the parts within the outline, and from that to the Monochrom, or paintings of a single colour on a plane or tablet, primed with white, and then covered with what they called punic wax, first amalgamated with a tough resinous pigment, generally of a red, sometimes dark brown, or black colour. In, or rather through this thin inky ground, the outlines were traced with a firm but pliant style, which they called Cestrum; if the traced line happened to be incorrect or wrong, it was gently effaced with the finger or with a sponge, and easily replaced by a fresh one. When the whole design was settled, and no farther alteration intended, it was suffered to dry, was covered, to make it permanent, with a brown encaustic varnish, the lights were worked over again, and rendered more brilliant with a point still more delicate, according to the gradual advance from mere outlines to some indications, and at last to masses

of light and shade, and from those to the superinduction of different colours, or the invention of the Polychrom, which by the addition of the pencil to the style, raised the mezzotinto or stained drawing to a legitimate picture, and at length produced that vaunted harmony, the magic scale of Grecian colour.*

If this conjecture, for it is not more, on the process of linear painting, formed on the evidence and comparison of passages always unconnected, and frequently contradictory, be founded in fact, the rapturous astonishment at the supposed momentaneous production of the Herculean dancers and the figures on the earthen vases of the ancients, will cease; or rather, we shall no longer suffer ourselves to be deluded by palpable impossibility of execution: on a ground of levigated lime or on potters' ware, no velocity or certainty attainable by human hands can conduct a full pencil with that degree of evenness equal from beginning to end with which we see those figures executed, or if it could, would ever be able to fix the line on the glassy surface without its flowing; to make the appearances we see, possible, we must have recourse to the linear process that has been described, and transfer our admiration to the perseverance, the correctness of principle, the elegance of taste that conducted the artist's hand, without presuming to arm it with contradictory powers: the figures he drew and we admire, are not the magic produce of a winged pencil, they are the result of gradual improvement, exquisitely finished monochroms.

How long the pencil continued only to assist, when it began to engross, and when it at last entirely supplanted the cestrum cannot, in the perplexity of accidental report, be ascertained. Apollodorus in the 93rd Olymp. and Zeuxis in the 94th, are said to have used it with freedom and with power. The battle of the Lapithæ and the Centaurs, which, according to Pausanias, Parrhasius painted on the shield of the Minerva of Phidias, to be chased by Mys, could be nothing but a monochrom, and was probably designed with the cestrum, as an instrument of greater accuracy.† Apelles and Protogenes, nearly a century afterwards, drew their contested lines with the pencil; and that alone, as delicacy and evanescent subtlety were the characteristic of those lines, may give an idea of their mechanic excellence. And yet in their time

* This account is founded on the conjectures of Mr. Riem, in his *Treatise on die Malerey der Alten, or the Painting of the Ancients*, 4to. Berlin, 1787.

† Pausanias Attic. c. xxviii. The word used by Pausanias *καταγραφαι* shews that the figures of Parrhasius were intended for a Basso-relievo. They were in profile. This is the sense of the word *Catagrapha* in Pliny, xxxy. c. 8. he translates it "obliquas imagines."

the diagraphic process,* which is the very same with the linear one we have described, made a part of liberal education. And Pausius of Sicyon, the contemporary of Apelles, and perhaps the greatest master of composition amongst the ancients, when employed to repair the decayed pictures of Polygnotus at Thespiae, was adjudged by general opinion to have egregiously failed in the attempt, because he had substituted the pencil to the cestrum, and entered a contest of superiority with weapons not his own.

Here it might seem in its place to say something on the Encaustic method used by the ancients; were it not a subject by ambiguity of expression and conjectural dispute so involved in obscurity that a true account of its process must be despaired of: the most probable idea we can form of it is, that it bore some resemblance to our oil-painting, and that the name was adopted to denote the use of materials, inflammable or prepared by fire, the supposed durability of which, whether applied hot or cold, authorised the terms *ἐνκαυσις* and *inussit*.

The first great name of that epoch of the preparatory period when facts appear to overbalance conjecture, is that of Polygnotus of Thasos, who painted the poecile at Athens, and the lesche or public hall at Delphi. Of these works, but chiefly of the two large pictures at Delphi, which represented scenes subsequent to the eversion of Troy, and Ulysses consulting the spirit of Tiresias in hades, Pausanias † gives a minute and circumstantial detail: by which we are led to surmise, that what is now called composition was totally wanting in them as a whole: for he begins his description at one end of the picture, and finishes it at the opposite extremity, a senseless method if we suppose that a central group, or a principal figure to which the rest were in a certain degree subordinate, attracted the eye; it appears as plain that they had no perspective, the series of figures on the second or middle ground being described as placed above those on the foreground, as the figures in the distance above the whole: the honest method too which the painter chose of annexing to many of his figures their names in writing, savours much

* By the authority chiefly of Pamphilus, the master of Apelles, who taught at Sicyon 'Hujus auctoritate,' says Pliny, xxxv. 10. 'effectum est Sicyone primum, deinde et in tota Græcia, ut pueri ingenui ante omnia *diagraphicen*, hoc est, picturam in buxo, docerentur,' &c. Harduin, contrary to the common editions, reads indeed, and by the authority, he says, of all the MSS. *graphicen*, which he translates: ars 'delineandi,' dessein, but he has not proved that *graphice* means not more than design; and if he had, what was it that Pamphilus taught? he was not the inventor of what he had been taught himself. He established or rather renewed a particular method of drawing, which contained the rudiments, and facilitated the method of painting.

† Pausan. Phocica. c. xxv. seq.

of the infancy of painting. We should however be cautious to impute solely to ignorance or imbecility, what might rest on the firm base of permanent principle. The genius of Polygnotus was more than that of any other artist before or after, Phidias perhaps alone excepted, a public genius, his works monumental works, and these very pictures the votive offerings of the Gnidian. The art at that summit, when exerting its powers to record the feats, consecrate the acts, perpetuate the rites, propagate the religion, or to disseminate the peculiar doctrines of a nation, heedless of the rules prescribed to inferior excellence and humbler pursuits, returns to its elements, leaps strict possibility, combines remote causes with present effects, connects local distance and unites separate moments.—Simplicity, parallelism, apposition, take place of variety, contrast and composition.—Such was the *lesche* painted by Polygnotus, and if we consider the variety of powers that distinguished many of the parts, we must incline to ascribe the primitive arrangement of the whole rather to the artist's choice and lofty simplicity, than want of comprehension: nature had endowed him with that rectitude of taste which in the individuum discovers the stamen of the genus, hence his style of design was essential with glimpses of grandeur * and ideal beauty. Polygnotus, says Aristotle, improves the model. His invention reached the conception of undescribed being, in the demon Eurynomus; filled the chasm of description in Theseus and Pirithous, in Ariadne and Phædra; and improved its terrors in the spectre of Tityus; whilst colour to assist it, became in his hand an organ of expression; such was the prophetic glow which still crimsoned the cheeks of his Cassandra in the time of Lucian.† The improvements in painting which Pliny ascribes to him, of having dressed the heads of his females in variegated veils and bandeaus, and robed them in lucid

* This I take to be the sense of *Μεγέθος* here, which distinguished him, according to Ælian, Var. Hist. iv. 3. from Dionysius of Colophon. The word *Τελειος* in the same passage: *καὶ ἐν τοῖς τελείοις ἐργαζέτο τὰ ἄλλα*, I translate: *he aimed at, he sought his praise in the representation of essential proportion*; which leads to ideal beauty.

The *κρίττος*, *χείρως*, *ὁμοίως*; or the *βελτιονας ἡ καθ' ἡμας, ἡ καὶ τοῦτους, ἡ χειρονας*, of Aristotle, Poetic. c. 2. by which he distinguishes Polygnotus, Dionysius, Pausan, confirms the sense given to the passage of Ælian.

† *παριῶν το ἱνερεινθες, διὰν τὴν Κασσανδρὰν ἐν τῇ λεσχῇ ἐποίησε τοῖς Δελφοῖς.* Lucian: *εἰκονες*. This, and what Pausanias tells of the colour of Eurynomus in the same picture, together with the coloured draperies mentioned by Pliny; makes it evident, that the 'simplex colour' ascribed by Quintilian to Polygnotus and Aglaophon, implies less a single colour as some have supposed, than that simplicity always attendant on the infancy of painting, which leaves every colour unmixed and crudely by itself. Indeed the *Pœcile* (ἡ ποικίλη τοα) which obtained its name from his pictures, is alone a sufficient proof of variety of colours.

drapery, of having gently opened the lips, given a glimpse of the teeth, and lessened the former monotony of face, such improvements, I, say were surely the most trifling part of a power to which the age of Apelles and that of Quintilian paid equal homage: nor can it add much to our esteem for him, to be told by Pliny that there existed, in the portico of Pompey, a picture of his with the figure of a warrior in an attitude so ambiguous, as to make it a question whether he were ascending or descending. Such a figure could only be the offspring of mental or technic imbecility, even if it resembled the celebrated one of a Diomedes carrying off the palladium with one and holding a sword in the other hand, on the intaglio inscribed, I think, with the name of Dioscorides.

With this simplicity of manner and materials the art seems to have proceeded from Polygnotus, Aglaophon, Phidias, Panæus, Colotes, and Evenor, the father of Parrhasius, during a period of more or less disputed olympiads, to the appearance of Apollodorus the Athenian, who applied the essential principles of Polygnotus to the delineation of the species, by investigating the leading forms that discriminate the various classes of human qualities and passions. The acuteness of his taste led him to discover that as all men were connected by one general form, so they were separated each by some predominant power, which fixed character and bound them to a class: that in proportion as this specific power partook of individual peculiarities, the farther it was removed from a share in that harmonious system which constitutes nature, and consists in a due balance of all its parts: thence he drew his line of imitation, and personified the central form of the class, to which his object belonged; and to which the rest of its qualities administered without being absorbed: agility was not suffered to destroy firmness, solidity or weight; nor strength and weight agility; elegance did not degenerate to effeminacy, or grandeur swell to hugeness; such were his principles of style: his expression extended them to the mind, if we may judge from the two subjects mentioned by Pliny, in which he seems to have personified the characters of devotion and impiety; that, in the adoring figure of a priest, perhaps of Chryses, expanding his gratitude at the shrine of the God whose arrows avenged his wrongs and restored his daughter: and this, in the figure of Ajax wrecked, and from the sea-swept rock hurling defiance into the murky sky. As neither of these subjects can present themselves to a painter's mind without a contrast of the most awful and the most terrific tones of colour, magic of light and shade, and unlimited command over the tools of art, we may with Pliny and with Plutarch consider Apollodorus as the first assertor of the pencil's honours, as the first colourist of his

age, and the man who opened the gates of art which the Heracleot Zeuxis entered.*

From the essential style of Polygnotus and the specific discrimination of Apollodorus, Zeuxis, by comparison of what belonged to the genus and what to the class, framed at last that ideal form, which in his opinion, constituted the supreme degree of human beauty, or in other words, embodied possibility, by uniting the various but homogeneous powers scattered among many, in one object, to one end. Such a system, if it originated in genius, was the considerate result of taste refined by the unremitting perseverance with which he observed, consulted, compared, selected the congenial but scattered forms of nature. Our ideas are the offspring of our senses, we are not more able to create the form of a being, we have not seen, without retrospect to one we know, than we are able to create a new sense. He whose fancy has conceived an idea of the most beautiful form must have composed it from actual existence, and he alone can comprehend what one degree of beauty wants to become equal to another, and at last superlative. He who thinks the pretty handsome, will think the handsome a beauty, and fancy he has met an ideal form in a merely handsome one, whilst he who has compared beauty with beauty, will at last improve form upon form to a perfect image; this was the method of Zeuxis, and this he learnt from Homer, whose mode of ideal composition, according to Quintilian, he considered as his model. Each individual of Homer forms a class, expresses and is circumscribed by one quality of heroic power, Achilles alone unites their various but congenial energies. The grace of Nireus, the dignity of Agamemnon, the impetuosity of Hector, the magnitude, the steady prowess of the great, the velocity of the lesser Ajax, the perseverance of Ulysses, the intrepidity of Diomedes, are emanations of energy that reunite in one splendid centre fixed in Achilles. This standard of the unison of homogeneous powers exhibited in successive action by the poet, the

* Hic primus species exprimere instituit, Pliny, xxxv. 36, as *species* in the sense Harduin takes it, 'oris et habitus venustus,' cannot be refused to Polygnotus, and the artists immediately preceding Apollodorus, it must mean here the subdivisions of generic form; the classes.

At this period we may with probability fix the invention of local colour, and tone; which, though strictly speaking it be neither the light nor the shade, is regulated by the medium which tinges both. This, Pliny calls 'splendour.' To Apollodorus Plutarch ascribes likewise the invention of tints, the mixtures of colour and the gradations of shade, if I conceive the passage rightly: *Ἀπολλοδώρος ὁ Ζωγράφος Ἀνθρώπων πρῶτος ἐξευρων φθόρον καὶ ἀποχρῶσιν Σκίας*. Plutarch, Bellone an pace Ath. &c. 346. This was the element of the ancient *Ἀρμυγή*, that imperceptible transition, which, without opacity, confusion, or hardness, united local colour, demitint, shade and reflexes.

painter, invigorated no doubt by the contemplation of the works of Phidias, transferred to his own art and substantiated by form, when he selected the congenial beauties of Croton to compose a perfect female. Like Phidias too, he appears to have been less pathetic than sublime, and even in his female forms more ample and august than elegant or captivating: his principle was epic, and this Aristotle either considered not or did not comprehend, when he refuses him the expression of character in action and feature: Jupiter on his throne encircled by the celestial synod, and Helen, the arbitress of Troy, were no doubt the principal elements of his style; but he could trace the mother's agitation in Alcmena, and in Penelope the pangs of wedded love.

On those powers of his invention which Lucian relates in the memoir inscribed with the name of Zeuxis, I shall reserve my observations for a fitter moment. Of his colour we know little, but it is not unreasonable to suppose that it emulated the beauties and the grandeur of his design; and that he extended light and shade to masses, may be implied from his peculiar method of painting monochroms on a black ground, adding the lights in white.*

The correctness of Parrhasius succeeded to the genius of Zeuxis. He circumscribed his ample style, and by subtle examination of outline established that standard of divine and heroic form which raised him to the authority of a legislator from whose decisions there was no appeal. He gave to the divine and heroic character in painting, what Polycletus had given to the human in sculpture, by his Doryphorus; a canon of proportion. Phidias had discovered in the nod of the Homeric Jupiter the characteristic of majesty, inclination of the head: this hinted to him a higher elevation of the neck behind, a bolder protrusion of the front, and the increased perpendicular of the profile. To this conception Parrhasius fixed a maximum; that point from which descends the ultimate line of celestial beauty, the angle within which moves what is inferior, beyond which what is portentous. From the head conclude to the proportions of the neck, the limbs, the extremities; from the father to the race of gods; all, the sons of one, Jupiter; derived from one source of tradition, Homer; formed by one artist, Phidias: on him measured and decided by Parrhasius. In the simplicity of this principle, adhered to by the succeeding periods, lies the uninterrupted progress and the unattainable superiority of Grecian art. With this prerogative, which evidently

* 'Pinxit et monochromata ex albo.' Pliny, xxxv, 9. This Aristotle, Poet. c. 6. calls λευκογραφειν.

implies a profound as well as general knowledge of the parts, how are we to reconcile the criticism passed on the intermediate parts of his forms as inferior to their outline? or how could Winkelmann, in contradiction with his own principles, explain it, by a want of anatomic knowledge? * how is it possible to suppose that he who decided his outline with such intelligence that it appeared ambient, and pronounced the parts that escaped the eye, should have been uninformed of its contents? let us rather suppose that the defect ascribed to the intermediate forms of his bodies, if such a fault there was, consisted in an affectation of smoothness bordering on insipidity, in something effeminately voluptuous, which absorbed their character and the idea of elastic vigour; and this Euphranor seems to have hinted at, when in comparing his own Theseus with that of Parrhasius, he pronounced the Ionian's to have fed on roses, his own on flesh: † emasculate softness was not, in his opinion, the proper companion of the contour, or flowery freshness of colour an adequate substitute for the sterner tints of heroic form.

None of the ancients seem to have united or wished to combine as man and artist, more qualities seemingly incompatible than Parrhasius.—The volubility and ostentatious insolence of an Asiatic with Athenian simplicity and urbanity of manners; punctilious correctness with blandishments of handling and luxurious colour, and with sublime and pathetic conception, a fancy libidinally sportive. ‡ If he was not the inventor, he surely was the greatest master of allegory, supposing that he really embodied by signs universally comprehended that image of the Athenian ΔΗΜΟΣ or people, which was to combine and to express at once its contradictory qualities. Perhaps he traced the jarring branches to their source, the aboriginal moral principle of the Athenian character, which he made intuitive. This supposition alone

* In lineis extremis palmam adeptus — minor tamen videtur, sibi comparatus, in mediis corporibus exprimendis. Pliny, xxxv. 10. Here we find the inferiority of the middle parts merely relative to himself. Compared with himself, Parrhasius was not all equal.

† Theseus, in quo dixit, eundem apud Parrhasium rosa pastum esse, suum vero carne. Plin. xxxv. 11.

‡ The epithet which he gave to himself of *Ἀφροδῖαιος*, the dainty, the elegant, and the epigram he is said to have composed on himself, are known: See Athenæus, l. xii. He wore, says *Ælian*, Var. Hist. ix. 11. a purple robe and a golden garland; he bore a staff wound round with tendrils of gold, and his sandals were tied to his feet and ancles with golden straps. Of his easy simplicity we may judge from his dialogue with Socrates in *Xenophon*; *ἀπομνημονεύων*, l. iii. Of his libidinous fancy, beside what Pliny says, from his *Archigallus*, and the *Meleager* and *Atalanta* mentioned by *Suetonius* in *Tiberio*, c. 44.

can shed a dawn of possibility on what else appears impossible. We know that the personification of the Athenian *Δημος*, was an object of sculpture, and that its images by Lyson and Leochares* were publicly set up; but there is no clue to decide whether they preceded or followed the conceit of Parrhasius. It was repeated by Aristolaus, the son of Pausias.

The decided forms of Parrhasius, Timanthes the Cythnian, his competitor for fame, attempted to inspire with mind and to animate with passions. No picture of antiquity is more celebrated than his immolation of Iphigenia in Aulis, painted, as Quintilian informs us, in contest with Colotes of Teos, a painter and sculptor from the school of Phidias; crowned with victory at its rival exhibition, and since, the theme of unlimited praise from the orators and historians of antiquity, though the solidity or justice of their praise relatively to our art, has been questioned by modern criticism. On this subject, which not only contains the gradations of affection from the most remote to the closest link of humanity, but appears to me to offer the fairest specimen of the limits which the theory of the ancients had prescribed to the expression of pathos, I think it my duty the more circumstantially to expatiate, as the censure passed on the method of Timanthes has been sanctioned by the highest authority in matters of art, that of your late President, in his eighth discourse at the delivery of the academic prize for the best picture painted from this very subject.

How did Timanthes treat it? Iphigenia, the victim ordained by the oracle, to be offered for the success of the Greek expedition against Troy, was represented standing ready for immolation at the altar, the priest, the instruments of death at her side; and around her, an assembly of the most important agents or witnesses of the terrible solemnity, from Ulysses, who had disengaged her from the embraces of her mother at Mycenæ, to her nearest male relations, her uncle Menelaus, and her own father, Agamemnon. Timanthes, say Pliny and Quintilian with surprising similarity of phrase, when, in gradation he had consumed every image of grief within the reach of art, from the unhappy priest, to the conscious remorse of Ulysses, and from that to the pangs of kindred sympathy in Menelaus, unable to express with dignity the father's woe, threw a veil, or if you will, a mantle over his face.—This mantle, the pivot of objection, indiscriminately borrowed,

* In the portico of the Pyræus by Leochares: in the hall of the Five-hundred, by Lyson: in the back portico of the Ceramicus there was a picture of Theseus, of Democracy and the Demos, by Euphranor. Pausan. Attic. i. 3. Aristolaus, according to Pliny, was a painter, 'e severissimis.'

as might easily be supposed, by all the concurrents for the prize, gave rise to the following series of criticisms :

" Before I conclude, I cannot avoid making one observation on the pictures now before us. I have observed, that every candidate has copied the celebrated invention of Timanthes in hiding the face of Agamemnon in his mantle ; indeed such lavish encomiums have been bestowed on this thought, and that too by men of the highest character in critical knowledge,—Cicero, Quintilian, Valerius Maximus, and Pliny,—and have been since re-echoed by almost every modern that has written on the Arts, that your adopting it can neither be wondered at, nor blamed. It appears now to be so much connected with the subject, that the spectator would perhaps be disappointed in not finding united in the picture what he always united in his mind, and considered as indispensably belonging to the subject. But it may be observed, that those who praise the circumstance were not painters. They use it as an illustration only of their own art ; it served their purpose, and it was certainly not their business to enter into the objections that lie against it in another Art. I fear we have but very scanty means of exciting those powers over the imagination, which make so very considerable and refined a part of poetry. It is a doubt with me, whether we should even make the attempt. The chief, if not the only occasion which the painter has for this artifice, is, when the subject is improper to be more fully represented, either for the sake of decency, or to avoid what would be disagreeable to be seen ; and this is not to raise or increase the passions, which is the reason that is given for this practice, but on the contrary to diminish their effect."

" Mr. Falconet has observed, in a note on this passage in his translation of Pliny, that the circumstance of covering the face of Agamemnon was probably not in consequence of any fine imagination of the painter,—which he considers as a discovery of the critics,—but merely copied from the description of the sacrifice, as it is found in Euripides.

" The words from which the picture is supposed to be taken, are these : *Agamemnon saw Iphigenia advance towards the fatal altar ; he groaned, he turned aside his head, he shed tears, and covered his face with his robe.*

" Falconet does not at all acquiesce in the praise that is bestowed on Timanthes ; not only because it is not his invention, but because he thinks meanly of this trick of concealing, except in instances of blood, where the objects would be too horrible to be seen ; but, says he, ' in an afflicted Father, in a King, in Agamemnon, you, who are a painter,

conceal from me the most interesting circumstance, and then put me off with sophistry and a veil. You are (he adds) a feeble painter, without resources: you do not know even those of your Art: I care not what veil it is, whether closed hands, arms raised, or any other action that conceals from me the countenance of the Hero. You think of veiling Agamemnon; you have unveiled your own ignorance.*

"To what Falconet has said, we may add, that supposing this method of leaving the expression of grief to the imagination, to be, as it was thought to be, the invention of the painter, and that it deserves all the praise that has been given it, still it is a trick that will serve but once; whoever does it a second time, will not only want novelty, but be justly suspected of using artifice to evade difficulties. If difficulties overcome make a great part of the merit of Art, difficulties evaded can deserve but little commendation."

To this string of animadversions, of which, what belongs to the English critic, excels the flippant petulance of the Frenchman's sophistry as much as his infant Hercules in real magnitude the ridiculous Colossus^d of Peter the great,* I subjoin with diffidence the following observations:

The subject of Timanthes was the immolation of Iphigenia; Iphigenia was the principal figure, and her form, her resignation, or her anguish the painter's principal task; the figure of Agamemnon, however important, is merely accessory, and no more necessary to make the subject a completely tragic one, than that of Clytemnestra the mother, no more than that of Priam, to impress us with sympathy at the death of Polyxena. It is therefore a misnomer of the French critic, to call Agamemnon 'the hero' of the subject.

Neither the French nor the English critic appear to me to have comprehended the real motive of Timanthes, as contained in the words '*decere, pro dignitate, and digne,*' in the passages of Tully, Quintilian, and Pliny;† they ascribe to impotence what was the forbearance of

* The Equestrian statue of Peter the Great, at St. Petersburg, by Mr. Falconet.

† Cicero *Oratore*, 73, seq.—In alioque ponatur, aliudque totum sit, utrum *decere* an *oportere* dicas; *oportere* enim, perfectionem declarat officii, quo et semper utendum est, et omnibus: *decere*, quasi aptum esse, consentaneumque tempori et personæ; quod cum in factis sempissime, tum in dictis valet, in vultu denique, et gestu, et incessu. Contraque item *dedecere*. Quod si poeta fugit, ut maximum vitium, qui peccat, etiam, cum probam orationem affingit improbo, stultove sapientis: si denique pictor ille vidit, cum immolanda Iphigenia tristis Chalcas esset, mœstior Ulysses, mœreret Menelaus, obvolverdum caput Agamemnonis esse, quoniam summum illum luctum penicillo non posset imitari: si denique histrio, quid deceat quærit: quid faciendum oratori putemus?

M. F. Quintilianus, l. ii. c. 14.—Operienda sunt quædam, sive ostendi non debent,

judgment; Timanthes felt like a father: he did not hide the face of Agamemnon, because it was beyond the power of his art, not because it was beyond the possibility, but because it was beyond the dignity of expression, because the inspiring feature of paternal affection at that moment, and the action which of necessity must have accompanied it, would either have destroyed the grandeur of the character and the solemnity of the scene, or subjected the painter with the majority of his judges to the imputation of insensibility. He must either have represented him in tears, or convulsed at the flash of the raised dagger, forgetting the chief in the father, or shewn him absorbed by despair, and in that state of stupefaction, which levels all features and deadens expression; he might indeed have chosen a fourth mode, he might have exhibited him fainting and palsied in the arms of his attendants, and by this confusion of male and female character, merited the applause of every theatre at Paris. But Timanthes had too true a sense of nature to expose a father's feelings or to tear a passion to rags; nor had the Greeks yet learnt of Rome to steel the face. If he made Agamemnon bear his calamity as a man, he made him also feel it as a man. It became the leader of Greece to sanction the ceremony with his presence, it did not become the father to see his daughter beneath the dagger's point: the same nature that threw a real mantle over the face of Timoleon, when he assisted at the punishment of his brother, taught Timanthes to throw an imaginary one over the face of Agamemnon; neither height nor depth, propriety of expression was his aim.

The critic grants that the expedient of Timanthes may be allowed in 'instances of blood,' the supported aspect of which would change a scene of commiseration and terror into one of abomination and horror, which ought for ever to be excluded from the province of art, of poetry

sive exprimi pro dignitate non possunt: ut fecit Timanthes, ut opinor, Cithnius, in ea tabula qua Coloten tejum vicit. Nam cum in Iphigeniæ immolatione pinxisset tristem Calchantem, tristiores Ulyssem, addidisset Menelao quem summum poterat ars efficere Mærorem, consumptis affectibus, non reperiens quo dignè modo Patris vultum possit exprimere, velavit ejus caput, et sui cuique animo dedit æstimandum.

It is evident to the slightest consideration, that both Cicero and Quintilian lose sight of their premises, and contradict themselves in the motive they ascribe to Timanthes. Their want of acquaintance with the nature of plastic expression made them imagine the face of Agamemnon beyond the power of the artist. They were not aware that by making him waste expression on inferior actors at the expense of a principal one, they call him an improvident spendthrift and not a wise economist.

From Valerius Maximus, who calls the subject 'Luctuosum immolatæ Iphigeniæ sacrificium' instead of *immolandæ*, little can be expected to the purpose. Pliny, with the *dignè* of Quintilian has the same confusion of motive.

as well as painting : and would not the face of Agamemnon, uncovered, have had this effect ? was not the scene he must have witnessed a scene of blood ? and whose blood was to be shed ? that of his own daughter—and what daughter ? young, beautiful, helpless, innocent, resigned—the very idea of resignation in such a victim must either have acted irresistibly to procure her relief, or thrown a veil over a father's face. A man who is determined to sport wit at the expense of heart alone could call such an expedient ridiculous—'as ridiculous,' Mr. Falconet continues, 'as a poet would be, who in a pathetic situation, instead of satisfying my expectation, to rid himself of the business, should say, that the sentiments of his hero are so far above whatever can be said on the occasion, that he shall say nothing.' And has not Homer, though he does not tell us this, acted upon a similar principle ? has he not, when Ulysses addresses Ajax in Hades, in the most pathetic and conciliatory manner, instead of furnishing him with an answer, made him remain in indignant silence during the address, then turn his step and stalk away ? has not the universal voice of genuine criticism with Longinus told us, and if it had not, would not Nature's own voice tell us, that that silence was characteristic, that it precluded, included, and soaring above all answer, consigned Ulysses for ever to a sense of inferiority ? Nor is it necessary to render such criticism contemptible to mention the silence of Dido in Virgil, or the Niobe of Æschylus, who was introduced veiled, and continued mute during her presence on the stage.

But in hiding Agamemnon's face Timanthes loses the honour of invention, as he is merely the imitator of Euripides, who did it before him ?* I am not prepared with chronologic proofs to decide whether Euripides or Timanthes, who were contemporaries, about the period of the Peloponnesian war, fell first on this expedient ; though the silence of Pliny and Quintilian on that head, seems to be in favour of the painter, neither of whom could be ignorant of the celebrated drama of Euripides, and would not willingly have suffered the honour of this master-stroke of an art they were so much better acquainted with than painting, to be transferred to another from its real author, had

* It is observed by an ingenious Critic, that in the tragedy of Euripides, the procession is described, and upon Iphigenia's looking back on her father, he groans, and hides his face to conceal his tears ; whilst the picture gives the moment that precedes the sacrifice, and the hiding has a different object and arises from another impression.

— ὡς δ' εἰδὲν Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ
ἐπὶ σφαγᾶς τεύχουσιν εἰς ἄλσος κορὴν
ἀντιβλεψάμενος. Καμπάδην τρεψάς κατὰ
δακρυὰ προσηγὼν. ὀφθαλμοὺς πεπλὸν προΐει.

the poet's claim been prior: nor shall I urge that the picture of Timanthes was crowned with victory by those who were in daily habits of assisting at the dramas of Euripides, without having their verdict impeached by Colotes or his friends, who would not have failed to avail themselves of so flagrant a proof of inferiority as the want of invention, in the work of his rival:—I shall only ask, what is invention? if it be the combination of the most important moment of a fact with the most varied effects of the reigning passion on the characters introduced—the invention of Timanthes consisted in showing, by the gradation of that passion in the faces of the assistant mourners, the reason why that of the principal one was hid. This he performed, and this the poet, whether prior or subsequent, did not and could not do, but left it with a silent appeal to our own mind and fancy. The cast of Agamemnon's features might be guessed at from those of his brother Menelaus, which were shown, but the degree of sympathy which palpitated in the breast and agitated the features of the uncle, without destroying dignity, fixed the limits of pathos; whilst the pangs that rent the heart and convulsed or absorbed the features of the father, the prey of momentary despair and horror, overleapt those limits, and could only have shocked us by being admitted to our eye.

In presuming to differ on the propriety of this mode of expression in the picture of Timanthes from the respectable authority I have quoted, I am far from a wish to invalidate the equally pertinent and acute remarks made on the danger of its imitation, though I am decidedly of opinion that it is strictly within the limits of our art. If it be a "trick," it is certainly one that "has served more than once."—We find it adopted to express the grief of a beautiful female figure on a bassorelievo formerly in the palace Valle at Rome, and preserved in the Admiranda of S. Bartoli; it is used, though with his own originality, by Michael Angelo in the figure of Abijam to mark unutterable woe. Raphael, to shew that he thought it the best possible mode of expressing remorse and the deepest sense of repentance, borrowed it in the expulsion from Paradise, without any alteration, from Masaccio; and like him turned Adam out with both his hands before his face. And how has he represented Moses at the burning bush, to express the astonished awe of human in the visible presence of divine nature? by a double repetition of the same expedient; once in the ceiling of a Stanza, and again in the loggia of the Vatican, with both his hands before his face, or rather with his face immersed in his hands. As we cannot suspect in the master of expression the unworthy motive of making use of this mode merely to avoid a difficulty, or to denote the insupportable splendour

of the vision, which was so far from being the case, that according to the sacred record, Moses stepped out of his way to examine the ineffec-
tual blaze: we must conclude that nature herself dictated to him this
method as superior to all he could express by features; and that he
recognized the same dictate in Masaccio, who can no more be supposed
to have been acquainted with the precedent of Timanthes, than
Shakspeare with that of Euripides, when he made Macduff draw his hat
over his face.

Masaccio and Raphael proceeded on the principle, Gherard Lairesse
copied only the image of Timanthes, and has perhaps incurred by it
the charge of what Longinus calls *parenthyrsos*, in the ill-timed appli-
cation of supreme pathos, to an inadequate call. Agamemnon is
introduced covering his face with his mantle, at the death of Polyxena,
the captive daughter of Priam, sacrificed to the manes of Achilles, her
betrothed lover, treacherously slain in the midst of the nuptial cere-
mony, by her brother Paris. The death of Polyxena, whose charms
had been productive of the greatest disaster that could befall the
Grecian army, could not perhaps provoke in its leader emotions similar
to those which he felt at that of his own daughter: it must however be
owned that the figure of the chief is equally dignified and pathetic;
and that, by the introduction of the spectre of Achilles at the immola-
tion of the damsel to his manes, the artist's fancy has in some degree
atoned for the want of discrimination in the professor.

Such were the artists, who, according to the most corresponding data,
formed the style of that second period, which fixed the end and
established the limits of art, on whose firm basis arose the luxuriant
fabric of the third, or the period of refinement, which added grace and
polish to the forms it could not surpass; amenity or truth to the tones
it could not invigorate; magic and imperceptible transition to the
abrupt division of masses; gave depth and roundness to composition,
at the breast of nature herself caught the passions as they rose, and
familiarized expression: The period of Apelles, Protogenes, Aristides,
Euphranor, Pausias, the pupils of Pamphilus and his master Eupompus,
whose authority obtained what had not been granted to his great
predecessor and countryman Polycletus, the new establishment of the
school of Sicyon.*

The leading principle of Eupompus may be traced in the advice
which he gave to Lysippus, (as preserved by Pliny) whom, when con-
sulted on a standard of imitation, he directed to the contemplation of

* Pliny, l. xxxv. c. 18.

human variety in the multitude of the characters that were passing by, with the axiom, "that nature herself was to be imitated, not an artist." Excellence, said Eupompus, is thy aim, such excellence as that of Phidias and Polycletus; but it is not obtained by the servile imitation of works, however perfect, without mounting to the principle which raised them to that height; that principle apply to thy purpose, there fix thy aim. He who with the same freedom of access to nature as another man, contents himself to approach her only through his medium, has resigned his birthright and originality together; his master's manner will be his style. If Phidias and Polycletus have discovered the substance and established the permanent principle of the human frame, they have not exhausted the variety of human appearances and human character; if they have abstracted the forms of majesty and those of beauty, nature compared with their works will point out a grace that has been left for thee; if they have pre-occupied man as he is, be thine to give him that air with which he actually appears.*

Such was the advice of Eupompus: less lofty, less ambitious than what the departed epoch of genius would have dictated, but better suited to the times, and better to his pupil's mind. When the spirit of liberty forsook the public, grandeur had left the private mind of Greece: subdued by Philip, the gods of Athens and Olympia had migrated to Pella, and Alexander was become the representative of Jupiter; still those who had lost the substance fondled the shadow of liberty; rhetoric mimicked the thunders of oratory, sophistry and metaphysic debate that philosophy, which had guided life, and the grand taste that had dictated to art the monumental style, invested gods with human form and raised individuals to heroes, began to give way to refinements in appreciating the degrees of elegance or of resemblance in imitation: the advice of Eupompus, however, far from implying the abolition of the old system, recalled his pupil to the examen of the great principle on which it had established its excellence, and to the resources which its inexhaustible variety offered for new combinations.

That Lysippus considered it in that light, his devotion to the Dory-

* Lysippum Sicyonium—audendi rationem cepisse pictoris Eupompi responso. Eum enim interrogatum, quem sequeretur antecedentium, dixisse demonstrata hominum multitudine, naturam ipsam imitandam esse, non artificem. Non habet Latinum nomen symmetria, quam diligentissime custodivit, nova intactaque ratione quadratas veterum staturas permutando: Vulgoque dicebat, ab illis factos, quales essent, homines: a se, quales viderentur esse. Plin. xxxiv. 8

phorus of Polycletus, known even to Tully, sufficiently proved. That figure which comprised the pure proportions of juvenile vigour, furnished the readiest application for those additional refinements of variety, character, and fleshy charms, that made the base of his invention: its symmetry directing his researches amid the insidious play of accidental charms, and the claims of inherent grace, never suffered imitation to deviate into incorrectness; whilst its squareness and elemental beauty melted in more familiar forms on the eye, and from an object of cold admiration became the glowing one of sympathy. Such was the method formed by Lysippus on the advice of Eupompus, more perplexed than explained by the superficial extract and the rapid phrase of Pliny.

From the statuary's we may form our idea of the painter's method. The doctrine of Eupompus was adopted by Pamphilus the Amphipolitan, the most scientific artist of his time, and by him communicated to Apelles of Cos, or as Lucian will have it, of Ephesus,* his pupil; in whom, if we believe tradition, nature exhibited, once, a specimen what her union with education and circumstances could produce. The name of Apelles in Pliny is the synonyme of unrivalled and unattainable excellence, but the enumeration of his works points out the modification which we ought to apply to that superiority; it neither comprises exclusive sublimity of invention, the most acute discrimination of character, the widest sphere of comprehension, the most judicious and best balanced composition, nor the deepest pathos of expression: his great prerogative consisted more in the unison than in the extent of his powers; he knew better what he could do, what ought to be done, at what point he could arrive, and what lay beyond his reach than any other artist. Grace of conception and refinement of taste were his elements, and went hand in hand with grace of execution and taste in finish, powerful and seldom possessed singly, irresistible when united: that he built both on the firm basis of the former system, not on its subversion, his well known contest of lines with Protogenes, not a legendary tale, but a well attested fact, irrefragably proves: what those lines were, drawn with nearly miraculous subtlety in different colours, one upon the other, or rather within each other, it would be equally unavailing and useless to inquire: but the corollaries we may deduce from the contest are obviously these: that the schools of

* Μαλλον δὲ Ἀπελλης ὁ ἑβραῖος παλαι ταυτην προὔλαβε την ἱκονα. Και γαρ ἂν και ὁυτος διαβληθεις προς Πτολεμαιον—

Λουκιανῶς περι του μ. ῥ. Π. Τ. Δ.

Greece recognized all one elemental principle; that acuteness and fidelity of eye and obedience of hand form precision, precision proportion, proportion beauty; that it is the "little more or less," imperceptible to vulgar eyes, which constitutes grace and establishes the superiority of one artist over another; that the knowledge of the degrees of things, or taste, presupposes a perfect knowledge of the things themselves; that colour, grace, and taste are ornaments not substitutes of form, expression, and character, and when they usurp that title, degenerate into splendid faults.

Such were the principles on which Apelles formed his *Venus*, or rather the personification of the birthday of Love, the wonder of art, the despair of artists; whose outline baffled every attempt at emendation, whilst imitation shrunk from the purity, the force, the brilliancy, the evanescent gradations of her tints.*

The refinements of the art were by Aristides of Thebes applied to the mind. The passions which history had organized for Timanthes, Aristides caught as they rose from the breast or escaped from the lips of nature herself; his volume was man, his scene society: he drew the subtle discriminations of mind in every stage of life, the whispers, the simple cry of passion and its most complex accents. Such, as history informs us, was the suppliant whose voice you seemed to hear, such his sick man's half extinguished eye and labouring breast, such the sister dying for her brother, and above all, the half-slain mother shuddering lest the eager babe should suck the blood from her palsied nipple. This picture was probably at Thebes, when Alexander sacked that town; what his feelings were when he saw it, we may guess from his sending it to Pella. Its expression, poised between the anguish of maternal affection and the pangs of death, gives to commiseration an image, which neither the infant piteously caressing his slain mother in the group of Epignonus,† nor the absorbed feature of the Niobe, nor the struggle of the Laocoon, excite. Timanthes had marked the limits that discriminate terror from the excess of horror: Aristides drew the line that separates it from disgust. His subject is one of those that touch the ambiguous line of a squeamish sense.—Taste and smell, as sources of tragic emotion, and in consequence of their power, commanding gesture, seem scarcely admissible in art or on the theatre, because their extremes are nearer allied to disgust, and loathsome or risible ideas, than to terror. The prophetic trance of Cassandra, who

* Apelles was probably the inventor of what artists call *glazing*. See Reynolds on Du Fresnoy, note 37, vol. iii.

† In-matri interfectæ infante miserabiliter blandiente. Plin. l. xxxiv. c. 9.

scents the prepared murder of Agamemnon at the threshold of the ominous hall; the desperate moan of Macbeth's queen on seeing the visionary spot still uneffaced infect her hand—are images snatched from the lap of terror—but soon would cease to be so, were the artist or the actress to enforce the dreadful hint with indiscreet expression or gesture. This, completely understood by Aristides, was as completely missed by his imitators, Raphael* in the *Morbetto*, and Poussin in his plague of the Philistines. In the group of Aristides our sympathy is immediately interested by the mother, still alive though mortally wounded, helpless, beautiful, and forgetting herself in the anguish for her child, whose situation still suffers hope to mingle with our fears; he is only approaching the nipple of the mother. In the group of Raphael, the mother dead of the plague, herself an object of apathy, becomes one of disgust, by the action of the man, who bending over her, at his utmost reach of arm, with one hand removes the child from the breast, whilst the other, applied to his nostrils, bars the effluvia of death. Our feelings alienated from the mother, come too late even for the child, who by his languor already betrays the mortal symptoms of the poison he imbibed at the parent corpse. It is curious to observe the permutation of ideas which takes place, as imitation is removed from the sources of nature: Poussin, not content with adopting the group of Raphael; once more repeats the loathsome attitude in the same scene; he forgot, in his eagerness to render the idea of contagion still more intuitive, that he was averting our feelings with ideas of disgust.

The refinements of expression were carried still farther by the disciple of Aristides, Euphranor the Isthmian, who excelled equally as painter and statuary, if we may form our judgment from the Theseus he opposed to that of Parrhasius and the bronze figure of Alexander Paris, in whom, says Pliny,† the umpire of the goddesses, the lover of Helen, and yet the murderer of Achilles might be traced. This account, which is evidently a quotation of Pliny's, and not the assumed verdict of a connoisseur, has been translated with an emphasis it does not admit of, to prove that an attempt to express different qualities or passions at once in the same object, must naturally tend to obliterate the effect of each. "Pliny, says our critic, observes,

* A design of Raphael, representing the lues of the Trojans in Creta, known by the print of Marc Antonio Raymondi.

† Reynold's *Disc.* V. vol. i. p. 120. Euphranoris Alexander Paris est: in quo laudatur quod omnia simul intelligantur, iudex dearum, amator Helenæ, et tamen Achillis interfector. Plin. l. xxxiv. 8.

that in a statue of Paris by Euphranor you might discover at the same time three different characters: the dignity of a judge of the goddesses, the lover of Helen, and the conqueror of Achilles. A statue in which you endeavour to unite stately dignity, youthful elegance and stern valour, must surely possess none of these to any eminent degree." The paraphrase, it is first to be observed, lends itself the mixtures to Pliny it disapproves of, we look in vain for the coalition of "stately dignity, stern valour, and youthful elegance" in the Paris *he* describes: the murderer of Achilles was not his conqueror. But may not dignity, elegance, and valour, or any other legitimate qualities, be visible at once in a figure without destroying the primary feature of its character, or impairing its expression? Let us appeal to the Apollo. Is he not a figure of character and expression, and does he not possess all three in a supreme degree? will it imply mediocrity of conception or confusion of character, if we were to say that his countenance, attitude, and form combines divine majesty, enchanting grace, and lofty indignation? yet not all three, one ideal whole irradiated the mind of the artist who conceived the divine semblance. He gave, no doubt, the preference of expression to the action in which the god is engaged, or rather, from the accomplishment of which he recedes with lofty and contemptuous ease.—This was the first impression he meant to make upon us; but what contemplation stops here? what hinders us when we consider the beauty of these features, the harmony of these forms, to find in them the abstract of all his other qualities, to roam over the whole history of his achievements? we see him enter the celestial synod and all the gods rise at his august appearance;* we see him sweep the plain after Daphne: precede Hector with the ægis and disperse the Greeks; strike Patroclus with his palm and decide his destiny.—And is the figure frigid because its great idea is inexhaustible? might we not say the same of the infant Hercules of Xeuxis or of Reynolds; did not the idea of the man inspire the hand that framed the mighty child? his magnitude, his crushing grasp, his energy of will, are only the germ, the prelude of the power that rid the earth of monsters, and which our mind pursues. Such was no doubt the Paris of Euphranor: he made his character so pregnant, that those who knew his history might trace in it the origin of all his future feats, though first impressed by the expression allotted to the predominant quality and moment. The acute inspector, the elegant umpire of female form receiving the contested pledge with a dignified pause, or with enamoured

* See the Hymn (ascribed to Homer) on Apollo.

eagerness presenting it to the arbitress of his destiny, was probably the predominant idea of the figure: whilst the deserter of Oenone, the seducer of Helen, the subtle archer, that future murderer of Achilles, lurked under the insidious eyebrow, and in the penetrating glance of beauty's chosen minion. Such appeared to me the character and expression of the sitting Paris in the voluptuous Phrygian dress, formerly in the cortile of the palace Altheims, at Rome. A figure nearly colossal, which many of you may remember, and a faint idea of whom may be gathered from the print among those in the collection published of the Museum Clementinum. A work, in my opinion, of the highest style and worthy of Euphranor, though I shall not venture to call it a repetition in marble of his bronze.

From these observations on the collateral and unsolicited beauties which must branch out from the primary expression of every great idea, it will not, I hope, be suspected, that I mean to invalidate the necessity of its unity, or to be the advocate of pedantic subdivision. All such division diminishes, all such mixtures impair the simplicity and clearness of expression: in the group of the Laocoon the frigid ecstasies of German criticism have discovered pity like a vapour swimming on the father's eyes; he is seen to suppress in the groan for his children the shriek for himself—his nostrils are drawn upward to express indignation at unworthy sufferings, whilst he is said at the same time to implore celestial help. To these are added the winged effects of the serpent-poison, the writhings of the body, the spasms of the extremities: to the miraculous organization of such expression, Agesander, the sculptor of the Laocoon, was too wise to lay claim. His figure is a class, it characterizes every beauty of virility verging on age; the prince, the priest, the father are visible, but absorbed in the man serve only to dignify the victim of one great expression; though poised by the artist, for us to apply the compass to the face of the Laocoon, is to measure the wave fluctuating in the storm: this tempestuous front, this contracted nose, the immersion of these eyes, and above all that longdrawn mouth, are, separate and united, seats of convulsion, features of nature struggling within the jaws of death.

LECTURE II.

ART OF THE MODERNS.

‘Οἱ τινες ἡγεμονες καὶ κοίρανοι ἦσαν.

Πληθὺν δ’ οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μνησσομαι οὐδ’ ὀνομήνω,

οὐδ’ εἰ μοι δέκα μὲν γλώσσαι, δέκα δὲ στόματ’ εἴην,

Φωνὴ δ’ ἀρρηκτος.

HOMER. ILIAD. B. 487.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction—different direction of the art. Preparative style—Masaccio—Lionardo da Vinci. Style of establishment—Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titiano Correggio. Style of refinement, and depravation. Schools—of Tuscany, Rome, Venice, Lombardy. The Eclectic school. Machinists. The German school—Albert Durer. The Flemish school—Rubens. The Dutch school—Rembrandt. Observations on art in Switzerland. The French school. The Spanish school. England—Conclusion.

IN the preceding discourse I have endeavoured to impress you with the general features of ancient art in its different periods of preparation, establishment, and refinement. We are now arrived at the epoch of its restoration in the fifteenth century of our era, when religion and wealth rousing emulation, reproduced its powers, but gave to their exertion a very different direction. The reigning church found itself indeed under the necessity of giving more splendour to the temples and mansions destined to receive its votaries, of subduing their senses with the charm of appropriate images and the exhibition of events and actions, which might stimulate their zeal and inflame their hearts: but the sacred mysteries of divine being, the method adopted by revelation, the duties its doctrine imposed, the virtues it demanded from its followers, faith, resignation, humility, sufferings, substituted a medium of art as much inferior to the resources of Paganism in a physical sense as incomparably superior in a spiritual one. Those public customs, that perhaps as much tended to spread the infections of vice as they facilitated the means of art, were no more; the heroism of the christian and his beauty were internal, and powerful or exquisite forms allied him no longer exclusively to his god. The chief repertory of the artist, the

sacred records, furnished indeed a sublime cosmogony, scenes of patriarchal simplicity and a poetic race, which left nothing to regret in the loss of heathen mythology; but the stem of the nation whose history is its exclusive theme, if it abounded in characters and powers fit for the exhibition of passions, did not teem with forms sufficiently exalted, to inform the artist and elevate the art. Ingredients of a baser cast mingled their alloy with the materials of grandeur and of beauty. Monastic legend and the rubric of martyrology claimed more than a legitimate share from the labours of the pencil and the chisel; made nudity the exclusive property of emaciated hermits or decrepit age; and if the breast of manhood was allowed to bare its vigour, or beauty to expand her bosom, the antidotes of terror and of horror were ready at their side to stem the apprehended infection of their charms. When we add to this the heterogeneous stock on which the reviving system of arts was grafted, a race indeed inhabiting a genial climate, but itself the fæces of barbarity, the remnants of gothic adventures, humanized only by the cross, mouldering amid the ruins of the temples they had demolished, the battered fragments of the images their rage had crushed—when we add this, I say, we shall less wonder at the languor of modern art in its rise and progress, than be astonished at the vigour by which it adapted and raised materials partly so unfit and defective, partly so contaminated to the magnificent system which we are to contemplate.

Sculpture had already produced respectable specimens of its reviving powers in the bassorelievos of Lorenzo Ghiberti, some works of Donato, and the Christ of Filippo Brunelleschi,* when the first symptoms of imitation appeared in the frescos of Tommaso da St. Giovanni, commonly called Masaccio, from the total neglect of his appearance and person:† Masaccio first conceived that parts are to constitute a whole; that composition ought to have a centre; expression, truth; and execution, unity: his line deserves attention, though his subjects led him not to investigation of form, and the shortness of his life forbade his extending those elements which Raphael, nearly a century

* See the account of this in Vasari; *vita di P. Bruneleschi*, tom. ii. 114. It is of wood, and still exists in the chapel of the family Gondi, in the church of S. Maria Novella. I know that near a century before Donato, Giotto is said to have worked in marble two bassorelievos on the campanile of the cathedral of Florence; they probably excel the style of his pictures, as much as the bronze works executed by Andrea Pisani, from his designs, at the door of the Battisterio.

† Masaccio da S. Giovanni di Valdarno was born in 1402, died in 1443. He was the pupil of Masolino da Panicale.

afterward, carried to perfection—it is sufficiently glorious for him to have been more than once copied by that great master of expression, and in some degree to have been the herald of his style: Masaccio lives more in the figure of Paul preaching on the Areopagus, of the celebrated cartoon in our possession, and in the borrowed figure of Adam expelled from paradise in the loggia of the Vatican, than in his own mutilated or retouched remains.

The essays of Masaccio in imitation and expression, Andrea Mantegna* attempted to unite with form; led by the contemplation of the antique, fragments of which he ambitiously scattered over his works: though a Lombard, and born prior to the discovery of the best ancient statues, he seems to have been acquainted with a variety of characters, from forms that remind us of the Apollo, Mercury or Meleager, down to the fauns and satyrs: but his taste was too crude, his fancy too grotesque, and his comprehension too weak to advert from the parts that remained to the whole that inspired them: hence in his figures of dignity or beauty we see not only the meagre forms of common models, but even their defects tacked to ideal Torso's; and his fauns and satyrs, instead of native luxuriance of growth and the sportive appendages of mixed being, are decorated with heraldic excrescences and arabesque absurdity. His triumphs are known to you all; they are a copious inventory of classic lumber, swept together with more industry than taste, but full of valuable materials. Of expression he was not ignorant: his burial of Christ furnished Raphael with the composition, and some of the features and attitudes in his picture on the same subject in the palace of the Borghese's—the figure of St. John, however, left out by Raphael, proves that Mantegna sometimes mistook grimace for the highest degree of grief. His oil-pictures exhibit little more than the elaborate anguish of missal-painting; his frescos destroyed at the construction of the Clementine museum, had freshness, freedom and imitation.

To Luca Signorelli, of Cortona,* nature more than atoned for the want of those advantages which the study of the antique had offered to Andrea Mantegna. He seems to have been the first who contemplated with a discriminating eye his object, saw what was accident and what essential; balanced light and shade, and decided the motion of his figures. He foreshortened with equal boldness and intelligence, and thence it is, probably, that Vasari fancies to have discovered in the last judgment of Michael Angelo traces of imitation from the

* Andrea Mantegna died at Mantoua 1517, aged 66.

† Luca Signorelli died at Cortona 1521, aged 82.

Lunetta, painted by Luca, in the church of the Madonna, at Orvieto; but the powers which animated him there, and before at Arezzo, are no longer visible in the gothic medley with which he filled two compartments in the chapel of Sixtus IV. at Rome.

Such was the dawn of modern art, when Lionardo da Vinci* broke forth with a splendour which distanced former excellence: made up of all the elements that constitute the essence of genius, favoured by education and circumstances, all ear, all eye, all grasp; painter, poet, sculptor, anatomist, architect, engineer, chymist, machinist, musician, man of science, and sometimes empiric,† he laid hold of every beauty in the enchanted circle, but without exclusive attachment to one, dismissed in her turn each. Fitter to scatter hints than to teach by example, he wasted life, insatiate in experiment. To a capacity which at once penetrated the principle and real aim of the art, he joined an inequality of fancy that at one moment lent him wings for the pursuit of beauty, and the next flung him on the ground to crawl after deformity: we owe him chiaroscuro with all its magic, we owe him caricature with all its incongruities. His notions of the most elaborate finish and his want of perseverance were at least equal:—want of perseverance alone could make him abandon his cartoon destined for the great council-chamber at Florence, of which the celebrated contest of horsemen was but one group: for to him who could organize that composition, Michael Angelo himself ought rather to have been an object of emulation than of fear: and that he was able to organize it, we may be certain from the remaining sketch in the ‘Etruria Pittrice’ lately published, but still more from the admirable print of it by Edelinck, after a drawing of Rubens, who was Lionardo’s great

* Lionardo da Vinci is said to have died in 1517, aged 75, at Paris.

† The flying birds of paste, the lions filled with lilies, the lizards with dragons’ wings, horned and silvered over, savour equally of the boy and the quack. It is singular enough that there exists not the smallest hint of Lorenzo de Medici having employed or noticed a man of such powers and such early celebrity; the legend which makes him go to Rome with Julian de Medici at the access of Leo X. to accept employment in the Vatican, whether sufficiently authentic or not, furnishes a characteristic trait of the man. The Pope passing through the room allotted for the pictures, and instead of designs and cartoons, finding nothing but an apparatus of distillery, of oils and varnishes, exclaimed, *Oimè, costui non è per far nulla, da che comincia a pensare alla fine innanz; il principio dell’opera!* From an admirable sonnet of Lionardo, preserved by Lomazzo, he appears to have been sensible of the inconstancy of his own temper, and full of wishes, at least, to correct it.

Much has been said of the honour he received by expiring in the arms of Francis I. It was indeed an honour, by which destiny in some degree atoned to that monarch for his future disaster at Pavia.

admirer, and has said much to impress us with the beauties of his Last Supper in the refectory of the Dominicans at Milano, which he abandoned likewise without finishing the head of Christ, exhausted by a wild chase after models for the heads and hands of the apostles: had he been able to conceive the centre, the radii must have followed of course.

Bartolomeo della Porta, or di S. Marco, the last master of this period,* first gave gradation to colour, form and masses to drapery, and a grave dignity, till then, unknown, to execution. If he was not endowed with the versatility and comprehension of Lionardo, his principles were less mixed with base matter and less apt to mislead him. As a member of a religious order, he confined himself to subjects and characters of piety, but the few nudities which he allowed himself to exhibit, show sufficient intelligence and still more style: he foreshortened with truth and boldness, and whenever the figure did admit of it, made his drapery the vehicle of the limb it invests. He was the true master of Raphael, whom his tuition weaned from the meanness of Pietro Perugino, and prepared for the mighty style of Michael Angelo Buonarroti.

Sublimity of conception, grandeur of form, and breadth of manner are the elements of Michael Angelo's style.† By these principles he selected or rejected the objections of imitation. As painter, as sculptor, as architect, he attempted, and above any other man succeeded to unite magnificence of plan and endless variety of subordinate parts with the utmost simplicity and breadth. His line is uniformly grand: character and beauty were admitted only as far as they could be made subservient to grandeur. The child, the female, meanness, deformity, were by him indiscriminately stamped with grandeur. A beggar rose from his hand the patriarch of poverty; the hump of his dwarf is impressed with dignity; his women are moulds of generation: his infants teem with the man: his men are a race of giants. This is the 'terribil via' hinted at by Agostino Carracci, though perhaps as little understood by the Bolognese as by the blindest of his Tuscan adorers, with Vasari at their head. To give the appearance of perfect ease to the most perplexing difficulty, was the exclusive power of Michael Angelo. He is the inventor of epic painting, in that sublime circle of the Sistine chapel, which exhibits the origin, the progress, and the final

* Frà. Bartolomeo died at Florence 1517, at the age of 43.

† Michael Angelo Buonarroti born at Castel-Caprese in 1474, died at Rome 1564, aged 90.

dispensations of theocracy. He has personified motion in the groups of the cartoon of Pisa; embodied sentiment on the monuments of St. Lorenzo, unravelled the features of meditation in the prophets and sibyls of the chapel of Sixtus; and in the last judgment, with every attitude that varies the human body, traced the master-trait of every passion that sways the human heart. Though as sculptor, he expressed the character of flesh more perfectly than all who went before or came after him, yet he never submitted to copy an individual; Julio the second only excepted, and in him he represented the reigning passion rather than the man.* In painting he contented himself with a negative colour, and as the painter of mankind, rejected all meretricious ornament.† The fabric of St. Peter, scattered into infinity of jarring parts by Bramante and his successors, he concentrated; suspended the cupola, and to the most complex gave the air of the most simple of edifices. Such, take him all in all, was M. Angelo, the salt of art: sometimes he no doubt had his moments of dereliction, deviated into manner, or perplexed the grandeur of his forms with futile and ostentatious anatomy: both met with armies of copyists, and it has been his fate to have been censured for their folly.

The inspiration of Michael Angelo was followed by the milder genius of Raphael Sanzio,‡ the father of dramatic painting, the painter of humanity; less elevated, less vigorous, but more insinuating, more pressing on our hearts, the warm master of our sympathies. What effect of human connexion, what feature of the mind, from the gentlest

* Like Silanion—'Apollodorum fecit, fictorem et ipsum, sed inter cunctos diligentissimum artis et inimicum sui judicem, crebro perfecta signa frangentem, dum satiare cupiditatem nequit artis, et ideo insanum cognominatum. Hoc in eo expressit, nec hominem ex ære fecit sed Iracundiam.' Plin. l. xxxiv. 7.

† When M. Angelo pronounced oil-painting to be *Arte da donna e da huomini agiati e infingardi*, a maxim to which the fierce Venetian manner has given an air of paradox, he spoke relatively to fresco: it was a lash on the short-sighted insolence of Sebastian del Piombo, who wanted to persuade Paul III. to have the last judgment painted in oil. That he had a sense for the beauties of oil colour, its glow, its justice, its richness, its pulp, the praises which he lavished on Titiano, whom he called the only painter, and his patronage of Frà Sebastian himself, evidently prove. When young, M. Angelo attempted oil-painting with success; the picture painted for Angelo Doni is an instance, and probably the only entire work of the kind that remains. The Lazarus, in the picture destined for the cathedral at Narbonne, rejects the claim of every other hand. The Leda, the cartoon of which, formerly in the palace of the Vecchietti at Florence, is now in the possession of W. Lock, Esq. the first judge of this age in whatever relates to the grand taste; the Leda was painted in distemper (a tempera); all small or large oil pictures shown as his, are copies from his designs or cartoons, by Marcello Venusti, Giacompo da Pontormo, Battista Franco, and Sebastian of Venice.

‡ Raphael Sanzio, of Urbino, died at Rome 1520, at the age of 37..

emotion to the most fervid burst of passion, has been left unobserved, has not received a characteristic stamp from that examiner of man? M. Angelo came to nature, nature came to Raphael—he transmitted her features like a lucid glass unstained, unmodified. We stand with awe before M. Angelo, and tremble at the height to which he elevates us—we embrace Raphael, and follow him wherever he leads us. Energy, with propriety of character, and modest grace poise his line and determine his correctness. Perfect human beauty he has not represented; no face of Raphael's is perfectly beautiful; no figure of his, in the abstract, possesses the proportions that could raise it to a standard of imitation: form to him was only a vehicle of character or pathos, and to those he adapted it in a mode and with a truth which leaves all attempts at emendation hopeless. His invention connects the utmost stretch of possibility with the most plausible degree of probability, in a manner that equally surprises our fancy, persuades our judgment, and affects our heart. His composition always hastens to the most necessary point as its centre, and from that disseminates, to that leads back as rays, all secondary ones. Group, form, and contrast are subordinate to the event, and common-place ever excluded. His expression, in strict unison with and decided by character, whether calm, animated, agitated, convulsed, or absorbed by the inspiring passion, unmixed and pure, never contradicts its cause, equally remote from tameness and grimace: the moment of his choice never suffers the action to stagnate or to expire; it is the moment of transition, the crisis big with the past and pregnant with the future.—If, separately taken, the line of Raphael has been excelled in correctness, elegance, and energy; his colour far surpassed in tone and truth, and harmony; his masses in roundness, and his chiaroscuro in effect—considered as instruments of pathos, they have never been equalled; and in composition, invention, expression, and the power of telling a story, he has never been approached.

Whilst the superior principles of the art were receiving the homage of Tuscany and Rome, the inferior but more alluring charm of colour began to spread its fascination at Venice, from the palette of Giorgione da Castel Franco,* and irresistibly entranced every eye that approached the magic of Titiano Vecelli of Cador.† To no colourist before or after him, did nature unveil herself with that dignified fami-

* Giorgio, from his size and beauty called Giorgione, was born at Castel Franco in the territory of Venice, 1478, and died at Venice, 1511.

† Titiano Vecelli, or, as the Venetians call him, Tizian, born at Cador in the Friulense, died at Venice, 1576, aged 99.

liarity in which she appeared to Titiano. His organ, universal and equally fit for all her exhibitions, rendered her simplest to her most compound appearances with equal purity and truth. He penetrated the essence and the general principle of the substances before him, and on these established his theory of colour. He invented that breadth of local tint which no imitation has attained; and first expressed the negative nature of shade: his are the charms of glazing, and the mystery of reflexes, by which he detached, rounded, connected, or enriched his objects. His harmony is less indebted to the force of light and shade, or the artifices of contrast, than to a due balance of colour, equally remote from monotony and spots. His backgrounds seem to be dictated by nature. Landscape, whether it be considered as the transcript of a spot, or the rich combination of congenial objects, or as the scene of a phenomenon, dates its origin from him: he is the father of portrait painting, of resemblance with form, character with dignity, and costume with subordination.

Another charm was yet wanting to complete the round of art—harmony: it appeared with Antonio Læti* called Correggio, whose works it attended like an enchanted spirit. The harmony and the grace of Correggio are proverbial: the medium which by breadth of gradation unites two opposite principles, the coalition of light and darkness by imperceptible transition, are the element of his style.—This inspires his figures with grace, to this their grace is subordinate: the most appropriate, the most elegant attitudes were adopted, rejected, perhaps sacrificed to the most awkward ones, in compliance with this imperious principle: parts vanished, were absorbed, or emerged in obedience to it. This unison of a whole, predominates over all that remains of him, from the vastness of his cupolâs to the smallest of his oil-pictures.—The harmony of Correggio, though assisted by exquisite hues, was entirely independent of colour: his great organ was chiaroscuro in its most extensive sense; compared with the expanse in which he floats, the effects of Lionardo da Vinci are little more than the dying ray of evening, and the concentrated flash of Giorgione discordant abruptness. The bland central light of a globe, imperceptibly gliding through lucid demi-tints into rich reflected shades, composes the spell of Correggio, and affects us with the soft emotions of a delicious dream.

* The birth and life of Antonio Allegri, or as he called himself Læti, surnamed Correggio, is more involved in obscurity than the life of Apelles. Whether he was born in 1490 or 94 is not ascertained; the time of his death in 1534 is more certain. The best account of him has undoubtedly been given by A. R. Mengs in his *Memorie concernenti la vita e le opere di Antonio Allegri denominato il Correggio*. Vol. ii. of his works, published by the Spaniard D. G. Niccola d'Azara.

Such was the ingenuity that prepared, and such the genius that raised to its height the fabric of modern art. Before we proceed to the next epoch, let us make an observation :

Form not your judgment of an artist from the exceptions which his conduct may furnish, from the exertions of accidental vigour, some deviations into other walks, or some unpremeditated flights of fancy, but from the predominant rule of his system, the general principle of his works. The line and style of Titian's design, sometimes expand themselves like those of Michael Angelo. His Abraham prevented from sacrificing Isaac ; his David adoring over the giant-trunk of Goliath ; the Friar escaping from the murderer of his companion in the forest, equal in loftiness of conception and style of design, their mighty tone of colour and daring execution : the heads and groups of Raphael's frescos and portraits sometimes glow and palpitate with the tints of Titian, or coalesce in masses of harmony, and undulate with graces superior to those of Correggio ; who in his turn once reached the highest summit of invention, when he embodied silence and personified the mysteries of love in the voluptuous group of Jupiter and Io ; and again exceeded all competition of expression in the divine features of his *Ecce-Homo*. But these sudden irradiations, these flashes of power are only exceptions from their wonted principles ; pathos and character own Raphael for their master, colour remains the domain of Titian, and harmony the sovereign mistress of Correggio.

The resemblance which marked the two first periods of ancient and modern art, vanishes altogether as we extend our view to the consideration of the third, or that of refinement, and the origin of schools. The pre-eminence of ancient art, as we have observed, was less the result of superior powers, than of simplicity of aim and uniformity of pursuit. The Helladic and the Ionian schools appear to have concurred in directing their instruction to the grand principles of form and expression : this was the stamen which they drew out into one immense connected web. The talents that succeeded genius, applied and directed their industry and polish to decorate the established system, the refinements of taste, grace, sentiment, colour, adorned beauty, grandeur, and expression. The Tuscan, the Roman, the Venetian, and the Lombard schools, whether from incapacity, want of education, of adequate or dignified encouragement, meanness of conception, or all these together, separated, and in a short time substituted the medium for the end. Michael Angelo lived to see the electric shock which his design and style had given to art, propagated by the Tuscan and Venetian schools, as the ostentatious vehicle of puny conceits and emblematic quibbles,

or the palliative of empty pomp and degraded luxuriance of colour. He had been copied, but was not imitated by Andrea Vannucchi, surnamed del Sarto, who in his series of pictures on the life of John the Baptist, in preference adopted the meagre style of Albert Durer. The artist who appears to have penetrated deepest to his mind, was Pelegrino Tibaldi, of Bologna;* celebrated as the painter of the frescos in the academic institute of that city, and as the architect of the Escorial under Philip II. The compositions, groups, and single figures of the institute exhibit a singular mixture of extraordinary vigour and puerile imbecility of conception, of character, and caricature, of style and manner. Polypheme groping at the mouth of his cave for Ulysses, and Æolus granting him favourable winds, are striking instances of both: than the cyclops, Michael Angelo himself never conceived a form of savage energy, with attitude and limbs more in unison; whilst the god of winds is degraded to a scanty and ludicrous semblance of Thersites, and Ulysses with his companions travestied by the semi-barbarous look and costume of the age of Constantine or Attila; the manner of Michael Angelo is the style of Pelegrino Tibaldi; from him Golzius, Hemskerk, and Spranger borrowed the compendium of the Tuscan's peculiarities. With this mighty talent, however, Michael Angelo seems not to have been acquainted, but by that unaccountable weakness incident to the greatest powers, and the severe remembrancer of their vanity, he became the superintendant and assistant tutor of the Venetian Sebastiano,† and of Daniel Ricciarelli, of Volterra;‡ the first of whom, with an exquisite eye for individual, had no sense for ideal colour, whilst the other rendered great diligence and much anatomical erudition, useless by meagerness of line and sterility of ideas: how far Michael Angelo succeeded in initiating either in his principles, the far-famed pictures of the resuscitation of Lazarus, by the first, once in the cathedral of Narbonne, and since inspected by us all at the Lyceum here,§ and the fresco of the descent from the cross, in the church of La Trinità del Monte, at Rome, by the second, sufficiently evince: pictures which combine the most heterogeneous principles. The group of Lazarus in Sebastian del Piombo's, and that of the women, with the figure of Christ, in Daniel Ricciarelli's, not only breathe the sublime conception that inspired, but the master-hand that shaped them:

* Pelegrino Tibaldi died at Milano in 1592, aged 70.

† Sebastiano, afterwards called del Piombo from the office of the papal signet, died at Rome in 1547, aged 62.

‡ Daniel Ricciarelli, of Volterra, died in 1566, aged 57.

§ Now the first ornament of the exquisite collection of J. J. Angerstein, Esq.

offsprings of Michael Angelo himself, models of expression, style, and breadth, they cast on all the rest an air of inferiority, and only serve to prove the incongruity of partnership between unequal powers; this inferiority however is respectable, when compared with the depravations of Michael Angelo's style by the remainder of the Tuscan school, especially those of Giorgio Vasari,* the most superficial artist and the most abandoned mannerist of his time, but the most acute observer of men and the most dexterous flatterer of princes. He overwhelmed the palaces of the Medici and of the popes, the convents and churches of Italy, with a deluge of mediocrity, commended by rapidity and shameless 'bravura' of hand: he alone did more work than all the artists of Tuscany together, and to him may be truly applied, what he had the insolence to say of Tintoretto, that he turned the art into a boy's toy.

Whilst Michael Angelo was doomed to lament the perversion of his style, death prevented Raphael from witnessing the gradual decay of his. The exuberant fertility of Julio Papi called Romano,† and the less extensive but classic taste of Polydoro da Caravagio deserted indeed the standard of their master, but with a dignity and magnitude of compass which command respect. It is less from his tutored works in the Vatican, than from the colossal conceptions, the pathetic or sublime allegories, and the voluptuous reveries which enchant the palace del T, near Mantoua, that we must form our estimate of Julio's powers; they were of a size to challenge all competition, had he united purity of taste and delicacy of mind with energy and loftiness of thought; as they are, they resemble a mighty stream, sometimes flowing in a full and limpid vein, but oftener turbid with rubbish. He has left models for composition from the most extensive to its most compact species; to a primeval simplicity of conception in his mythologic subjects, which transports us to the golden age of Hésiod, he joined a rage for the grotesque; to uncommon powers of expression a decided attachment to deformity and grimace, and to the warmest and most genial imagery, the most ungenial colour.

With nearly equal, but still more mixed fertility, Francesco Primaticcio‡ propagated the style and the conceptions of his master Julio on the gallic side of the Alps, and with the assistance of Nicolor commonly called Dell' Abbate after him, filled the palaces of Francis I

* Giorgio Vasari, or Arezzo, died in 1584, aged 68.

† Julio Papi, called Romano, died at Mantoua in 1546, aged 54.

‡ Francesco Primaticcio, made Abbé de St. Martin de Troyes, by Francis I. died in France 1570, aged 80.

with mythologic and allegoric works, in frescos of an energy and depth of tone till then unknown. Theirs is the cyclus of pictures from the *Odyssea* of Homer at Fontainebleau, a mine of classic and picturesque materials: they are decayed, and we may estimate their loss, even through the disguise of the mannered and feeble etchings of Theodore Van Tulpden.

The compact style of Polydoro,* formed on the antique, such as it is exhibited in the best series of the Roman military bassrelievos, is more monumental, than imitative or characteristic. But the virility of his taste, the impassioned motion of his groups, the simplicity, breadth, and never excelled elegance and probability of his drapery, with the forcible chiaroscuro of his compositions, make us regret the narrowness of the walk to which he confined his powers.

No painter ever painted his own mind so forcibly as Michael Angelo Amerigi, surnamed Il Caravaggi.† To none nature ever set limits with a more decided hand. Darkness gave him light; into his melancholy cell light stole only with a pale reluctant ray, or broke on it, as flashes on a stormy night. The most vulgar forms he recommended by ideal light and shade, and a tremendous breadth of manner.

The aim and manner of the Roman school deserve little further notice here, till the appearance of Nicolas Poussin,‡ a Frenchman, but grafted on the Roman stock. Bred under Simon Varin, a French painter of mediocrity, he found on his arrival in Italy that he had more to unlearn than to follow of his master's principles, renounced the national character, and not only with the utmost ardour adopted, but suffered himself to be wholly absorbed by the antique. Such was his attachment to the ancients, that it may be said he less imitated their spirit than copied their relics and painted sculpture; the costume, the mythology, the rites of antiquity were his element; his scenery, his landscape are pure classic ground. He has left specimens to show that he was sometimes sublime, and often in the highest degree pathetic, but history in the strictest sense was his property, and in that he ought to be followed. His agents only appear, to tell the fact, they are subordinate to the story. Sometimes he attempted to tell a story that cannot be told: of his historic dignity the celebrated series of Sacraments; of his sublimity, the vision he gave to Coriolanus; of his pathetic power, the infant Pyrrhus; and of the vain attempt to tell by

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figures what words alone can tell, the testament of Eudamidas, are striking instances. His eye, though impressed with the tint, and breadth, and imitation of Titiano, seldom inspired him to charm with colour, crudity and patches frequently deform his effects. He is unequal in his style of design; sometimes his comprehension fails him, he supplies, like Pietro Testa, ideal heads and torsos with limbs and extremities transcribed from the model. Whether from choice or want of power he has seldom executed his conceptions on a larger scale than that which bears his name, and which has perhaps as much contributed to make him the darling of this country, as his merit.

The wildness of Salvator Rosa* opposes a powerful contrast to the classic regularity of Poussin. Terrific and grand in his conceptions of inanimate nature, he was reduced to attempts of hiding, by boldness of hand, his inability of exhibiting her impassioned, or in the dignity of character: his line is vulgar: his magic visions less founded on the principles of terror than on mythologic trash and caprice, are to the probable combinations of nature, what the paroxysms of a fever are to the flights of vigorous fancy. Though so much extolled and so ambitiously imitated, his banditti are a medley made up of starveling models, shreds and bits of armour from his lumber room, brushed into notice by a daring pencil. Salvator was a satirist and a critic, but the rod which he had the insolence to lift against the nudities of Michael Angelo, and the anachronism of Raphael, would have been better employed in chastising his own misconceptions.

The principle of Titiano, less pure in itself and less decided in its object of imitation, did not suffer so much from its more or less appropriate application by his successors, as the former two. Colour once in a very high degree attained, disdains subordination and engrosses the whole. Mutual similarity attracts. Body tends to body as mind to mind, and he who has once gained supreme dominion over the eye, will hardly resign it to court the more coy approbation of mind, of a few opposed to nearly all. Add to this the character of the place and the nature of the encouragement held out to the Venetian artists. Venice was the centre of commerce, the repository of the riches of the globe, the splendid toy shop of the time: its chief inhabitants princely merchants, or a patrician race elevated to rank by accumulations from trade, or naval prowess; the bulk of the people mechanics or artisans, administering the means, and in their turn fed by the produce of luxury. Of such a system, what could the art be more than the parasite?

* Salvator Rosa, surnamed Salvatoriello, died at Rome 1673, aged 59.

Religion itself had exchanged its gravity for the allurements of ear and eye, and even sanctity disgusted, unless arrayed by the gorgeous hand of fashion—Such was, such will always be the birth-place and the theatre of colour: and hence it is more matter of wonder that the first and greatest colourists should so long have forborne to overstep the modesty of nature in the use of that alluring medium, than that they yielded by degrees to its golden solicitations.*

The principle of Correggio vanished with its author, though it found numerous imitators of its parts. Since him, no eye has conceived that expanse of harmony with which the voluptuous sensibility of his mind arranged and enchanted all visible nature. His grace, so much vaunted and so little understood, was adopted and improved to elegance by Francesco Mazzuoli, called Parmegiano,† but instead of making her the measure of propriety he degraded her to affectation: in Parmegiano's figures action is the adjective of the posture; the accident of attitude; they 'make themselves air, into which they vanish.' That disengaged play of delicate forms, the 'Sveltezza' of the Italians, is

* Of the portraits which Raphael in fresco scattered over the compositions of the Vatican, we shall find an opportunity to speak. But in oil the real style of portrait began at Venice with Giorgione, flourished in Sebastian del Piombo, and was carried to perfection by Titiano, who filled the masses of the first without entangling himself in the minute details of the second. Tintoretto, Bassan, and Paolo of Verona, followed the principle of Titiano. After these, it migrated from Italy to reside with the Spaniard Diego Velasquez; from whom Rubens and Vandyck attempted to transplant it to Flanders, France, and England, with unequal success. France seized less on the delicacy than on the affectation of Vandyck, and soon turned the art of representing men and women into a mere remembrancer of fashions and airs. England had possessed Holbein, but it was reserved for the German Lely, and his successor Kneller, to lay the foundation of a manner, which, by pretending to unite portrait with history, gave a retrograde direction for near a century to both. A mob of shepherds and shepherdesses in flowing wigs and dressed curls, ruffled Endymion's, humble Juno's, withered Hebe's, surly Allegroes and smirking Pensierosa's usurped the place of truth, propriety, and character. Even the lamented powers of the greatest painter, whom this country and perhaps our age produced, long vainly struggled, and scarcely in the eve of life succeeded to emancipate us from this dastard taste.

† Francesco Mazzuoli, called il Parmegiano, died at Casal Maggiore in 1540, at the age of 36. The magnificent picture of the St. John, we speak of, was begun by order of the Lady Maria Bufalina, and destined for the church of St. Salvatore del Lauro at Città di Castello. It probably never received the last hand of the master, who fled from Rome, where he painted it, at the sacking of that city, under Charles Bourbon, in 1527; it remained in the refectory of the convent della Pace for several years, was carried to Città di Castello by Messer Giulio Bufalini, and is now in England. The Moses, a figure in fresco at Parma, together with Raphael's figure of God in the vision of Ezekiel, is said by Mr. Mason, to have furnished Gray with the head and action of his bard: if that was the case, he would have done well to acquaint us with the poet's method of making 'Placidis coire immitia.'

the prerogative of Parmegiano, though nearly always obtained at the expense of proportion. His grandeur as conscious as his grace, sacrifices the motive to the mode, simplicity to contrast: his St. John loses the fervour of the apostle in the orator; his Moses the dignity of the lawgiver in the savage. With incredible force of chiaroscuro, he united bland effects and fascinating hues, but their frequent ruins teach the important lesson, that the mixtures which anticipate the beauties of time, are big with the seeds of premature decay.

Such was the state of the art, when, towards the decline of the sixteenth century, Lodovico Carracci,* with his cousins Agostino and Annibale, founded at Bologna that eclectic school which by selecting the beauties, correcting the faults, supplying the defects and avoiding the extremes of the different styles, attempted to form a perfect system. But as the mechanic part was their only object, they did not perceive that the projected union was incompatible with the leading principle of each master. Let us hear this plan from Agostino Carracci himself, as it is laid down in his sonnet† on the ingredients required to form a

* Lodovico Carracci died at Bologna 1619, aged 64.

Agostino Carracci died at Parma in 1602, at the age of 44. His is the St. Girolamo in the Certosa, near Bologna, his, the Thetis with the nereids, cupids, and tritons, in the gallery of the palace Farnese. Why, as an engraver, he should have wasted his powers on the large plate from the crucifixion, painted by Tintoretto, in the hospio of the school of St. Rocco, a picture of which he could not express the tone, its greatest merit, is not easy unridled. Annibale Carracci died at Rome in 1609, at the age of 49.

† SONNET OF AGOSTINO CARRACCI.

Chi farsi un buon Pittor cerca, e desia,
Il disegno di Roma habbia alla mano,
La mossa coll' ombrar Veneziano,
E il degno colorir di Lombardia.

Di Michel' Angiol la terribil via,
Il vero natural di Tiriano,
Del Correggio lo stil puro, e sovrano,
E di un Rafel la giusta simetria.

Del Tibaldi il decoro, e il fondamento,
Del dotto Primaticcio l'inventare,
E un po di gratia del Parmigianino.

Ma senza tanti studi, e tanto stento,
Si ponga l'opre solo ad imitare,
Che qui lascioci il nostro Niccolino.

Malvasia, author of the *Felsina Pittrice*, has made this sonnet the text to his drowsy rhapsody on the frescoes of Lodovico Carracci and some of his scholars, in the cloisters of St. Michele, in Bosco, by Bologna. He circumscribes the '*Mossa Veneziana*,' of the sonnet, by '*Quel strepitoso motivo et quel divincelamento*,' peculiar to Tintoretto.

perfect painter, if that may be called a sonnet, which has more the air of medical prescription. 'Take,' says Agostino, 'the design of Rome, Venetian motion and shade, the dignified tone of Lombardy's colour, the terrible manner of Michael Angelo, the just symmetry of Raphael, Titiano's truth of nature, and the sovereign purity of Correggio's style: add to these the decorum and solidity of Tibaldi, the learned invention of Primaticcio, and a little of Parmegiano's grace: but to save so much study, such weary labour, apply your imitation to the works which our dear Nicolo has left us here.' Of such advice, balanced between the tone of regular breeding and the cant of an empiric, what could be the result? excellence or mediocrity? who ever imagined that a multitude of dissimilar threads could compose a uniform texture, that dissemination of spots would make masses, or a little of many things produce a legitimate whole? indiscriminate imitation must end in the extinction of character, and that in mediocrity—the cypher of art.

And were the Carracci such? separate the precept from the practice, the artist from the teacher; and the Carracci are in possession of my submissive homage. Lodovico, far from implicitly subscribing to a master's dictates, was the sworn pupil of nature. To a modest style of form, to a simplicity eminently fitted for those subjects of religious gravity which his taste preferred, he joined that solemnity of hue, that sober twilight, the air of cloistered meditation, which you have so often heard recommended as the proper tone of historic colour. Too often content to rear the humble graces of his subject, he seldom courted elegance, but always, when he did, with enviable success. Even now, though nearly in a state of evanescence, the three nymphs in the garden scene of St. Michele in Bosco, seem moulded by the hand, inspired by the breath of love. Agostino, with a singular modesty which prompted him rather to propagate the fame of others by his graver, than by steady exertion to rely on his own power for perpetuity of name, combined with some learning a cultivated taste, correctness, though not elegance of form, and a corregiesque colour. Annibale, superior to both in power of execution and academic prowess, was inferior to either in taste and sensibility and judgment; for the most striking proof of this inferiority I appeal to his master-work, the work on which he rests his fame, the gallery of the Farnese palace: a work whose uniform vigour of execution, nothing can equal but its imbecility and incongruity of conception. If impropriety of ornament were to be fixed by definition, the subjects of the Farnese gallery might be quoted as the most decisive instances. Criticism has attempted to dismiss Paolo Veronese and Tintoretto from the province

of legitimate history with the contemptuous appellation of ornamental painters, not for having painted subjects inapplicable to the public and private palaces, the churches and convents, which they were employed to decorate, but because they treated them sometimes without regard to costume, or the simplicity due to sacred, heroic, or allegoric subjects : if this be just, where shall we class him, who with the *Capella Sistina*, and the Vatican before his eye, fills the mansion of religious austerity and episcopal dignity with a chaotic series of trite fable and bacchanalian revelry, without allegory, void of allusion, merely to gratify the puerile ostentation of dauntless execution and academic vigour? if the praise given to a work be not always transferable to its master; if, as Milton says, 'the work some praise and some the architect,' let us admire the splendour, the exuberance, the concentration of powers displayed in the Farnese gallery, whilst we lament their misapplication by Annibale Carracci.

The heterogeneous principle of the eclectic school soon operated its own dissolution: the great talents which the Carracci had tutored, soon found their own bias, and abandoned themselves to their own peculiar taste. Barto, Schidone, Guido Reni,* Giovanni Lanfranco, Francesco Albani, Domenico Zampieri, and Francesco Barbieri, called Guercino, differed as much in their objects of imitation as their names. Schidone, all of whose mind was in his eye, embraced, and often to meaner subjects applied the harmony and colour of Correggio, whilst Lanfranco strove, but strove without success, to follow him through the expanse of his creation and masses. Grace attracted Guido, but it was the studied grace of theatres: his female forms are abstracts of antique beauty, attended by languishing attitudes, arrayed by voluptuous fashions. His male forms, transcripts of models, such as are found in a genial climate, are sometimes highly characteristic of dignified manhood or apostolic fervour, like his Peter and Paul, formerly in the Zampieri at Bologna: sometimes stately, courteous, insipid, like his Paris attending Helen, more with the air of an ambassador, by proxy, than carrying her off with a lover's fervour. His Aurora deserved to precede a more majestic sun, and hours less clumsy: his colour varies with his style, sometimes bland and harmonious, sometimes vigorous and stern, sometimes flat and insipid. Albano, chiefly attracted by soft mythologic conceits, formed nereids and oreads on

* Guido Reni died in 1642, aged 68. Giov. Lanfranco died at Naples in 1647, aged 66. Franc. Albani died in 1660, aged 82. Domenico Zampieri, called il Domenichino, died in 1641, aged 60. Franc. Barbieri, of Cento, called il Guercino, from a cast in his eye, died in 1667, aged 76.

plump Venetian models, and contrasted their pearly hues with the rosy tints of loves, the juicy brown of fauns and satyrs, and rich marine or sylvan scenery. Domenichino, more obedient than the rest to his masters, aimed at the beauty of the antique, the expression of Raphael, the vigour of Annibale, the colour of Lodovico, and mixing something of each, fell short of all; whilst Guercino broke like a torrent over all academic rules, and with an ungovernable itch of copying whatever lay in his way, sacrificed mind, form, and costume, to effects of colour, fierceness of chiaroscuro, and intrepidity of hand.

Such was the state of art, when the spirit of machinery, in submission to the vanities and upstart pride of papal nepotism, destroyed what yet was left of meaning; when equilibration, contrast, grouping, engrossed composition, and poured a deluge of gay common-place over the platfonds, pannels, and cupolas of palaces and temples. Those who could not conceive a figure singly, scattered multitudes; to count, was to be poor. The rainbow and the seasons were ransacked for their hues, and every eye became the tributary of the great, but abused talents of Pietro da Cortona, and the fascinating but debauched and empty facility of Luca Giordano.*

The same revolution of mind that had organized the arts of Italy, spread, without visible communication, to Germany, and towards the decline of the fifteenth century, the uncouth essays of Martin Schön, Michael Wolgemuth, and Albrecht Altorfer, were succeeded by the finer polish and the more dextrous method of Albert Durer. The indiscriminate use of the words genius and talent has perhaps no where caused more confusion than in the classification of artists. Albert Durer was, in my opinion, a man of great ingenuity, without being a genius. He studied, and, as far as his penetration reached, established certain proportions of the human frame, but he did not invent a style: every work of his is a proof that he wanted the power of imitation, of concluding from what he saw, to what he did not see, that he copied rather than selected the forms that surrounded him, and sans remorse tacked deformity and meagerness to fulness, and sometimes to beauty.†

* Pietro Berretini, of Cortona, the painter of the ceiling in the Barberini hall, and of the gallery in the lesser Pamphili palace; the vernal suavity of whose fresco-tints no pencil ever equalled, died at Rome 1669, aged 73. Luca Giordano, nick-named *Fapresto*, or *Dispatch*, from the rapidity of its execution, the greatest machinist of his time, died in 1705, aged 76.

† We are informed by the Editor of the Latin translation of Albert Durer's book, on the symmetry of the parts of the human frame, (*Parisiis, in officina Caroli Perier in vico Bellovaco, sub Bellerophonte, 1557, fol.*) that, during Albert's stay at Venice, where he resided for a short time, to procure redress from the Signoria, for the forgery of

Such is his design ; in composition copious without taste, anxiously precise in parts, and unmindful of the whole, he has rather shown us what to avoid than what to follow. He sometimes had a glimpse of the sublime, but it was only a glimpse : the expanded agony of Christ on the mount of Olives, and the mystic conception of his figure of Melancholy, are thoughts of sublimity, though the expression of the last is weakened by the rubbish he has thrown about her. His Knight, attended by Death and the Fiend, is more capricious than terrible ; and his Adam and Eve are two common models shut up in a rocky dungeon. If he approached genius in any part of art, it was in colour. His colour went beyond his age, and as far excelled in truth and breadth and handling the oil colour of Raphael, as Raphael excels him in every other quality. I speak of easel-pictures—his drapery is broad though much too angular, and rather snapt than folded. Albert is called the father of the German school, though he neither reared scholars, nor was imitated by the German artists of his or the succeeding century. That the exportation of his works to Italy should have effected a temporary change in the principles of some Tuscans who had studied Michael Angelo, of Andrea del Sarto, and Jacopo da Pontormo, is a fact which proves that minds at certain periods may be subject to epidemic influence as well as bodies.

Lucas of Leyden* was the Dutch caricature of Albert ; but the forms of Aldegraver, Sebald Beheim, and George Pentz, appear to have been the result of careful inspection of Marc Antonio's prints

Marc Antonio, he became familiar with Giovanni Bellini : and that Andrea Mantegna, who had heard of his arrival in Italy, and had conceived a high opinion of his execution and fertility, sent him a message of invitation to Mantoua, for the express purpose of giving him an idea of that form of which he himself had obtained a glimpse from the contemplation of the antique. Andrea was then ill, and expired (1517) before Albert, who immediately prepared to set out for Mantoua, could profit by his instructions. This disappointment, says my author, Albert never ceased to lament during his life. How fit the Mantouan was to instruct the German, is not the question here ; but Albert's regret seems to prove that he felt a want which his model could not supply ; and that he had too just an idea of the importance of the art to be proud of dexterity of finger or facility of execution, when employed on objects essentially defective or comparatively trifling. The following personal account of Albert deserves to be given in the Latin Editor's own words : ' E Pannonia oriundum accepimus—Erat caput argutum, oculi micantes, nasus honestus et quem Græci *Τετράγωνον* vocant ; proceriusculum collum, pectus amplum, castigatus ventur, femora nervosa, crura stabilia : sed digitis nihil dixisses vidisse elegantius.'

Albert Durer was the scholar of Martin Schön and Michael Wolgemuth, and died at Nuremberg in 1528, aged 57.

* Lucas Jacob, called Lucas of Leyden, and by the Italians, Luca d'Ollanda, died at Leyden in 1533.

from Raphael, of whom Pentz was a scholar; and ere long the style of Michael Angelo, as adopted by Pelegrino Tibaldi, and spread by the graver of Giorgio Mantuano, provoked those caravans of German, Dutch, and Flemish students, who on their return from Italy, at the courts of Prague and Munich, in Flanders and the Netherlands, introduced that preposterous manner, the bloated excrescence of swampy brains, which in the form of man left nothing human, distorted action and gesture with insanity of affectation, and dressed the gewgaws of children in colossal shapes; the style of Golzius and Spranger, Heynz and ab Ach: but though content to feed on the husks of Tuscan design, they imbibed the colour of Venice, and spread the elements of that excellence which distinguished the succeeding schools of Flanders and of Holland.

This frantic pilgrimage to Italy ceased at the apparition of the two meteors of art, Peter Paul Rubens,* and Rembrandt Van Rhyn; both of whom disdaining to acknowledge the usual laws of admission to the temple of fame, boldly forged their own keys, entered and took possession, each, of a most conspicuous place, by his own power. Rubens, born at Cologne, in Germany, but brought up at Antwerp, then the depository of western commerce, a school of religious and classic learning, and the pompous seat of Austrian and Spanish superstition, met these advantages with an ardour and success of which ordinary minds can form no idea, if we compare the period at which he is said to have seriously applied himself to painting, under the tuition of Otho Van Veen, with the unbounded power he had acquired over the instruments of art when he set out for Italy; where we instantly discover him not as the pupil, but as the successful rival of the masters whose works he had selected for the objects of his emulation. Endowed with a full comprehension of his own character, he wasted not a moment on the acquisition of excellence incompatible with its fervour, but flew to the centre of his ambition, Venice, and soon compounded from the splendor of Paolo Veronese and the glow of Tintoretto, that florid system of mannered magnificence which is the element of his art and the principle of his school. He first spread that ideal pallet, which reduced to its standard the variety of nature, and once methodized, whilst his mind tuned the method, shortened or superseded individual imitation. His scholars, however dissimilar in themselves, saw with the

* Peter Paul Rubens, of Cologne, the disciple of Adam Van Ort and Otho Venius, died at or near Antwerp in 1641, aged 63.

See the admirable character given of him by Sir Joshua Reynolds, annexed to his journey to Flanders, vol. ii. of his works.

eye of their master; the eye of Rubens was become the substitute of nature: still the mind alone that had balanced these tints, and weighed their powers, could apply them to their objects, and determine their use in the pompous display of historic and allegoric magnificence; for that they were selected, for that the gorgeous nosegay swelled: but when in the progress of depraved practice they became the mere palliatives of mental impotence, empty representatives of themselves, the supporters of nothing but clumsy forms and clumsier conceits, they can only be considered as splendid improprieties, as the substitutes for wants which no colour can palliate and no tint supply.

In this censure I am under no apprehension of being suspected to include either the illustrious name of Vandyck,* or that of Abraham Diepenbeck. Vandyck, more elegant, more refined, to graces which the genius of Rubens dispensed him from courting, joined that exquisite taste, which in following the general principle of his master, moderated, and adapted its application to his own pursuits. His sphere was portrait, and the imitation of Titiano insured him the second place in that. The fancy of Diepenbeck, though not so exuberant, if I be not mistaken, excelled in sublimity the imagination of Rubens: his Bellerophon, Hippolytus, Ixion, Sisyphus, fear no competitor among the productions of his master.

Rembrandt† was, in my opinion, a genius of the first class in whatever relates not to form. In spite of the most portentous deformity, and without considering the spell of his chiaroscuro, such were his powers of nature, such the grandeur, pathos, or simplicity of his composition, from the most elevated or extensive arrangement to the meanest and most homely, that the best cultivated eye, the purest sensibility, and the most refined taste dwell on them, equally enthralled. Shakspeare alone excepted, no one combined with so much transcendent excellence, so many, in all other men unpardonable faults—and reconciled us to them. He possessed the full empire of light and shade, and of all the tints that float between them: he tinged his pencil with equal success in the cool of dawn, in the noon day ray, in the livid flash, in evanescent twilight, and rendered darkness visible. Though made to bend a stedfast eye on the bolder phenomena of nature, yet he knew how to follow her into her calmest abodes, gave interest to insipidity or baldness, and plucked a flower in every desert. None ever like

* Anthony Vandyck died in London, 1641, at the age of 42.—The poetic conception of Abraham Diepenbeck may be estimated from the *Temple des Muses* of Mr. de Marolles; re-edited but not improved by Bernard Picart.

† Rembrandt died, at Amsterdam in 1674, aged 68.

Rembrandt knew to improve an accident into a beauty, or give importance to a trifle. If ever he had a master he had no followers; Holland was not made to comprehend his power. The succeeding school of colourists were content to tip the cottage, the hamlet, the boor, the ale-pot, the shambles, and the haze of winter, with orient hues, or the glow of setting summer suns.

In turning our eye to Switzerland we shall find great powers without great names, those of Hans Holbein* and Francis Mola only excepted. But the scrupulous precision, the high finish, and the tizianesque colour of Hans Holbein, would make the least part of his excellence, if his right to that series of emblematic groups, known under the name of Holbein's Dance of Death, had not, of late, been too successfully disputed. From Belinzona to Basle, invention appears to have been the characteristic of Helvetic art: the works of Tobias Stimmer, Christopher Murer, Joseph Amman, Gotthard Ringgli, are mines of invention; and exhibit a style of design, equally poised between the emaciated dryness of Albert Durer and the bloated corpulence of Golzius.

The seeds of mediocrity, which the Carracci had attempted to scatter over Italy, found a more benign soil, and reared an abundant harvest in France: to mix up a compound from something of every excellence in the catalogue of art, was the principle of their theory and their aim in execution. It is in France where Michael Angelo's right to the title of a painter was first questioned. The fierceness of his line, as they call it, the purity of the antique, and the characteristic forms of Raphael are only the road to the academic vigour the librated style of Annibale Carracci, and from that they appeal to the model; in composition they consult more the artifice of grouping, contrast and richness, than the subject or propriety; their expression is dictated by the theatre. From the uniformity of this process, not to allow that the school of France offers respectable exceptions, would be unjust; without recurring again to the name of Nicolas Poussin, the works of Eustache le Sueur,† Charles le Brun, Sebastien Bourdon, and sometimes Pierre Mignard, contain original beauties and rich materials. Le Sueur's series of pictures in the Chartreux exhibit the features of contemplative

* Hans Holbein, of Basil, died in London, 1544, at the age of 46. Peter Francis Mola, the scholar of Giuseppe d'Arpino and Franc. Albani, was born at the village of Coldre, of the diocese of Balerna, in the bailliage of Mendrisio, in 1621, and died at Rome in 1666.

† Eustache le Sueur, bred under Simon Vouët, died at Paris, in 1655, at the age of 38. His fellow scholar, and overbearing rival Charles le Brun, died in 1690, aged 71.

piety, in a purity of style and a placid breadth of manner that moves the heart. His dignified martyrdom of St. Laurence and the burning of the magic books at Ephesus, breathe the spirit of Raphael. The powerful comprehension of a whole, only equalled by the fire which pervades every part of the battles of Alexander, by Charles le Brun, would entitle him to the highest rank in history, had the characters been less mannered, had he not exchanged the Argyraspids and the Macedonian phalanx for the compact legionaries of the Trajan pillar; had he distinguished Greeks from barbarians, rather by national feature and form than by accoutrement and armour. The seven works of charity by Seb. Bourdon teem with surprising pathetic and always novel images; and in the plague of David, by Pierre Mignard, our sympathy is roused by energies of terror and combinations of woe, which escaped Poussin and Raphael himself.

The obstinacy of national pride,* perhaps more than the neglect of government or the frown of superstition, confined the labours of the Spanish school, from its obscure origin at Sevilla to its brightest period, within the narrow limits of individual imitation. But the degree of perfection attained by Diego Velasquez, Joseph Ribera, and Morillo, in pursuing the same object by means as different as successful, impresses us with deep respect for the variety of their powers.

That the great style ever received the homage of Spanish genius, appears not; neither Alfonso Berruguette, nor Pellegrino Tibaldi left followers: but that the eyes and the taste, fed by the substance of Spagnuoletto and Morillo, should without reluctance have submitted to the gay volatility of Luca Giordano, and the ostentatious flimsiness of Sebastian Conca, would be matter of surprise, did we not see the same principles successfully pursued in the plafonds of Antonio Raphael Mengs, the painter of philosophy, as he is stiled by his biographer D'Azara. The cartoons of the frescos painted for the royal palace at Madrid, representing the apotheosis of Trajan and the temple of Renown, exhibit less the style of Raphael in the nuptials of Cupid and Psyche in the Farnesina, than the gorgeous but empty bustle of Pietro da Cortona.

From this view of art on the continent, let us cast a glance on its state in this country, from the age of Henry VIII. to our own. From that period to this Britain never ceased pouring its caravans of noble and wealthy pilgrims over Italy, Greece, and Iona, to pay their

* For the best account of Spanish art, see *Lettera di A. R. Mengs a Don Antonio Pontz. Opere di Mengs*, vol. ii. Mengs was born at Ausig, in Boemia, in 1728, and died at Rome in 1779.

devotions at the shrines of virtù and taste : not content with adoring the obscure scholo, they have ransacked their temples, and none returned without some share in the spoil : in plaster or in marble, on canvass or in gems, the arts of Greece and Italy were transported to England, and what Petronius said of Rome, "that it was easier to meet there with a god than a man," might be said of London. Without inquiring into the permanent and accidental causes of the inefficacy of these efforts with regard to public taste and support of art, it is observable, that, whilst Francis I. was busied, not to aggregate a mass of painted and chiselled treasures merely to gratify his own vanity, and brood over them with sterile avarice, but to scatter the seeds of taste over France, by calling, employing, enriching Andrea del Sarto, Rustici, Rosso, Primaticcio, Cellini, Niccolo ; in England, Holbein and Torregiano under Henry, and Federigo Zuccherò under Elizabeth, were condemned to gothic work and portrait painting. Charles indeed called Rubens and his scholars to provoke the latent English spark, but the effect was intercepted by his destiny. His son, in possession of the cartoons of Raphael, and with the magnificence of Whitehall before his eyes, suffered Verrio to contaminate the walls of his palaces, or degraded Lely to paint the Cymons and Iphigenias of his court ; whilst the manner of Kneller swept completely what yet might be left of taste, under his successors : such was the equally contemptible and deplorable state of English art, till the genius of Reynolds first rescued from the manuered depravation of foreigners his own branch, and soon extending his view to the higher departments of art, joined that select body of artists who addressed the ever open ear, ever attentive mind of our Royal Founder with the first idea of this establishment. His beneficence soon gave it a place and a name, his august patronage, sanction, and individual encouragement : the annually increased merits of thirty exhibitions in this place, with the collateral ones contrived by the speculations of commerce, have told the surprising effects : a mass of self-taught and tutored powers burst upon the general eye, and unequivocally told the world what might be expected from the concurrence of public encouragement—how far this has been or may be granted or withheld, it is not here my province to surmise : the plans lately adopted and now organizing within these walls for the dignified propagation and support of art, whether fostered by the great, or left to their own energy, must soon decide what may be produced by the unison of British genius and talent, and whether the painters' school of that nation which claims the foremost honours of modern poetry, which has produced with Reynolds, Hogarth, Gainsborough and Wilson, shall submit to content themselves with a subordinate place among the schools we have enumerated.

LECTURE III.

INVENTION.

— Τι τ' ἀν φθονεῖς, ἐριτρον αἰδοῖν
 Τερπιν, ὅππῃ οἱ νοοσ ὀρνυται; οὐ γν τ' αἰδοῖ
 Αἰτιοι, ἀλλὰ ποθι Ζεὺς αἰτιος, ὅτε δίδωσιν
 Ἀνδράσιν ἀλφῆσιν, ὅπως ἐθέλῃσιν ἑκαστῷ.

HOMER. ODYSSEY. A. 346.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction. Discrimination of Poetry and Painting. General idea of Invention—its right to select a subject from nature itself. Visiones—Theon—Agasias. —Cartoon of Pisa—Incendio del Borgo. Specific idea of Invention: Epic subjects—Michael Angelo. Dramatic subjects—Raphael. Historic subjects—Poussin, &c. Invention has a right to adopt ideas—examples. Duplicity of subject and moment inadmissible. Transfiguration of Raphael.

THE brilliant antithesis ascribed to Simonides, that 'painting is mute poesy and poetry speaking painting,' made, I apprehend, no part of the technic systems of antiquity: for this we may depend on the general practice of its artists, and still more safely on the philosophic discrimination of Plutarch,* who tells us, that as poetry and painting resemble each other in their uniform address to the senses, for the impression they mean to make on our fancy, and by that on our mind, so they differ as essentially in their materials and their modes of application, which are regulated by the diversity of the organs they address, ear and eye. Successive action communicated by sounds, and time, are the medium of poetry; form displayed in space, and momentaneous energy, are the element of painting.

As, if these premises be true, the distinct representation of continued action is refused to an art which cannot express even in a series of subjects, but by a supposed mental effort in the spectator's mind, the

* Ὅλη καὶ τροποὶς μῆμῃσις διαφέρει.

Πλutarx. π. ΑΔ. κατὰ

Π. ἡ καὶ Ε. ἐνδοξ.

See Lessing's Laokoon. Berlin, 1766. 8vo.

regular succession of their moments, it becomes evident, that instead of attempting to impress us by the indiscriminate usurpation of a principle out of its reach, it ought chiefly to rely for its effect on its great characteristics space and form, singly or in apposition. In forms alone the idea of existence can be rendered permanent. Sounds die, words perish or become obsolete and obscure, even colours fade, forms alone can neither be extinguished nor misconstrued; by application to their standard alone description becomes intelligible and distinct. Thus the effectual idea of corporeal beauty can strictly exist only in the plastic arts: for as the notion of beauty arises from the pleasure we feel in the harmonious co-operation of the various parts of some favourite object to one end at once, it implies their immediate co-existence in the mass they compose; and therefore can be distinctly perceived and conveyed to the mind by the eye alone: hence the representation of form in figure is the physical element of the art.

But as bodies exist in time as well as in space; as the pleasure arising from the mere symmetry of an object is as transient as it is immediate; as harmony of parts, if the body be the agent of an internal power, depends for its proof on their application, it follows, that the exclusive exhibition of inert and unemployed form, would be a mistake of the medium for the end, and that character or action is required to make it an interesting object of imitation. And this is the moral element of the art.

Those important moments then which exhibit the united exertion of form and character in a single object or in participation with collateral beings, at once, and which with equal rapidity and pregnancy give us a glimpse of the past and lead our eye to what follows, furnish the true materials of those technic powers, that select, direct, and fix the objects of imitation to their centre.

The most eminent of these, by the explicit acknowledgment of all ages, and the silent testimony of every breast, is invention. He whose eye athwart the outward crust of the rock penetrates into the composition of its materials, and discovers a gold mine, is surely superior to him who afterwards adapts the metal for use. Colombo, when he from astronomic and physical inductions concluded to the existence of land in the opposite hemisphere, was surely superior to Amerigo Vespucci who took possession of its continent; and when Newton improving accident by meditation, discovered and established the laws of attraction, the projectile and centrifuge qualities of the system, he gave the clue to all who after him applied it to the various branches of philosophy, and was in fact the author of all the benefits accruing from their

application to society. Homer, when he means to give the principal feature of man, calls him inventor (*αλφρητης*).

From what we have said it is clear that the term invention never ought to be so far misconstrued as to be confounded with that of creation, incompatible with our notions of limited being, an idea of pure astonishment, and admissible only when we mention Omnipotence: to invent is to find: to find something, presupposes its existence somewhere, implicitly or explicitly, scattered or in a mass: nor should I have presumed to say so much on a word of a meaning so plain, had it not been, and were it not daily confounded, and by fashionable authorities too, with the term creation.

Form in its widest meaning, the visible universe that envelopes our senses, and its counterpart the invisible one that agitates our mind with visions bred on sense by fancy, are the element and the realm of invention; it discovers, selects, combines the possible, the probable, the known, in a mode that strikes with an air of truth and novelty, at once. Possible strictly means an effect derived from a cause, a body composed of materials, a coalition of forms, whose union or co-agency imply in themselves no absurdity, no contradiction: applied to our art it takes a wider latitude; it means the representation of effects derived from causes, or forms compounded from materials, heterogeneous and incompatible among themselves, but rendered so plausible to our senses, that the transition of one part to another seems to be accounted for by an air of organization, and the eye glides imperceptibly or with satisfaction from one to the other and over the whole: that this was the condition on which, and the limits within which alone the ancients permitted invention to represent what was, strictly speaking, impossible, we may with plausibility surmise from the picture of Zeuxis, described by Lucian in the memoir to which he has prefixed that painter's name, who was probably one of the first adventurers in this species of imagery.—Zeuxis had painted a family of centaurs; the dam a beautiful female to the middle, with the lower parts gradually sliding into the most exquisite forms of a young Thessalian mare half reclined in playful repose, and gently pawing the velvet ground, offered her human nipple to one infant centaur, whilst another greedily sucked the ferine udder below, but both with their eyes turned up to a lion whelp held over them by the male centaur their father, rising above the hillock on which the female reclined, a grim feature, but whose ferocity was somewhat tempered by a smile. The scenery, the colour, the chiaroscuro, the finish of the whole was no doubt equal to the style and the conception. This picture the artist exhi-

bited, expecting that justice from the penetration of the public which the genius deserved that taught him to give plausibility to a compound of heterogeneous forms, to inspire them with suitable soul, and to imitate the laws of existence: he was mistaken. The novelty of the conceit eclipsed the art that had embodied it, the artist was absorbed in his subject, and the unbounded praise bestowed, was that of idle restless curiosity gratified. Sick of gods and goddesses, of demigods and pure human combinations, the Athenians panted only for what was new. The artist, as haughty as irritable, ordered his picture to be withdrawn: cover it, Micchio, said he to his attendant, cover it and carry it home, for this mob stick only to the clay of our art.—Such were the limits set to invention by the ancients; secure within these, it defied the ridicule thrown on that grotesque conglutination, which Horace exposes; guarded by these, their mythology scattered its metamorphoses, made every element its tributary, and transmitted the privilege to us, on equal conditions: their Scylla and the Portress of Hell, their demons and our spectres, the shade of Patroclus and the ghost of Hamlet, their naiads, nymphs, and oreads, and our sylphs, gnomes, and fairies, their furies and our witches, differ less in essence, than in local, temporary, social modifications: their common origin was fancy, operating on the materials of nature, assisted by legendary tradition and the curiosity implanted in us of diving into the invisible;* and they are suffered and invited to mix with or superintend real agency, in proportion of the analogy which we discover between them and ourselves. Pindar praises Homer less for that ‘winged power’ which whirls incident on incident with such rapidity, that absorbed by the whole, and drawn from the impossibility of single parts, we swallow a tale too gross to be believed in a dream; than for the greater power by which he contrived to connect his imaginary creation with the realities of nature and human passions;† without this the fiction of the poet and the painter will leave us stupified rather by its insolence than

* All minute detail tends to destroy terror, as all minute ornament, grandeur. The catalogue of the cauldron's ingredients in Macbeth destroys the terror attendant on the mysterious darkness of preternatural agency; and the seraglio trappings of Rubens annihilate his heroes.

† Ἐγὼ δὲ πλεον ἱλπομαι
 Λογον Ὀδυσσεος, ἣ παθεν,
 Διὰ τὸν ἀδυνάτη γενεῖσθ' Ὀμηρον
 Ἐπεὶ ψευδεῖσιν οἱ ποταναὶ γέ μαχαραὶ
 Σέμνον ἐπεὶ τι. σοφία δὲ
 Κλεπτεῖ παραγοῖσα μυθoίς.

Pindar. Nem. 2.

impressed by its power, it will be considered only as a superior kind of legerdemain, an exertion of ingenuity to no adequate end.

Before we proceed to the process and the methods of invention, it is not superfluous to advert to a question which has often been made, and by some has been answered in the negative; whether it be within the artist's province or not, to find or to combine a subject from himself, without having recourse to tradition or the stores of history and poetry? Why not, if the subject be within the limits of art and the combinations of nature, though it should have escaped observation? shall the immediate avenues of the mind, open to all its observers, from the poet to the novelist, be shut only to the artist? shall he be reduced to receive as alms from them what he has a right to share as common property? assertions like these, say in other words, that the Laocoon owes the impression he makes on us to his name alone, and that if tradition had not told a story and Pliny fixed it to that work, the artist's conception of a father with his sons, surprised and entangled by two serpents within the recesses of a cavern or lonesome dell, was inadmissible and transgressed the laws of invention. I am much mistaken, if, so far from losing its power over us with its traditional sanction, it would not rouse our sympathy more forcibly, and press the subject closer to our breast, were it considered only as the representation of an incident common to humanity. The ancients were so convinced of their right to this disputed prerogative, that they assigned it its own class, and Theon the Samian is mentioned by Quintilian, whom none will accuse or suspect of confounding the limits of the arts, in his list of primary painters, as owing his celebrity to that intuition into the sudden movements of nature, which the Greeks called *φαντασις*, the Romans *visiones*, and we might circumscribe by the phrase of 'unpremeditated conceptions' the reproduction of associated ideas; he explains what he understood by it in the following passage adapted to his own profession, rhetoric. * 'We give,'

* M. F. Quintilianus, l. xii. 10.—*Concipiendis visionibus* (quas *ΦΑΝΤΑΣΙΑΣ* vocant) Theon Samius—est præstantissimus.

At quomodo fiet ut afficiamur? neque enim sunt motus in nostra potestate. Tentabo etiam de hoc dicere. Quas *Φαντασις* greci vocant, nos sanè visiones appellamus; per quas imagines rerum absentium ita representantur animo, ut eas cernere oculis ac præsentibus habere videamur: has quisquis bene conceperit, is erit in affectibus potentissimus. Hunc quidam dicunt *εὐφαντασιωτον*, qui sibi res, voces, actus, secundum verum optime finget: quod quidem nobis volentibus facile continget.

Nam ut inter otia animorum et spes inanes, et velut somnia quedam vigilantium, ita nos hæc de quibus loquimur, imagines persequuntur, ut peregrinari, navigare, præliari, populos alloqui, divitiarum quas non habemus, usum videamur disponere;

says he, 'the name of visions to what the Greeks call phantasies; that power by which the images of absent things are represented by the mind with the energy of objects moving before our eyes: he who conceives these rightly will be a master of passions: his is that well-tempered fancy which can imagine things, voices, acts, as they really exist, a power perhaps in a great measure dependent on our will. For if these images so pursue us, when our minds are in a state of rest, or fondly fed by hope, or in a kind of waking dream; that we seem to travel, to-sail, to fight, to harangue in public, or to dispose of riches we possess not, and all this with an air of reality, why should we not turn to use this vice of the mind?—Suppose I am to plead the case of a murdered man, why should not every supposable circumstance of the act float before my eyes? shall I not see the murderer unawares rush in upon him, in vain he tries to escape—see how pale he turns—hear you not his shrieks, his entreaties? do you not see him flying, struck, falling? will not his blood, his ashy semblance, his groans, his last expiring gasp, seize on my mind?'

Permit me to apply this organ of the orator for one moment to the poet's process: by this radiant recollection of associated ideas, the spontaneous ebullitions of nature, selected by observation, treasured by memory, classed by sensibility and judgment, Shakspeare became the supreme master of passions, and the ruler of our hearts; this embodied his Falstaff and Shylock, Hamlet and Lear, Juliet and Rosalind. By this power he saw Warwick uncover the corpse of Gloster, and swear to his assassination and his tugs for life; by this he made Banquo see the weird sisters bubble up from earth, and in their own air vanish; this is the hand that struck upon the bell when Macbeth's drink was ready, and from her chamber pushed his dreaming wife, once more to methodize the murder of her guest.

And this was the power of Theon; * such was the unpremeditated

nec cogitare, sed facere: hoc animi vitium ad utilitatem non transferemus? ut hominem occisum querar, non omnia quæ in re presenti accidisse credibile est, in oculis habeo? non percussor ille subitus erumpet? non expavescet circumventus? exclamabit, vel rogabit, vel fugiet? non ferientem, non concidentem videbo? non animo sanguis, et pallor et gemitus, extremus denique expirantis hiatus insidebit?

Idem l. vi. c. 11.

Theon numbered with the 'Proceres' by Quintilian, by Pliny with less discrimination is placed among the 'Primis Proximos;' and in some passage of Plutarch, unaccountably censured for impropriety of subject, ἀροπία, in representing the madness of Orestes.

* Αιλιανου ποικ. ιστορ. l. ii. c. 44. Θίωνος τὸν Ζωγράφι πολλὰ μὲν καὶ ἄλλα ὁμολογεῖ τὴν χειρουργίαν ἀγαθὴν ἔσσαν, ἀτὰρ οὐκ καὶ τοῦτο τὸ γράμμα. — Καὶ εἰπερ ἂν αὐτὸν ἐνθουσιᾷν, ὥσπερ ἐξ Ἀρίου μανίντα. — Καὶ σφάττειν βλεπόντων, καὶ ἀπειλῶν εἰ ὅλη τῷ σχήματι, ὅτι μηδένος φησίνεται.

conception that inspired him with the idea of that warrior, who in the words of Ælian, seemed to embody the terrible graces and the enthusiastic furor of the god of war. Impetuous he rushed onward to oppose the sudden incursion of enemies; with shield thrown forward, and high brandished falchion, his step as he swept on seemed to devour the ground: his eye flashed defiance; you fancied to hear his voice, his look denounce perdition and slaughter without mercy. This figure, single and without other accompaniments of war than what the havoc of the distance shewed, Theon deemed sufficient to answer the impression he intended to make on those whom he had selected to inspect it. He kept it covered till a trumpet, prepared for the purpose, after a prelude of martial symphonies, at once, by his command, blew with invigorated fierceness, a signal of attack—the curtain dropped, the terrific figure appeared to start from the canvass, and irresistibly assailed the astonished eyes of the assembly.

To prove the relation of Ælian no hyperbolic legend, I need not insist on the magic effect which the union of two sister powers must produce on the senses: of what our heart alone and unassisted may perform, the most unequivocal proof exists within these walls; your eyes, your feelings, and your fancy have long anticipated it: whose mind has not now recalled that wonder of a figure, the mis-named gladiator of Agasias, a figure whose tremendous energy embodies every element of motion, whilst its pathetic dignity of character enforces sympathies, which the undisguised ferocity of Theon's warrior in vain solicits. But the same irradiation which shewed the soldier to Theon, shewed to Agasias the leader; Theon saw the passion, Agasias* its rule.

* The name of Agasias, the scholar or son of Dositheos, the Ephesian occurs not in ancient record; and whether he be the Egesias of Quintilian and Pliny, or these the same, cannot be ascertained; though the style of sculpture, and the form of the letters in the inscription are not much at variance with the character which the former gives to the age and style of Calon and Egesias: 'Signa—duriora et Tuscanicis proxima.' The impropriety of calling this figure a gladiator has been shewn by Winkelmann, and on his remark, that it probably exhibits the attitude of a soldier, who signalized himself in some moment of danger, Lessing has founded a conjecture, that it is the figure of Chabrias, from the following passage of Corn. Nepos: 'elucet maxime inventum ejus in prælio, quod apud Thebas fecit, cum Beotia subsidio venisset. Namque in eo victoriæ fidente summo duce Agesilao, fugatis jam ab eo conductitiis catervis, reliquam phalangem loco vetuit cedere; obnixoque genu scuto, projectaque hasta, impetum excipere hostium docuit. Id novum Agesilao intuens, progredi non est ausus, suosque jam incurrentes tubâ revocavit. Hoc usque eo in Græcia famâ celebratum est, ut illo statu Chabrias sibi statuum fieri voluerit, quæ publicè ei ab Atheniensibus in foro constituta est. Ex quo factum est, ut postea athletæ, cæterique artifices his statibus in statuâ ponendis uterentur, in quibus victoriam essent adepti.'

But the most striking instance of the eminent place due to this intuitive faculty among the principal organs of invention, is that celebrated performance, which by the united testimony of cotemporary writers, and the evident traces of its imitation, scattered over the

On this passage, simple and unperplexed, if we except the words 'cæterique artifices,' where something is evidently dropped or changed, there can, I trust, be but one opinion—that the manœuvre of Chabrias was defensive, and consisted in giving the phalanx a stationary, and at the same time—impenetrable posture, to check the progress of the enemy; a repulse, not a victory, was obtained; the Thebans were content to maintain their ground, and not a word is said by the historian, of a pursuit, when Agesilaus, startled at the contrivance, called off his troops: but the warrior of Agasias rushes forward in an assailing attitude, whilst with his head and shield turned upwards he seems to guard himself from some attack above him. Lessing, aware of this, to make the passage square with his conjecture, is reduced to a change of punctuation, and accordingly transposes the decisive comma after 'scuto,' to 'genu,' and reads 'obnixo genu, scuto projectaque hastâ,—docuit.' This alone might warrant us to dismiss his conjecture as less solid than daring and acute.

The statue erected to Chabrias in the Athenian forum was probably of brass, for 'statua' and 'statuarius,' in Pliny at least, will I believe always be found relative to figures and artists in metal; such were those which at an early period the Athenians dedicated to Harmodios and Aristogiton: from them the custom spread in every direction, and iconic figures in metal began, says Pliny, to be the ornaments of every municipal forum.

From another passage in Nepos, I was once willing to find in our figure an Alcibiades in Phrygia, rushing from the flames of the cottage fired to destroy him, and guarding himself against the javelins and arrows which the gang of Sysamithres and Bagoas showered on him at a distance. 'Ille,' says the historian, 'sonitu flammæ excitatus, quod gladius ei erat subductus, familiaris sui subalare telum eripuit—et flammæ vim transit. Quem, ut Barbari incendium effugisse viderunt, telis eminus missis, interfecerunt. Sic Alcibiades annos circiter quadraginta natus, diem obiit supremum.'

Such is the age of our figure; and it is to be noticed that the right arm and hand, now armed with a lance, are modern; if it be objected, that the figure is iconic, and that the head of Alcibiades, cut off after his death, was carried to Pharnabazus, and his body burned by his mistress; it might be observed in reply, that busts and figures of Alcibiades must have been frequent in Greece, and that the expression found its source in the mind of Agasias. On this conjecture however I shall not insist: let us only observe that the character, forms, and attitude, might be turned to better use than what Poussin made of it. It might form an admirable Ulysses bestriding the deck of his ship to defend his companions from the descending claws of Scylla, or rather with indignation and anguish, seeing them already snatched up, and writhing in the mysterious gripe:

Ἀνταρ ἔγω καταδύς κλυτα τεύχεα, καὶ δύο δούρε
 Μακρ' ἐν χερσιν ἔλων, εἰς ἱκρία νηὸς ἰβαίνον
 Πρωρῆς ————— ἱκαμον δὲ μοι ὅσσε
 Παντὴ παπταίνοντι πρὸς ἡεροῦδια πέτρην
 Σκεψάμενος δὲ —————
 Ἦδ' ὅτ' ἔτι νηὸς πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ὑπερθεῖν
 Ὑψὸς ἀειρομένων ————— Odyss. M. 328, seq.

works of cotemporary artists, contributed alone more to the restoration of art, and the revolution of style, than the united effort of the two centuries that preceded it: I mean the astonishing design commonly called the cartoon of Pisa, the work of Michael Agnolo Buonarroti, begun in competition with Leonardo da Vinci, and at intervals finished at Florence. This work, whose celebrity subjected those who had not seen it, to the supercilious contempt of the luckier ones who had; which was the common centre of attraction to all the students of Tuscany and Romagna, from Raphael Sanzio to Bastian da St. Gallo, called Aristotile, from his loquacious descants on its beauties: this inestimable work itself is lost, and its destruction is with too much appearance of truth, fixed on the mean villany of Baccio Bandinelli, who, in possession of the key to the apartment where it was kept, during the revolutionary troubles of the Florentine republic, after making what use he thought proper of it, is said to have torn it in pieces. Still we may form an idea of its principle groups from some ancient prints and drawings; and of its composition from a small copy now existing at Holkham, the outlines of which have been lately etched. Crude, disguised, or feeble, as these specimens are, they will prove better guides than the half-informed rhapsodies of Vasari, the meagre account of Ascanio Condivi, better than the mere anatomic verdict of Benvenuto Cellini, who denies that the powers afterward exerted in the Capella Sistina, arrive at 'half its excellence.'

It represents an imaginary moment relative to the war carried on by the Florentines against Pisa: and exhibits a numerous group of warriors, roused from their bathing in the Arno, by the sudden signal of a war-horn, and rushing to arms. This composition may without exaggeration be said to personify with unexampled variety that motion,

* Sebbene il divino Michel Agnolo fece la gran Cappella di Papa Julio, dappoi non arrivò a questo segno mai alla metà, la sua virtù non aggiunse mai alla forza di quei primi studi. Vita di Benvenuto Cellini, p. 13.—Vasari, as appears from his own account, never himself saw the cartoon: he talks of an 'infinity of combatants on horseback,' of which there neither remains nor ever can have existed a trace, if the picture at Holkham be the work of Bastiano da St. Gallo. This he saw, for it was painted, at his own desire, by that master, from his small cartoon in 1542, and by means of Monsignor Jovio transmitted to Francis I. who highly esteemed it; from his collection it however disappeared, and no mention is made of it by the French writers for near two centuries. It was probably discovered at Paris, bought and carried to England by the late Lord Leicester. That Vasari, on inspecting the copy, should not have corrected the confused account he gives of the cartoon from hearsay, can be wondered at only by those, who are unacquainted with his character as a writer. He tells us himself that he copied every figure in the stanze of Raphael; yet his memory was either so treacherous or his rapidity in writing so inconsiderate,

which Agasias and Theon embodied in single figures: in imagining this transient moment from a state of relaxation to a state of energy, the ideas of motion, to use the bold figure of Dante, seem to have showered into the artist's mind. From the chief, nearly placed in the centre, who precedes, and whose war-voice accompanies the trumpet, every age of human agility, every attitude, every feature of alarm, haste, hurry, exertion, eagerness, burst into so many rays, like the sparks flying from a red hot iron. Many have reached, some boldly step, some have leapt on the rocky shore; here two arms emerging from the water grapple with the rock, there two hands cry for help, and their companions bend over or rush on to assist them; often imitated, but inimitable is the ardent feature of the grim veteran whose every sinew labours to force over the dripping limbs his clothes, whilst gnashing he pushes the foot through the rending garment. He is contrasted by the slender elegance of a half averted youth, who sedulously eager, buckles the armour to his thigh, and methodizes haste; another swings the high raised hauberk on his shoulder, whilst one, who seems a leader, mindless of dress, ready for combat, and with brandished spear, overturns a third, who crouched to grasp a weapon—one naked himself buckles on the mail of his companion, and he, turned toward the enemy, seems to stamp impatiently the ground.—Experience and rage, old vigour, young velocity, expanded or contracted, vie in exertions of energy. Yet in this scene of tumult one motive animates the whole, eagerness to engage with subordination to command; this preserves the dignity of action, and from a straggling rabble changes the figures to men whose legitimate contest interests our wishes.

This intuition into the pure emanations of nature, Raphael Sanzio possessed in the most enviable degree, from the utmost conflict of

that his account of them is a mere heap of errors and unpardonable confusion, and one might almost fancy that he had never entered the Vatican. Even Bottari, the learned editor of his work, his countryman and advocate against the complaints of Agostino Carracci and Federigo Zuccheri, though ever ready to fight his battles, is here at a loss to account for his mistakes. The history of modern art owes, no doubt, much to Vasari, he leads us from its cradle to its maturity, with anxious diligence. But more loquacious than ample, and less discriminating than eager to describe, he is, at an early period, exhausted by the superlatives lavished on inferior claims, and forced into frigid rhapsodies and astrologic nonsense to do justice to the greater. He has been called the Herodotus of our art, and if the main simplicity of his narrative, and the desire of accumulating anecdotes, intitle him in some degree to that appellation, we ought not to forget, that every day adds something to the authenticity of the Greek historian, whilst every day furnishes matter to question the credibility of the Tuscan.

passions, to the enchanting round of gentler emotion, and the nearly silent hints of mind and character. To this he devoted the tremendous scenery of that magnificent fresco, known to you all under the name of the *Incendio del Borgo*, in which he sacrificed the historic and mystic part of his subject to the effusion of the various passions roused by the sudden terrors of nocturnal conflagration. It is not for the faint appearance of the miracle which approaches with the pontiff and his train in the back ground, that Raphael bespeaks our eyes; the perturbation, necessity, hope, fear, danger, the pangs and efforts of affection grappling with the enraged elements of wind and fire, displayed on the foreground, furnish the pathetic motives that press on our hearts. That mother, who but half awake, or rather in a waking trance, drives her children instinctively before her; that prostrate female half covered by her streaming hair, with elevated arms imploring heaven; that other who over the flaming tenement, heedless of her own danger, absorbed in maternal agony, cautiously reaches over to drop the babe into the outstretched arms of its father; that common son of nature, who heedless of another's woe, intent on his own safety, librates a leap from the burning wall; the vigorous youth who followed by an aged mother bears the palsied father on his shoulder from the rushing wreck; the nimble grace of those helpless damsels that vainly strive to administer relief—these are the real objects of the painter's aim, and leave the pontiff and the miracle, with taper, bell, and clergy—unheeded in the distance.

I shall not at present expatiate in tracing from this source the novel combinations of affection, by which Raphael contrived to interest us in his numerous repetitions of Madonnas and holy families, selected from the warmest effusions of domestic endearment, or in Milton's phrase, from 'all the charities of father, son, and mother.' Nor shall I follow it in its more contaminated descent, to those representations of local manners and national modifications of society, whose characteristic discrimination and humorous exuberance, for instance, we admire in Hogarth, but which, like the fleeting fashions of the day, every hour contributes something to obliterate, which soon become unintelligible by time, or degenerate into caricature, the chronicle of scandal, the history-book of the vulgar.

Invention in its more specific sense receives its subjects from poetry or authenticated tradition; they are epic or sublime, dramatic or impassioned, historic or circumscribed by truth. The first astonishes, the second moves, the third informs.

The aim of the epic painter is to impress one general idea, one great

quality of nature or mode of society, some great maxim, without descending to those sub-divisions, which the detail of character prescribes: he paints the elements with their own simplicity, height, depth, the vast, the grand, darkness, light; life, death; the past, the future; man, pity, love, joy, fear, terror, peace, war, religion, government: and the visible agents are only engines to force one irresistible idea upon the mind and fancy, as the machinery of Archimedes served only to convey destruction, and the wheels of a watch serve only to tell time.

Such is the first and general sense of what is called the sublime, epic, allegoric, lyric substance. Homer, to impress one forcible idea of war, its origin, its progress, and its end, set to work innumerable engines of various magnitude, yet none but what uniformly tends to enforce this and only this idea; gods and demigods are only actors, and nature but the scene of war; no character is discriminated but where discrimination discovers a new look of war; no passion is raised but what is blown up by the breath of war, and as soon absorbed in its universal blaze:—As in a conflagration we see turrets, spires, and temples illuminated only to propagate the horrors of destruction, so through the stormy page of Homer, we see his heroines and heroes, but by the light that blasts them.

This is the principle of that divine series of frescoes, with which under the pontificates of Julius II. and Paul III. Michael Angelo adorned the lofty compartments of the Capella Sistina, and from a modesty or a pride for ever to be lamented, only not occupied the whole of its ample sides. Its subject is theocracy, or the empire of religion, considered as the parent and queen of man; the origin, the progress, and final dispensation of Providence, as taught by the sacred records. Amid this imagery of primeval simplicity, whose sole object is the relation of the race to its founder, to look for minute discrimination of character, is to invert the principle of the artist's invention: here is only God with man. The veil of eternity is rent; time, space, and matter teem in the creation of the elements and of earth; life issues from God and adoration from man, in the creation of Adam and his mate; transgression of the precept at the tree of knowledge proves the origin of evil, and of expulsion from the immediate intercourse with God; the economy of justice and grace commences in the revolutions of the deluge, and the covenant made with Noah; and the germs of social character are traced in the subsequent scene between him and his sons; the awful synod of prophets and sybils are the heralds of the Redeemer; and the host of patriarchs the

pedigree of the Son of Man; the brazen serpent and the fall of Haman, the giant subdued by the stripling in Goliath and David, and the conqueror destroyed by female weakness in Judith, are types of his mysterious progress, till Jonah pronounces him immortal: and the magnificence of the last judgment by shewing the Saviour in the judge of man, sums up the whole, and reunites the founder and the race.

Such is the spirit of the Sistine chapel, and the outline of its general invention, with regard to the cycle of its subjects—as in their choice they lead to each other without intermediate chasms in the transition; as each preceding one prepares and directs the conduct of the next, this the following; and as the intrinsic variety of all, conspires to the simplicity of one great end. The specific invention of the pictures separate, as each constitutes an independent whole, deserves our consideration next: each has its centre, from which it disseminates, to which it leads back all secondary points; arranged, hid, or displayed, as they are more or less organs of the inspiring plan: each rigorously is circumscribed by its generic character, no inferior merely conventional, temporary, local, or disparate beauty, however in itself alluring, is admitted; each finally turns upon that transient moment, the moment of suspense, big with the past, and pregnant with the future; the action no where expires, for action and interest terminate together. Thus in the creation of Adam, the Creator, borne on a group of attendant spirits, the personified powers of omnipotence, moves on toward his last, best work, the lord of his creation: the immortal spark, issuing from his extended arm, electrifies the new-formed being, who tremblingly alive, half raised half reeled, hastens to meet his Maker. In the formation of Eve the astonishment of life, just organized, is absorbed in the sublimer sentiment of adoration; perfect, though not all disengaged from the side of her dreaming mate, she moves with folded hands and humble dignity towards the majestic form whose half raised hand attracts her—what words can express the equally bland and irresistible velocity of that mysterious Being, who forms the sun and moon, and already past, leaves the earth, completely formed, behind him? who can be so frigid to misconstrue this double image of Omnipresence into mere apposition? Here is the measure of immensity.*

From these specimens of invention exerted in the more numerous compositions of this sublime cycle, let me fix your attention for a few

* *Ὁ δὲ, πῶς μεγάλῃ τα δαίμονα; — Τὴν ὄρμην ἀντὶν κοσμικῇ διαστημάτων καταμετρεῖ.*

Longinus, § 9.

moments on the powers it displays in the single figures of the prophets, those organs of embodied sentiment: their expression and attitude, whilst it exhibits the unequivocal marks of inspired contemplation in all; and with equal variety, energy, and delicacy, stamps character on each; exhibits in the occupation of the present moment the traces of the past and hints of the future. *Esaiah*, the image of inspiration, sublime and lofty, with an attitude expressive of the sacred trance in which meditation on the Messiah had immersed him, starts at the voice of an attendant genius, who seems to pronounce the words 'to us a child is born, to us a son is given.' *Daniel*, the humbler image of eager diligence, transcribes from a volume held by a stripling, with a gesture natural to those who, absorbed in the progress of their subject, are heedless of convenience; his posture shews that he had inspected the volume from which now he is turned, and shall return to it immediately. *Zachariah* personifies consideration, he has read, and ponders on what he reads. Inquiry moves in the dignified activity of *Joel*; hastening to open a sacred scroll, and to compare the scriptures with each other. *Ezekiel*, the fervid feature of fancy, the seer of resurrection, represented as on the field strewn with bones of the dead, points downward and asks, 'can these bones live?' the attendant angel, borne on the wind that agitates his locks and the prophet's vestments, with raised arm and finger, pronounces they shall rise; last, *Jeremiah*, subdued by grief and exhausted by lamentation, sinks in silent woe over the ruins of Jerusalem. Nor are the sybils, those female oracles, less expressive, less individually marked—they are the echo, the counterpart of the prophets. If the artist, who absorbed by the uniform power and magnitude of execution, saw only breadth and nature in their figures must be told that he has discovered the least part of their excellence; the critic who charges them with affectation, can only be dismissed with our contempt.

On the immense plain of the last judgment, *Michael Angelo* has wound up the destiny of man, simply considered as the subject of religion, faithful or rebellious; and in one generic manner has distributed happiness and misery, the general feature of passions is given, and no more. But had *Raphael* meditated that subject, he would undoubtedly have applied to our sympathies for his choice of imagery; he would have combined all possible emotions with the utmost variety of probable or real character: a father meeting his son, a mother torn from her daughter, lovers flying into each others arms, friends for ever separated, children accusing their parents, enemies reconciled; tyrants dragged before the tribunal by their subjects, conquerors hiding them-

selves from their victims of carnage; innocence declared, hypocrisy unmasked, atheism confounded, detected fraud, triumphant resignation; the most prominent features of connubial, fraternal, kindred connexion.—In a word, the heads of that infinite variety which Dante has minutely scattered over his poem—all domestic, politic, religious relations; whatever is not local in virtue and in vice: and the sublimity of the greatest of all events, would have been merely the minister of sympathies and passions.*

If opinions be divided on the respective advantages and disadvantages of these two modes; if to some it should appear, though from consideration of the plan which guided Michael Angelo, I am far from subscribing to their notions, that the scenery of the last judgment might have gained more by the dramatic introduction of varied pathos, than it would have lost by the dereliction of its generic simplicity: there can, I believe, be but one opinion with regard to the methods adopted by him and Raphael in the invention of the moment that characterises the creation of Eve: both artists applied for it to their own minds, but with very different success: the elevation of Michael Angelo's soul, inspired by the operation of creation itself, furnished him at once with the feature that stamps on human nature its most glorious prerogative: whilst the characteristic subtilty, rather than sensibility of Raphael's mind, in this instance, offered nothing but a frigid succedaneum; a symptom incident to all, when after the subsidest astonishment on a great and sudden event, the mind, recollecting itself ponders on it with inquisitive surmise. In Michael Angelo, the inferior sense of budding life reflected on itself, is absorbed in the

* Much has been said of the loss we have suffered in the marginal drawings which Michael Angelo drew in his Dante. Invention may have suffered in being deprived of them; they can, however, have been little more than hints of a size too minute to admit of much discrimination. The true terrors of Dante depend as much upon the medium in which he shews, or gives us a glimpse of his figures, as on their form. The characteristic outlines of his fiends, Michael Angelo personified in the demons of the last judgment, and invigorated the undisguised appetite, ferocity or craft of the brute, by traits of human malignity, cruelty, or lust. The Minos of Dante, in Misser Biagio da Cesena, and his Charon, have been recognized by all; but less the shivering wretch held over the barge by a hook, and evidently taken from the following passage in the *xxi*d of the *Inferno*:

Et graffiacan, che gli era più di contra
Gli arroncigliò l'impegolate chiome;
E trasse l'ù, che mi parve una lontra.

None has noticed as imitations of Dante in the *xxiv*th book, the astonishing groups in the Lunetta of the brazen serpent; none the various hints from the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* scattered over the attitudes and expressions of the figures rising from

sublimity of the sentiment which issues from the august presence that attracts Eve; 'her earthly,' in Milton's expression, 'by his heavenly overpowered,' pours itself in adoration: whilst in the inimitable cast of Adam's figure, we trace the hint of that half-conscious moment when sleep began to give way to the vivacity of the dream inspired. In Raphael, creation is complete—Eve is presented to Adam, now awake: but neither the new-born charms, the submissive grace and virgin purity of the beauteous image; nor the awful presence of her Introducer, draw him from his mental trance into effusions or love or gratitude; at ease reclined, with fingers pointing at himself and his new mate, he seems to methodize the surprising event that took place during his sleep, and to whisper the words 'flesh of my flesh.'

Thus, but far better adapted, has Raphael personified dialogue, moved the lips of soliloquy, unbent or wrinkled the features, and arranged the limbs and gesture of meditation, in the pictures of the Parnassus and of the school of Athens, parts of the immense allegoric drama that fills the stanzas, and displays the brightest ornament of the Vatican; the immortal monument of the towering ambition, unlimited patronage, and refined taste of Julius II. and Leo X.; its cycle represents the origin, the progress, extent, and final triumph of church empire, or ecclesiastic government; in the first subject, of the Parnassus, poetry led back to its origin and first duty, the herald and interpreter of a first cause, in the universal language of imagery ad-

their graves. In the Lunetta of Haman, we owe the sublime conception of his figure to the subsequent passage:

Poi piobbe dentro nell' alta phantasia
Un Crucifisso, dispettoso e fiero moria
Nella sua vista, e lo qual si mòria.

The bassorelievo on the border of the second rock, in Purgatory, furnished the idea of the Annunziata, painted by Marcello Venusti from his design, in the sacristy of St. Giov. Lateran, by order of Tommaso de' Cavalieri, the select friend and favourite of Michael Angelo.

We are told that Michael Angelo represented the Ugolino of Dante, inclosed in the tower of Pisa; if he did, his own work is lost: but if, as some suppose, the bassorelievo of that subject by Pierino da Vinci, be taken from his idea, notwithstanding the greater latitude, which the sculptor might claim, in divesting the figures of drapery and costume; he appears to me, to have erred in the means employed to rouse our sympathy. A sullen but muscular character, with groups of muscular bodies and forms of strength, about him, with the allegoric figure of the Arno at their feet, and that of Famine hovering over their heads, are not the fierce gothic chief, deprived of revenge, brooding over despair in the stony cage; are not the exhausted agonies of a father, petrified by the helpless groans of an expiring family, offering their own bodies for his food, to prolong his life.

dressed to the senses, unites man, scattered and savage, in social and religious bands. What was the surmise of the eye and the wish of hearts, is gradually made the result of reason, in the characters of the school of Athens, by the researches of philosophy, which from bodies to mind, from corporeal harmony to moral fitness, and from the duties of society, ascends to the doctrine of God and hopes of immortality. Here revelation in its strictest sense commences, and conjecture becomes a glorious reality : in the composition of the dispute on the sacrament, the Saviour after ascension seated on his throne, the attested Son of God and Man, surrounded by his types, the prophets, patriarchs, apostles and the hosts of heaven, institutes the mysteries and initiates in his sacrament the heads and presbyters of the church militant, who in the awful presence of their Master and the celestial synod, discuss, explain, propound his doctrine. That the sacred mystery shall clear all doubt and subdue all heresy, is taught in the miracle of the blood-stained wafer; that without arms, by the arm of Heaven itself, it shall release its votaries, and defeat its enemies, the deliverance of Peter, the overthrow of Heliodorus, the flight of Attila, the captive Saracens, bear testimony; that nature itself shall submit to its power and the elements obey its mandates, the checked conflagration of the Borgo, declares : till hastening to its ultimate triumphs, its union with the state, it is proclaimed by the vision of Constantine, confirmed by the route of Maxentius, established by the imperial pupil's receiving baptism, and submitting to accept his crown at the feet of the mitred pontiff.

Such is the rapid outline of the cycle painted or designed by Raphael on the compartments of the stanzas sacred to his name. Here is the mass of his powers in poetic conception and execution, here is every period of his style, his emancipation from the narrow shackles of Pietro Perugino, his discriminations of characteristic form, on to the heroic grandeur of his line. Here is that master-tone of fresco painting, the real instrument of history, which with its silver purity and breadth unites the glow of Titiano and Corregio's tints. Every where we meet the superiority of genius, but more or less impressive, with more or less felicity in proportion as each subject was more or less susceptible of dramatic treatment. From the blend enthusiasm of the Parnassus, and the sedate or eager features of meditation in the school of Athens, to the sterner straits of dogmatic controversy in the dispute of the sacrament, and the symptoms of religious conviction or inflamed zeal at the mass of Bolsena. Not the miracle, as we have observed, the fears and terrors of humanity inspire and seize us at the conflagration of the

Borgo: if in the Heliodorus the sublimity of the vision balances sympathy with astonishment, we follow the rapid ministers of grace to their revenge, less to rescue the temple from the gripe of sacrilege, than inspired by the palpitating graces, the helpless innocence, the defenceless beauty of the females and children scattered around; and thus we forget the vision of the labarum, the angels and Constantine in the battle to plunge in the wave with Maxentius, or to share the agonies of the father who recognizes his own son in the enemy he slew.

With what propriety Raphael introduced portrait, though in its most dignified and elevated sense, into some compositions of the great work we are contemplating, I shall not now discuss; the allegoric part of the work may account for it: he has, however, by its admission, stamped that branch of painting at once with its essential feature, character, and has assigned it its place and rank; ennobled by character, it rises to dramatic dignity;—destitute of that, it sinks to mere mechanic dexterity, or floats, a bubble of fashion. Portrait is to historic painting in art, what physiognomy is to pathognomy in science; that shows the character and powers of the being which makes its subject, in its formation and at rest; this shows it in exertion. Bembo, Bramante, Dante, Gonzaga, Savonarola, Raphael himself may be considered in the inferior light of mere characteristic ornament; but Julius the Second, authenticating the miracle at the mass of Bolsena, or borne into the temple, rather to authorize than to witness the punishment inflicted on its spoiler; Leo, with his train, calmly facing Attila, or deciding on his tribunal the fate of the captive Saracens, tell us, by their presence, that they are the heroes of the drama, that the action has been contrived for them, is subordinate to them, and has been composed to illustrate their character. For as in the epic, act and agent are subordinate to the maxim, and in pure history are mere organs of the fact; so the drama subordinates both fact and maxim to the agent, his character and passion: what in them was end is but the medium here.

Such were the principles on which he treated the beautiful tale of Amor and Psyche: the allegory of Apuleius became a drama under the hand of Raphael, though it must be owned, that with every charm of scenic gradation and lyric imagery, its characters, as exquisitely chosen as acutely discriminated, exhibit less the obstacles and real object of affection, and its final triumph over mere appetite and sexual instinct, than the voluptuous history of his own favourite passion. The faint light of the maxim vanishes in the splendour which expands

before our fancy the enchanted circle of wanton dalliance and amorous attachment.

But the power of Raphael's invention exerts itself chiefly in subjects where the drama, divested of epic or allegoric fiction, meets pure history, and elevates, invigorates, impresses the pregnant moment of a real fact, with character and pathos. The summit of these is that magnificent series of coloured designs commonly called the cartoons, so well known to you all, part of which we happily possess; formerly, when complete and united, and now, in the copies of the tapestry annually exhibited in the colonnade of the Vatican, they represent in thirteen compositions, the origin, sanction, economy, and progress of the Christian religion. In whatever light we consider their invention, as parts of one whole relative to each other, or independent each of the rest, and as single subjects, there can be scarcely named a beauty or a mystery of which the cartoons furnish not an instance or a clue; they are poised between perspicuity and pregnancy of moment; the death of Ananias, the sacrifice at Lystra, Paul on the areopagus, will furnish us with conclusions for the remainder.

In the cartoon of Ananias, at the first glance, and even before we are made acquainted with the particulars of the subject, we become partners of the scene. The disposition is amphitheatric, the scenery a spacious hall, the heart of the action is the centre, the wings assist, elucidate, connect it with the ends. The apoplectic figure before us is evidently the victim of a supernatural power inspiring the apostolic figure, who, on the raised platform with threatening arm, pronounced, and with the word enforced his doom. The terror occasioned by the sudden stroke, is best expressed by the features of youth and middle age on each side of the sufferer; it is instantaneous, because its shock has not yet spread beyond them, and this is done not to interrupt the dignity due to the sacred scene, and to stamp the character of devout attention on the assembly: what preceded and what followed is equally implied in their occupation, and the figure of a matron, entering and absorbed in counting money, whilst she approaches the fatal centre, and whom we may suppose to be Sapphira, the accomplice and the wife of Ananias, and the devoted partner of his fate! in this composition, of near thirty figures, none can be pointed out as a figure of common-place or mere convenience; they are linked to each other, and to the centre, by one common chain: all act, and all have room to act, repose alternates with energy. Poussin, in his death of Sapphira, has imitated the moment, but has altogether missed the awful dignity due to the expression of the miracle, by substituting

for the solemn hall and the devout assembly chosen by Raphael, the outside of a portico, and a few accidental spectators; and Peter, whilst he pronounces death, seems as much to be surprised at the effect of the word that issues from his lips, as the by-standers, or the novice of an apostle at his side, whom, I hope, he did not design for John.

The cartoon of the sacrifice at Lystra, traces, in the moment of its choice, which is the ceremony attendant on the apotheosis of Paul and Barnabas, the motive that produced, and shows the disappointment that checks it: the sacrificer is arrested in the action of smiting the bull, by the gesture of the young man, who observes Paul rending his garment in horror of the idolatrous ceremony his miracle occasioned. The miracle itself is present in that characteristic figure of recovery, the man who rushes in with eyes fixed on the apostle and adoring hands; whilst it is recognized by a man of gravity and rank, lifting up part of the garment that covered his thigh, and by this act attests him to have been the identic bearer of those useless crutches thrown on the pavement before him.

The same invention predominates in the cartoon of Paul announcing his God from the height of the areopagus. Enthusiasm and curiosity make up the subject; simplicity of attitude invests the speaker with sublimity; the parallelism of his action invigorates his energy; situation gives him command over the whole; the light in which he is placed attracts the first glance, he appears the organ of a superior power. The assembly, though selected with characteristic art for the purpose, are the natural offspring of place and moment. The involved meditation of the Stoic, the Cynic's ironic sneer, the incredulous smile of the elegant Epicurean, the eager disputants of the Academy, the elevated attention of Plato's school, the rankling malice of the Rabbi, the Magician's mysterious glance, repeat, in louder or in lower tones, the novel doctrine; but whilst curiosity and meditation, loud debate and fixed prejudice, tell, ponder on, repeat, reject, discuss it, the animated gesture of conviction in Dionysius and Damaris, announce the power of its tenets, and what the artist chiefly aimed at, the established belief of immortality.

But the powers of Raphael, in combining the drama with pure historic fact, are best estimated when compared with those exerted by other masters on the same subject. For this we select from the series we examine that which represented the massacre, as it is called, of the innocents, or the infants at Bethlem; an original, precious part of which still remains in the possession of a friend of art among us.

On this subject Baccio Bandinelli, Tintoretto, Rubens, Le Brun, and Poussin have tried their various powers.

The massacre of the infants by Baccio Bandinelli, contrived chiefly to exhibit his anatomic skill, is a complicated tableau of every contortion of human attitude and limbs that precedes dislocation; the expression floats between a studied imagery of frigid horror and loathsome abomination.

The stormy brush of Tintoretto swept individual woe away in general masses. Two immense wings of light and shade divide the composition, and hide the want of sentiment in tumult.

To Rubens magnificence and contrast dictated the actors and the scene. A loud lamenting dame, in velvet robes, with golden locks dishevelled, and wide extended arms, meets our first glance. Behind, a group of steel-clad satellites open their rows of spears to admit the nimble naked ministers of murder, charged with their infant prey, within their ranks, ready to close again against the frantic mothers who pursue them: the pompous gloom of the palace in the middle ground is set off by cottages and village scenery in the distance.

Le Brun surrounded the allegoric tomb of Rachel with rapid horsemen, receiving the children whom the assassins tore from their parents' arms, and strewed the field with infant slaughter.

Poussin tied in one vigorous group what he conceived of blood-trained villany and maternal frenzy; whilst Raphael, in dramatic gradation, disclosed all the mother through every image of pity and of terror; through tears, shrieks, resistance, revenge, to the stunned look of despair; and traced the villain from the palpitations of scarce initiated crime to the sedate grin of veteran murder.

History, strictly so called, follows the drama; fiction now ceases, and invention consists only in selecting and fixing with dignity, precision, and sentiment, the moments of reality. Suppose that the artist choose the death of Germanicus—He is not to give us the highest images of general grief which impresses the features of a people or a family at the death of a beloved chief or father; for this would be epic imagery: we should have Achilles, Hector, Niobe. He is not to mix up characters which observation and comparison have pointed out to him as the fittest to excite the gradations of sympathy; not Admetus and Alceste, not Meleager and Atalanta; for this would be the drama. He is to give us the idea of a Roman dying amidst Romans, as tradition gave him, with all the real modifications of time and place, which may serve unequivocally to discriminate that moment of grief from all others. Germanicus, Agrippina, Caius, Vitellius, the legates,

the centurions at Antioch; the hero, the husband, the father, the friend, the leader, the struggles of nature and sparks of hope must be subjected to the physiognomic character and the features of Germanicus, the son of Drusus, the Cæsar of Tiberius. Maternal, female, connubial passion, must be tinged by Agrippina, the woman absorbed in the Roman, less lover than companion of her husband's grandeur: even the bursts of friendship, attachment, allegiance, and revenge, must be stamped by the military, ceremonial, and distinctive costume of Rome.

The judicious observation of all this does not reduce the historic painter to the anxiously minute detail of a copyist. Firm he rests on the true basis of art, imitation; the fixed character of things determines all in his choice, and mere floating accident, transient modes and whims of fashion are still excluded. If defects, if deformities are represented, they must be permanent, they must be inherent in the character. Edward the First and Richard the Third must be marked, but marked, to strengthen rather than to diminish the interest we take in the man; thus the deformity of Richard will add to his terror, and the enormous stride of Edward, to his dignity. If my limits permitted, your own recollection would dispense me from expatiating in examples on this more familiar branch of invention. The history of our own times and of our own country, has produced a specimen, in the death of a military hero, as excellent as often imitated, which, though respect forbids me to name it, cannot, I trust, be absent from your mind.

Such are the stricter outlines of general and specific invention in the three principal branches of our art; but as their near alliance allows not always a strict discrimination of their limits; as the mind and fancy of men, upon the whole, consist of mixed qualities, we seldom meet with a human performance exclusively made up of epic, dramatic, or pure historic materials.

Novelty and feelings will make the rigid historian sometimes launch out into the marvellous, or warm his bosom and extort a tear; the dramatist, in gazing at some tremendous feature, or the pomp of superior agency, will drop the chain of sympathy and be absorbed in the sublime; whilst the epic or lyric painter forgets his solitary grandeur, sometimes descends and mixes with his agents. Thus Homer gave the feature of the drama in Hector and Andromache, in Irus and Ulysses; the spirit from the prison house stalks like the shade of Ajax, in Shakespeare; the daughter of Soranus pleading for her father, and Octavia encircled by centurions, melt like Ophelia and

Alceste, in Tacitus ; thus Raphael personified the genius of the river in Joshua's passage through the Jordan, and again at the ceremony of Solomon's inauguration ; and thus Poussin raised before the scared eye of Coriolanus, the frowning vision of Rome, all armed, with her attendant, Fortune.

These general excursions from one province of the art into those of its congenial neighbours, granted by judicious invention to the artist, let me apply to the grant of a more specific license :* Horace, the most judicious of critics, when treating on the use of poetic words, tells his pupils, that the adoption of an old word, rendered novel by a skilful construction with others, will entitle the poet to the praise of original diction. The same will be granted to the judicious adoption of figures in painting.

Far from impairing the originality of invention, the unpremeditated discovery of an appropriate attitude or figure in the works of antiquity, or of the great old masters after the revival, and its adoption, or the apt transposition of one misplaced in some inferior work, will add lustre to a performance of commensurate or superior power, by a kind coalition with the rest, immediately furnished by nature and the subject. In such a case it is easily discovered whether a subject have been chosen merely to borrow an idea, an attitude or figure, or whether their eminent fitness procured them their place. An adopted idea or figure in a work of genius is a foil or a companion of the rest ; but an idea of genius borrowed by mediocrity, tears all associate shreds, it is the giant's thumb by which the pigmy offered the measure of his own littleness. We stamp the plagiarist on the borrower, who, without fit materials or adequate conceptions of his own, seeks to shelter impotence under purloined vigour ; we leave him with the full praise of invention, who by the harmony of a whole proves that what he adopted might have been his own offspring though anticipated by another. If he take now, he soon may give. Thus Michael Angelo scattered the Torso of Apollonius in every view, in every direction, in groups and single figures, over the composition of the last judgment ; and borrowed the attitude of Judith and her maid from an antique gem, but added an expression and a grace unknown to the original ; if the figure of Adam dismissed from Paradise, by Raphael, still own Masaccio for its inventor, he can scarcely be said to have furnished more than the hint of that enthusiasm and energy which we admire in

* *Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum.*—

Q. Horat. Flacci de A. P. v. 47.

Paul on the areopagus : in the picture of the covenant with Noah, the sublimity of the vision, and the graces of the mother entangled by her babes, find their originals in the Sistine chapel, but they are equalled by the fervour which conceived the Patriarch who, with the infant pressed to his bosom, with folded hands, and prostrate on his knees, adores. What figure or what gesture in the cartoon of Pisa, has not been imitated ? Raphael, Parmegiano, Poussin, are equally indebted • to it ; in the sacrament of baptism, the last did little more than transcribe that knot of powers, the fierce feature of the veteran who, eager to pull on his clothes, pushes his foot through the rending garment.—Such are the indulgences which invention grants to fancy, taste, and judgment.

But a limited fragment of observations must not presume to exhaust what in itself is inexhaustible ; the features of invention are multiplied before me as my powers decrease : I shall therefore no longer trespass on your patience, than by fixing your attention for a few moments on one of its boldest flights, the transfiguration of Raphael ; a performance equally celebrated and censured ; in which the most judicious of inventors, the painter of propriety, is said to have not only wrestled for extent of information with the historian, but attempted to leap the boundaries, and, with a less discriminating than daring hand, to remove the established limits of the art, to have arbitrarily combined two actions, and consequently two different moments.

Were this charge founded, I might content myself with observing, that the transfiguration, more than any other of Raphael's oil-pictures, was a public performance, destined by Julio de Medici, afterward Clement VII. for his archiepiscopal church at Narbonne ; that it was painted in contest with Sebastian del Piombo, assisted in his rival-picture of Lazarus by Michael Angelo ; and thus, considering it as framed on the simple principles of the monumental style, established in my first discourse, on the pictures of Polygnotus at Delphi, I might frame a plausible excuse for the modern artist ; but Raphael is above the assistance of subterfuge, and it is sufficient to examine the picture, in order to prove the futility of the charge. Raphael has connected with the transfiguration not the cure of the maniac, but his presentation for it ; if, according to the Gospel record,* this happened at the foot of the mountain, whilst the apparition took place at the top, what improbability is there in assigning the same moment to both ?

* Matth. xvii. 5. 6. See Fiorillo, geschichte, &c. 104. seq.

Raphael's design was to represent Jesus as the Son of God; and at the same time as the reliever of human misery, by an unequivocal fact. The transfiguration on Tabor, and the miraculous cure which followed the descent of Jesus, united, furnished that fact. The difficulty was how to combine two successive actions in one moment: he overcame it by sacrificing the moment of the cure to that of the apparition, by implying the lesser miracle in the greater. In subordinating the cure to the vision he obtained sublimity, in placing the crowd and the patient on the foreground, he gained room for the full exertion of his dramatic powers; it was not necessary that the dæmoniac should be represented in the moment of recovery, if its certainty could be expressed by other means: it is implied, it is placed, beyond all doubt by the glorious apparition above; it is made nearly intuitive by the uplifted hand and finger of the apostle in the centre, who without hesitation, undismayed by the obstinacy of the dæmon, unmoved by the clamour of the crowd and pusillanimous scepticism of some of his companions, refers the father of the maniac in an authoritative manner for certain and speedy help to his master,* on the mountain above, whom, though unseen, his attitude at once connects with all that passes below, even if it had not been assisted by the parallel gesture of another disciple, referring to the same source of assistance his seemingly doubting companion; here is the point of contact, here is that union of the two parts of the fact in one moment, which the purblind criticism of Richardson, and the flimsy petulance of Falconet could not discover.

* The vision on Tabor, as represented here, is the most characteristic produced by modern art. Whether we consider the action of the apostles overpowered by the divine effulgence and divided between adoration and astonishment; or the forms of the prophets ascending like flame, and attracted by the lucid centre, or the majesty of Jesus himself, whose countenance, is the only one we know, expressive of his super-human nature. That the unison of such powers, should not, for once, have disarmed the burlesque of the French critic, rouses equal surprise and indignation.



